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SCENES IN CANADA.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

The traveller, in descending the St. Lawrence, ought, if possible, to commence his journey at Niagara, where the bugle notes of the rapids form a fitting prelude to the organ-peal of this avalanche of waters. The vast inward lakes of the northwest, moving majestically oceanward, seem to lift up a cry of exultation as they leap the rocky Gulf of Niagara. Gathering up their white robes, they flow tranquilly through Lake Ontario, known to the Indian as Onontorio, which signifies handsome lake; thence issuing in state, they recommence their august march through the St. Lawrence to the ocean. The Grand River—*La Grande Riviere*—as the French delighted to call this wonderful river, is one of the most interesting flooded highways in the world; whether wild and tumultuous, a thousand Niagaras rushing headlong to the sea, or moving jubilant amid her thousand isles—now expanding into fair lakes and pleasant bays, and anon sweeping in regal pomp by battlemented cities, she is always grand or beautiful.

Sacket's Harbor is also a comfortable and convenient point of departure for this exciting voyage. It is situated on the south shore of Black River Bay, about eight miles from

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1868 vol. 28

Lake Ontario. The situation is very picturesque, and the harbor, protected by a slip of land, which defends it from the sudden action of violent winds, is at once safe and commodious. The largest ships ride safely in this beautiful bay, thus affording safe anchorage for the naval force designed to protect our northern frontier. It is the site, not only of a naval depot, but of a military station also, though now much fallen to neglect. It was founded about the beginning of the present century, but its growth has been by no means rapid, numbering as it does little more than two thousand inhabitants.

Sacket's Harbor presents even more than an ordinary variety of denizens, soldiers, sailors of every grade, hunters from the backwoods, civil and military officials, and last not least, the sad children of the red men, who wander listlessly through the thoroughfares that cover their ancient hunting-grounds.

Sacket's Harbor was the rendezvous of the lake fleet during the war of 1812, and from hence four thousand men marched forth to participate in the battle of La Chine. Here was a hospital and a depot of military stores for the use of the northern army, and the streets of Sacket's Harbor were filled with the sick and wounded, who suffered so much in that late and rigorous campaign.

Crossing the St. Lawrence, and leaving behind us Wolf Island, which is placed like a sentinel to guard the egress of Lake Ontario, we come to the city of Kingston, one of the first cities of Canada West, and next to Montreal and Quebec the strongest fortified place in British America. Here all is bustle and activity, and though, in a military point of view, of no more imminent value to England than Sacket's Harbor is to the United States, yet the policy of the two governments in the protection of their frontiers is here most strikingly exhibited. On our own side all things wear the aspect of decay and neglect, while on the British side, the alert sound of the bugle, the prestige of well-appointed troops, the stir of a busy population, and the presence of a large naval and land force, show at once that, if the sun never sets upon the British rule, her forecast and vigilance are also sleepless and untiring.

Perhaps there is no finer view of the Thousand Isles than that chosen by the artist of our party. They seem here to sleep like green emeralds, enchanted to be the home of some species of sprites, whose home is midway between land and water. These islands vary from an area containing many acres to that of a mere rock, with sufficient soil to embrace a single tree, or a green tuft of clover, a handful of violets, or a few harebells, their silken filaments tossing in the breeze. Always lonely, this northern archipelago seems to offer a perpetual lure to the thoughtful and sensitive to seek repose amid their silence and solitude. Here amid the Thousand Isles, before the traveller nears the rapids, there is an enchantment of verdure and repose.

We now pass several places of little comparative interest, their associations being quite modern, and enter upon the more exciting portion of Down the St. Lawrence.

Already we begin to experience the sound of many waters; there is a plunge—an indescribable roar. It reminds one of a gallant ship,

> "With the wind through spar and shroud,
> That hears a sound like the forest voice
> When the wind is piping loud."

A sense of deep awe pervades every countenance. The giddiest brain and foolishest tongue are hushed to silence now, and every eye is intent upon the "hell of waters." Deep, fathomless emotions throng upon the heart—weird, unearthly, unlike those ever to be experienced again. Exultation there is, but it is subordinate to an indescribable awe—not so much the sense of danger. I think the selfism of personality is all at once crushed out of the beholder, and he becomes a part of the universe—he realizes the visions of his dreams, the chaotic magnificence of pre-existent reminiscences, and he strives to remember where he has seen it all before, repeating inwardly, "Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy billows are gone over me. I heard the voice of many waters, and behold the Ancient of Days seated on a great white throne."

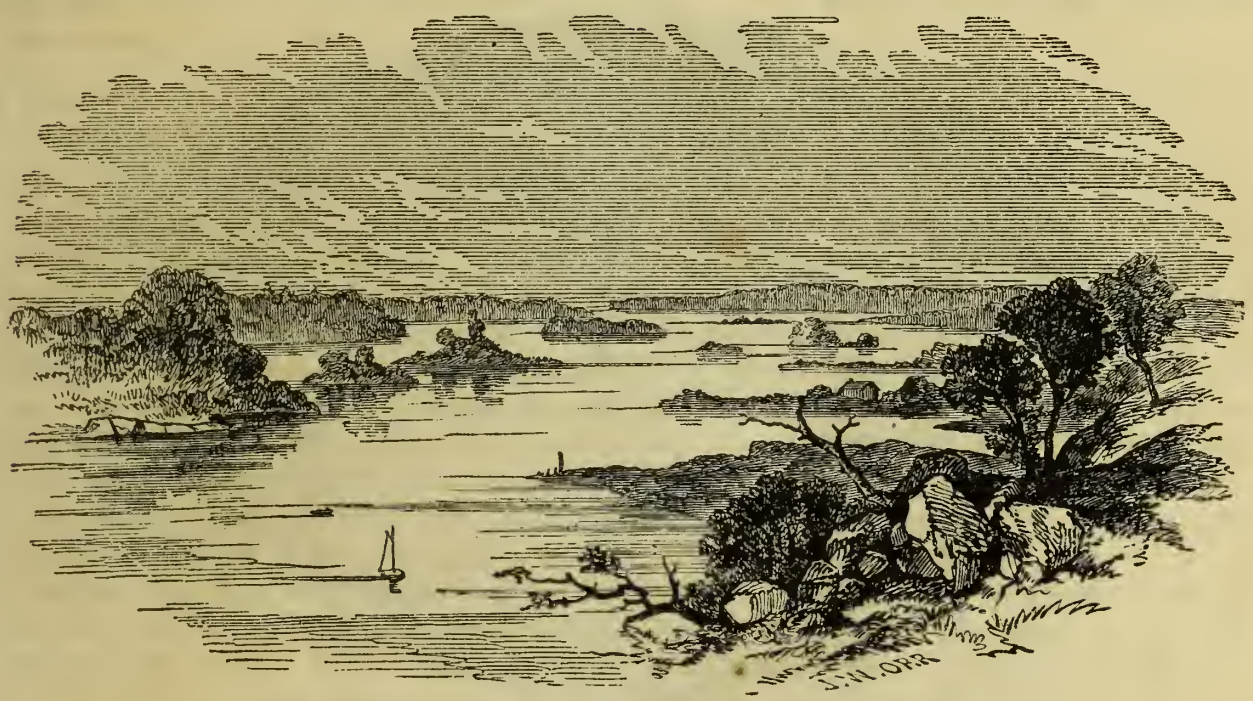
For protracted grandeur of emotion, there is nothing in all the experience of a traveller commensurate with a descent down the long rapids of the St. Lawrence. In all this perilous descent, the passenger needs but to glance at our pilot to feel entirely assured. He is, indeed, no ordinary man. He is a half-breed, and lives at St. Regis. He has the eye of an eagle, the composure of an autocrat, the skill of a Frenchman, and the nerve of an Indian. We shall never look upon his like again. He is said to be about sixty years of age, but is certainly gifted, as all great creations are, with perpetual youth, or, what is

better, full, but undecaying manhood. His face and demeanor are a study for an artist. Such an air of authority, without the shadow of pretence! He magnifies his office by an assured, solemn, heroic bearing, truly magnetic. He is the only man who has ever piloted a steamer down the great La Chine rapids, and truly it is a Napoleonic feat, worthy to immortalize any man. No one who has never made the passage can fully estimate the magnitude of the peril, and the skill, judgment and nerve requisite to overcome it.

We took in our pilot at the Indian village of St. Regis. It was a day bright and clear, and the aspect of the place was not unpleasing. Children were at play in front of the houses, boys fishing from the rocks, women engaged in the ordinary avocations of the sex, and old men smoking in the sunshine. St. Regis is about fourteen miles from Messena Springs, whose chalybeate virtues are well attested. The Indians called the place Kan-a-swa-stak-eras, which, being interpreted, means, "a place where the earth smells bad." So much for an Indian's appreciation of mineral springs.

The Indians own a large tract of land here and several fine islands, which are permanently secured to them, and cannot be sold. The Indian name of St. Regis was Ak-wis-sas-ne, or "where the partridge drums," intimating the abundance of game. The village is slightly elevated, commanding a fine view of the St. Lawrence above and below.

The river Ottawa enters the St. Lawrence just above Montreal, introducing a vast quantity of water from a distance of seven hundred miles, draining a vast northern valley of eighty thousand square miles. Its entrance into the St. Lawrence is grand and majestic, suggesting images of vastness and uncertainty bordering on the sublime. The high northern latitude in which it rises renders it affluent in snow and ice, which, upon the breaking up of winter, are poured irresistibly along the St. Lawrence. These northern forests through which the Ottawa flows afford inexhaustible supplies, while game of the largest size roam their solitudes, and give employment to a hardy race of lumbermen and experienced hunters, Indian, French and English. The bark wigwams of the Indians



VIEW OF THOUSAND ISLANDS FROM ALEXANDRIA BAY.

are very picturesque, and, being closely-overtopped by large sheets of the fragrant hemlock, are at once durable, warm and cleanly. Their appearance is very much that of a soldier's tent. The fire is made upon the ground in the centre, the smoke escaping through an aperture in the roof; the door consists of the skin of some wild animal. In early life the young Indian wife exhibits both taste and skill in the arrangement of her wigwam, ornamenting it with green boughs and wild-flowers; but, as the hardships of her condition begin to press more upon her, she loses the vivacity and taste which invariably distinguish the young savage, and becomes the patient drudge of her lordly chief—bearing the burdens of the chase and daily life.

Three Rivers is the seat of a Roman Catholic bishop, and contains a convent of Ursu-

line nuns—indeed, the votaries of every faith may be said to be here represented; but, as the place owes its origin to those of the Roman Catholic faith, the only antiquities belong to them. There is an earnestness, a stability and repose in those relics peculiarly engaging; however humble the place, or meagre the appliances, an air of sanctity is sure to prevail—the symbol of the Cross, the purity of water, become mute emblems of all that is holiest in the spirit of worship. There is nothing repulsive in the silent communion of the red-child of the forest, long since weaned from the cruelties of paganism to the meekness of Christianity, and the descendant of France, who is to-day what the French were three hundred years ago—he still talks

It is estimated that the St. Lawrence, with its tributaries, drains an area of 335,515 square miles; its width varies from less than a mile to three and four, and even a hundred miles in width. As its width increases, its aspect is less interesting to the lover of the picturesque, although its commercial importance is very much augmented. Up to Quebec the largest line of battle-ships may sail and moor in safety; but below this, it wears the aspect of a vast inland sea, where floats the wealth of an empire; but the student and artist will find comparatively little to engage his attention.

The appearance of Quebec is very picturesque. As the stranger comes down the river, the first object that presents itself is

THOUSAND ISLANDS—MOONLIGHT AND FISHING.

of beautiful France, and the two races mingle their blood together, and their ashes return, dust to dust, in the same cemetery.

It is ninety miles from Montreal to Quebec, and connected therewith by means of telegraph, which seems to be almost the only thing in the region which wears the air of newness. It would exceed our limits to describe the many points of interest as we descend this majestic river, which, in its stately march to the ocean, from its egress of Lake Ontario, traverses a length of seven hundred and fifty miles, through scenery of wonderful richness and beauty; past cities and villages teeming with population, and through vast areas covered with primeval woods, where still roam the lordly moose, the deer, bears, wolves and "small game."

the Citadel of Fort Diamond, built upon a peninsula, and rising 333 feet above the level of the river. The sight of this ridge projecting into the sea, and frowning with all the pomp and circumstance of war, is suggestive of historic events of great and melancholy interest. The area of Fort Diamond covers about forty acres, every point of which is so strongly fortified that it may be considered impregnable. Indeed, Quebec with its great natural advantages, superadded to those of art, its walls, and citadel, and battle-ships, riding in its commodious harbor, may well be designated as the Gibraltar of America.

In 1535, when Cartier passed this place, he found a small number of Indian boats, and it was not till 1608 that the Count de Champlain took formal possession of it, and laid the

foundation of what was to become the site of a great city.

The subsequent history of Quebec has justified the expectation. It remained a French possession till 1629, when it was taken by the English, who again restored it to France by the treaty of 1632. It has increased in population and influence in a varied degree up to the present time. Nearly two-thirds of its inhabitants are of French extraction, and three-fourths are Roman Catholics. The French is the prevailing language here as in Lower Canada generally. Quebec is built upon the slope of an elevated promontory or table land, which forms the left bank of the St. Lawrence for about eight miles, and has on that side an almost precipitous face, but declines more gradually to the St. Charles. This promontory is called Cape Diamond, from the numerous quartz crystals found in its rocks. The city is divided into the upper and lower towns. The upper town extends along the table land already mentioned, and inclines towards the river St. Charles, in a northwest direction. It is surrounded by a wall two and three quarter miles in circuit, mounted with cannon, and having five gates. Here are situated the great hotels, the finest stores, the theatre, the parliament house, the bureaux of the officers of state, the court-house, the city hall, etc. It is the quarter of fashion, and the residence of capitalists and officers of government. From its ramparts and terraces, the views of the lower town, the rivers, the island of Orleans, Point Levi, and the adjacent country are among the finest in America. To the west of the walls, and extending along the heights, lie the populous faubourgs of St. Louis and St. John, reaching far beyond the official limits of the city, in lines of elegant country seats, surrounded by trees and gardens. At some distance from the barriers of these faubourgs, two commemorative columns rise on the celebrated plains of Abraham; one, of stone, surmounted by a fasciculus of arms, is dedicated to the memory of General Wolfe, who fell at this point; the other, of bronze, is consecrated to the memory of the soldiers who shed their blood in the second battle on the plains of Abraham. The citadel, which is built upon the culminating point of the cape and commands the whole city, is 345 feet above the level of the river. It covers about 40 acres, and is regarded as the Gibraltar of America. The approach from the west, in the direction of the plains of Abraham, is defended by four martello towers 500 or 600 rods apart, and placed about three-quarters of a mile from the walls of the city. The lower town lies at the foot of the cape, along the banks of the rivers, upon an alluvial soil, and is bordered with wooden quays. This is the seat of the principal business of the city, and here are to be found the great commercial houses, banks, insurance offices, the exchange, the custom house, etc.

LAKE ST. FRANCIS.

During the season of navigation, this quarter of the city presents a scene of great activity. The docks for the river vessels, the breweries, distilleries, founderies, gas works, tanneries, soap manufactories and ship yards are upon the banks of the St. Charles, in the faubourg of St. Roch. This large quarter, though inhabited mainly by the working population, has some fine streets and elegant stores. The ascent from the lower to the upper town is made by flights of steps, and by steep, winding streets. Quebec has many fine buildings. The custom house, on the bank of the river, is an imposing Doric edifice with a dome and a facade of noble columns, approached by a long flight of steps. Quebec is the seat of a Roman Catholic archbishop and of an Anglican bishop. The interior of the Catholic cathedral, the chancel of which is copied from the apsis of St. Peter's at Rome, is much admired; the walls are adorned with paintings, one of which is a superb Vandyke. The chapel of the seminary, near the church, has the best collection of religious paintings in America. The Protestant cathedral, a plain gray edifice surmounted by a tall spire, stands in the centre of a large square, enclosed with an iron fence. To the southeast is the parade ground, a central point, adorned with a fine fountain; and to the south of this is the Durham terrace, which travellers pronounce the finest point of view in the world. The garden of the fortress, another fine promenade, has an obelisk erected in 1828 to the memory of the two heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm. Montcalm's remains are buried in the chapel of the convent of the Ursulines, but the body of Wolfe was conveyed to Westminster Abbey. The Chalmers church, the Wesleyan church (in the flamboyant style), and the chapel of the gray sisters, are good specimens of Gothic church architecture. The marine hospital, built after the model of the temple of the Muses on the banks of the Ilissus, the archbishop's palace, the university of Laval, the theatre and the city hall are also worthy of notice. Quebec has several scientific and literary societies and institutions. The literary and historical society, founded in 1824, has a good library, and a collection of records of the realm in eighty or ninety folio volumes, with many historical manuscripts; but it suffered a severe loss in the burning of a part of its museum and

INDIAN VILLAGE NEAR THE OTTAWA RIVER.

library in the fire of February, 1854. There are besides this several institutes, reading rooms and library associations. The merchants' exchange has a large reading room, well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. The legislative library has over 50,000 volumes, and a valuable collection of historical manuscripts. The educational institutions are numerous, and highly creditable to the city. The university of Laval, opened in 1854 in connection with the seminary of Quebec, an old theological institution founded in 1663 by the first Catholic bishop, Mgr. Laval, has buildings valued at $400,000, a library of 20,000 volumes, a cabinet of physical science, an anatomical museum, etc. The St. Lawrence is about three-quarters of a mile (1314 yards) wide opposite Cape Diamond, but the mouth of the St. Charles forms with it a basin nearly four miles long, and more than one and a half mile wide. The depth of the water is about twenty-eight fathoms. The ordinary tide is seventeen or eighteen feet at new and full moon; but the spring tides attain a height of twenty-three or twenty-four feet. The harbor is safe and commodious, and the largest vessels can lie at the wharves. The steamship Great Eastern during the summer of 1861 visited Quebec, and lay at anchor at the foot of the citadel. In the latter part of December the river is closed by ice, and navigation ceases till the latter part of April, when the ice usua ly disappears very suddenly; steamers arrive from Montreal about April twenty-fifth, and sea-going vessels about a week later. There is a regular line of steamers plying between Quebec and Gaspe and the provinces of the gulf, and two lines of royal mail steamers between the city and British ports. There is also a steam ferry connecting the city with the terminus of the railroad south to Point Levi and Richmond, which is a branch of the Grand Trunk line. Telegraphic lines also connect it with the principal cities of Canada, the gulf colonies and the United States. Quebec is the principal centre of maritime commerce in British North America, and one of the largest timber and lumber ports on the American continent. But while its exports are larger than those of any other city in Canada, its imports are below those of Montreal and Toronto. The principal articles of importation are woollen, cotton and silk goods, iron, hardware, coal, groceries and salt. More than two-thirds of the whole amount of imports come from Great Britain. The exports consist principally of ships, lumber and grain. The ships built at Quebec are renowned for their beauty, solidity and sailing qualities. The timber, deals and cabinet work are sent mainly to Great Britain, and the bread-stuffs to the English colonies of North America. There are some manufactories of distilled and fermented liquors, leather, tobacco, soap, etc. The municipal government of the city consists of a mayor and twenty-four counsellors. It has one representative in the legislative council, and three deputies in the house of assembly. The city is also the county seat of the county of Quebec. Quebec was the colony of a concessionary company, who did not fulfil their promises to the settlers, and hence its growth was slow. The magistrate, named by the company, was called a syndic, and had powers similar to those of a mayor. The king, dissatisfied with the management of the company, took the colony into his own hands, and in 1663 appointed a governor, and created the sovereign council of Quebec, who were charged with its government. During the war of the league of Augsburg, the neighboring English colonies made an unsuccessful maritime expedition against it (1690). In 1711 the attempt was renewed, with no better success. The first attempt at erecting stone fortifications was made after the first of these attacks, the place having been previously protected only by palisades. In 1759, during the seven years' war, the English General James Wolfe attacked the city and bombarded it. On September 13, 1759, took place the first battle of the plains of Abraham, in which both the contending generals fell, and England gained at one blow an American empire. On September 18, Quebec capitulated after a siege of sixty-nine days. The French attempted its recapture, and in the following spring the second battle of the plains of Abraham was fought, and victory sided with the French colonists; but at the treaty of peace in 1763 Louis XV. ceded the whole of New France to the English. Quebec rose slowly from its ashes, though its commerce increased. In 1776 a small American force under General Montgomery attempted its capture, but failed, with the loss of about seven hundred men and their commander. In 1792, the year of the inauguration of the representative system in Canada, the first Lower Canadian parliament was convoked at Quebec, and the city remained the seat of government for the lower province till the union of the Canadas in 1840. During this

period its growth was steady and moderately rapid. It has been visited by some disastrous fires, which have taxed its pecuniary resources and energetic enterprise greatly; but it has successfully overcome these drawbacks, and is now undoubtedly prosperous in its condition.

With regard to its comfort as a place of residence, the climate is healthy, although the inhabitants are subject to vicissitudes of heat and cold during the year, which requires care in the article of dress. They have, in fact, Italian summers and Russian winters. The

CITADEL OF FORT DIAMOND, QUEBEC.

St. Lawrence is early, in winter, closed by ice; snow falls to a great depth, and the frost-spirit asserts its empire for many months. During the summer, on the other hand, the heat is sometimes almost tropical. The gentlemen and ladies of French descent, whom you meet in the higher circles of society, are even more polished than the Parisians of the present day. They have preserved the social traditions, the usages and manners of the old regime, which the new school of the revolution and the empire extinguished and replaced in France. The manners of some of the Canadian ladies lead back the imagination to the court of Versailles in the days of Marie Antoinette, or to the yet more gallant circles of preceding reigns. The English in Quebec are a high-toned and substantial people, and certainly nowhere in British America is better society to be met with than in this picturesque northern capital. The trade of the city is quite extensive, and it enjoys great business facilities. Vessels of the largest tonnage can reach the quays. The harbor, which lies between the city and the island of New Orleans, is very large and commodious. McCulloch says that Quebec "engrosses almost the entire trade of the province with the mother country, the West Indies, etc., and is annually resorted to by vast numbers of emigrants who partly settle in Canada, but mostly re-emigrate to the United States. It has a regular intercourse, by means of steamers, with Montreal, and other ports higher up the St. Lawrence, and with Halifax and other ports on the Atlantic. Still, however, it must not be forgotten that, in so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the trade with Canada and Que-

bec is wholly forced and factitious, and is not a source of profit, but the reverse."

We have thus sketched some of the principal features of this interesting city. It receives annually many visitors from the United States, but not near so many as it would were its attractions known. No tourist to the north, with a little time at his disposal, should fail to visit Quebec. Those who are projecting a foreign tour, and wish for a foretaste of foreign travel, cannot do better than to cross the line, and climb the streets of the great Canadian city. Within a comparatively short distance of Boston and New York—close at hand if we reckon only time—they may place themselves in a locality which will possess all the charms of novelty, and of a diametrical contrast to familiar scenes. The view of Cape Diamond from the St. Lawrence is alone worth the trouble and expense of the journey. The environs of Quebec, too, are quite inviting and picturesque. Here you see villages almost wholly French, and buildings which exactly resemble those in the rural districts of France; barns thatched with straw; strange farming implements, and, above all, a people who do not speak English, but use a dialect of the musical language of la belle France. Quebec and its environs are very gay in winter, but one must have a good deal of nerve to encounter the climate.

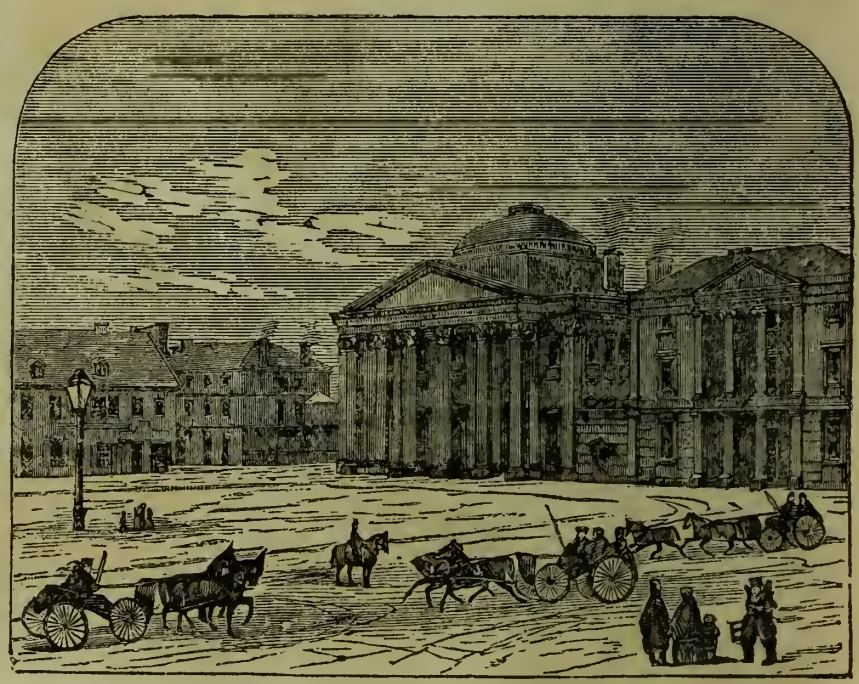
But, at the present time, we have to deal with summer, warm, genial summer, and pleasure-seekers are laying out their programmes to escape from the heat of the cities, and find health and coolness in travelling, or else comfortable quarters at the seaside or in the country. Now those who make up their mind that Canada possesses more attractions than any other place for a summer campaign, should recollect that greenbacks are not equal to gold, and that all paper money belonging to the United States is not snapped at eagerly as one would anticipate. Hotel-keepers are extravagant in their demands, and think nothing of charging five dollars per day for each person who is honored by being entertained. This is first-class price, but do not think for a moment that you are to receive first-class fare for your greenbacks. If you make up your mind that you will, we fear that your visit to Quebec and Montreal would not be as entertaining as contemplated at the commencement of your journey. The best way is to go it blind, and make the best of all inconveniences. Think that you are on a foreign tour, and pay out your money like a hero or heroine, as the case may be. Recollect that Montreal and Quebec hotel-keepers count on Yankee custom in the summer, and would be awfully disappointed unless they received it. A native of Canada would never think of paying such sums for hotel life as Americans; so, as we have got up a reputation for extravagance, we must sustain it until travel falls off and landlords come to their senses. This applies to the watering-places in the United States as well as Canada.

AN OLD BRIDGE NEAR THREE RIVERS.

Montreal is the principal city and second port in Canada, and is favorably situated for intercourse with New York and Boston, being at the head of the ordinary navigation from the Atlantic, and at the foot of the grand chain of canals which connects the great Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron and Superior.

The city occupies a low tract of land, about two miles wide, between a considerable and very beautiful elevation, called Royal Mount, and the river, and is divided into the upper and lower town; in the latter the streets are narrow and ill-paved, and the houses, generally in the French style, gloomy-looking, having dark iron shutters. The upper town is much more agreeable; here the streets are wide, and the houses well-built, large and commodious; generally of a grayish limestone, and roofed with tin and sheet-iron, which, glittering in the sun, and combined with the effect of the lofty spires and towers of the town, gives to the latter a very imposing appearance when viewed from a distance. The town is well supplied with water, and the streets are lighted with gas. The more remarkable public buildings, most of which are in the principal street Rue Notre Dame, are the town-hall, the seminary of St. Sulpice, the Hotel Dieu, a large hospital for the reception of the sick poor; the convent of Notre Dame, designed for female instruction; the general hospital, two convents, English and Scotch churches, courthouse, new jail, Government house, Nelson's monument, the Quebec barracks, the new Roman Catholic cathedral, in the perpendicular style, and esteemed one of the finest buildings in North America, and the market-house, a magnificent pile, fronting the wharf. The educational means of the city comprise a French college, a university, founded in 1821, with five professors, and open to persons of all religious denominations; a Roman Catholic theological school, and several classical and scientific academies. There are also a library and reading-room, a natural history society, a mechanics' institute, savings'-bank, and other useful associations, and the largest banking houses in British North America have their head offices here, several of which are situated in the Place d'Armes. The harbor, which is formed towards the St. Lawrence, is secure, and the wharfs, more than one mile in extent, are large, massive structures of wood, exceedingly convenient for lading or unlading vessels; and, by the employment of steam-tugs, the difficulties presented in the navigation of the St. Lawrence by the rapids, are entirely overcome.

Being at the head of marine navigation proper, the city is the port for the great chain of river, lake and canal navigation which extends westward to Fond du Lac and Chicago, a distance of about 1400 miles, embracing the largest extent of inland water communication in the world. The Lachine canal, the first in the link, extends from Montreal to Lachine, cuts across the southern point of the island, and avoids the Lachine rapids. The Beauharnois canal extends from the village of Beauharnois to Hungry Bay, and passes the rapids of the Cascades, Cedars and Coteau. The Cornwall canal, commencing at Cornwall and ending at Dickinson's Landing, passes the Long Sault rapid. Farrand's Point, Rapid Plat, Point Iroquis and Galops Rapid canals are short and detached. The Welland connects Port Dalhousie on Lake Ontario with Port Colborne on Lake Erie. The grand trunk railway connects the city with Portland, Maine, and all the principal places of Canada; and the Montreal and Plattsburg, extending to Lake Champlain, gives it communication with New York. The population of the city, which in 1856 was 75,000, is now estimated at about 90,000.



VIEW IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

There's sweet submission in the patient face,
But not a ray of willing recognition;
Her heart partakes no measure in the grace
With which they'd 'whelm her sadness of condition.

She has no pleasure in the brilliant gauds
That with a specious mockery surround her;
She heeds no word that her rare beauty lauds,
While feeling, 'mid the flowers, the thorns that wound her.

'Tis hers to mourn her young hopes' early blight,
And disappointment in her springtime hours,
With added darkness as the days take flight,
And not a ray to pierce the cloud that lowers.

A bride unwilling, with the heart ignored!
Her thoughts away beyond the distant ocean,
While back for her as fond a thought is poured,
Thrilling as tenderly with young devotion.

The orient pearls that on her swan-like neck
Are paled by beauties all their own outvieing,
Glow like a beacon-light above a wreck,
In whose embrace a thousand hopes are lying.

The circlet on her brow,—like her sad eyes,
Tearful and bright,—glows with unconscious splendor,
That gives the crowning charm to sacrifice,
And clothes the victim in a light more tender.

What is the pomp of state, the show of wealth,
Where the heart's interest in all is wanting?
'Tis but the splendid effigy of health [ing.
In courtly halls that gaunt disease is haunt-

But all in vain; the sacrifice awaits: [plighted,
Wealth ranks affection, and the troth is
No breath of love the union compensates,
No thought beyond the pride at lands united.

Ah, landless love has but a feeble hold,
And cannot cope with plethoric pretension,
Which bases all its claims on glittering gold,
And makes affection scarcely worth the mention.

Alas, that it is so! alas, the sin! [tion.
Earth groans at God's eternal law's infrac-
Where gilded pride and sordid fancy win,
While love denied dies out from sheer inaction.

VIEW ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The Bosphorus is a narrow strait which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora. It was formerly so called, either because Io, after being metamorphosed into a cow by Jupiter, passed over it, or because it is so very narrow that an ox could easily swim it, it averaging from one-half a mile to two miles in width, and is but about seventeen miles long. The shores are elevated and very picturesque, on the Asiatic side the cities of Constantinople and Scutari, with the castles of Europe and Asia, on the other the towns of Pera and Therapia. The view presented in our engraving, on page 17, is from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. It gives, however, little more than the outline of the form of the country, with a little picturesque town, nestling in among the thick foliage that crowns the bank. The background of hills, sweeping up from the Bosphorus, are luxuriant with tropical growth, and the air, which cannot be depicted, is redolent with the odor of spices and fragrant blossoms. Galata, Pera and Therapia are sightly objects to navigators of the Golden Horn, and numerous villas give the scene great picturesqueness. Turkish towns are beautiful at a distance, which lends the enchantment. The houses are low and generally ill-built, consisting of wood, earth, and, in some cases, of rough, unhewn stone, the latter forming the foundation and rising to the height of eight or ten feet, on which is reared a superstructure of wood supported on curved beams which rest upon the masonry. A low projecting roof, surmounted by a cupola which commands a view of the distant country, covers the whole. The windows are strictly closed with a lattice-work of cane, in the centre of which the wife of the Turk, excluded from the public view, endeavors to see what is passing on in the world without.

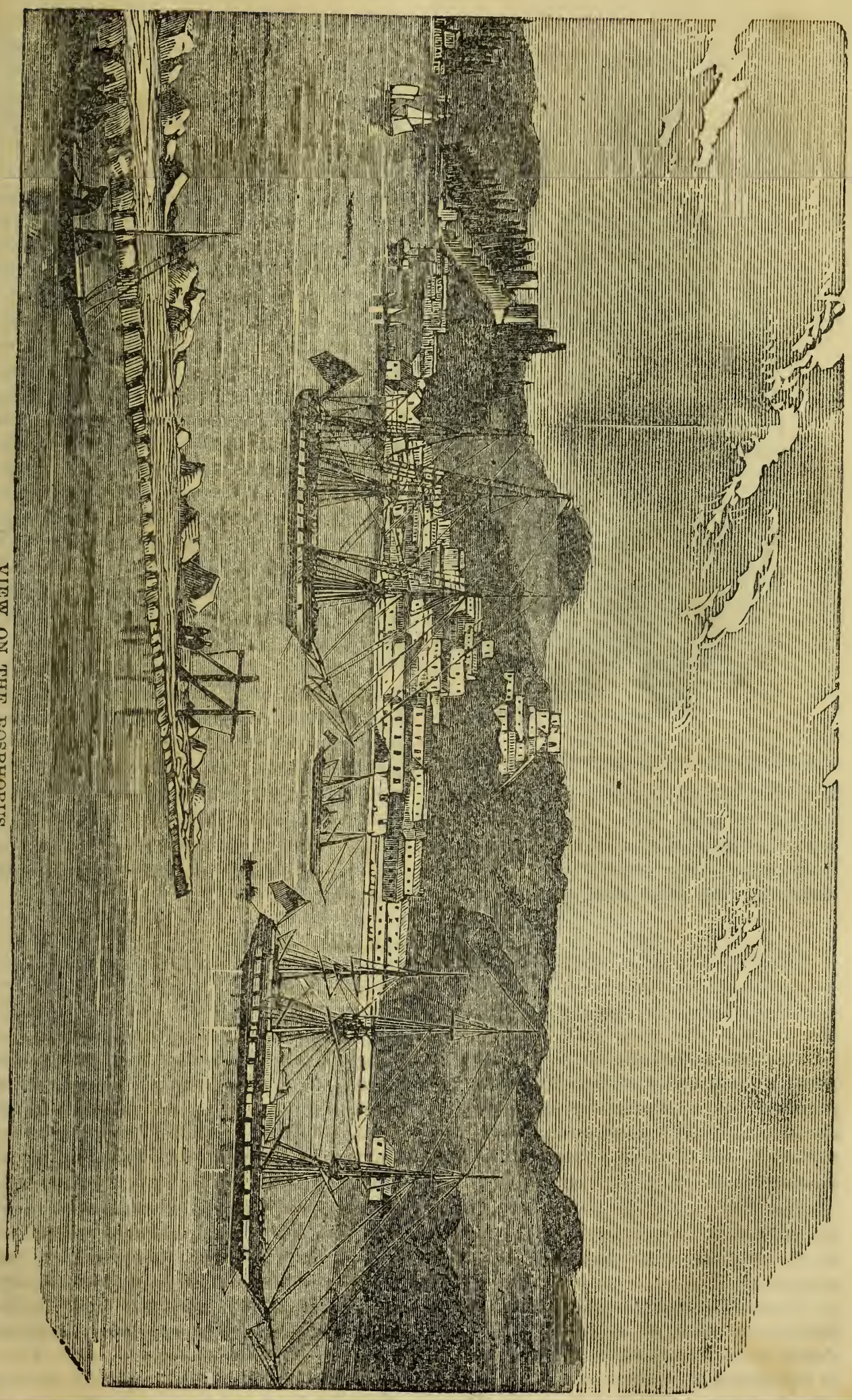
The city of our engraving presents a combination of much beauty, viewed from the opposite side, which a nearer inspection might impair. No place could be more finely situated than the subject of our sketch. Commanding a view of the "Golden Horn," opposite, the harbor of Constantinople, filled with the commerce of nations, the great city, with its brilliant mosques and oriental grace, and a shore of cultivation and luxuriance as great as its own, it might well challenge the world to show a more desirable location. The Bosphorus, directly beneath the eyes of its people, presents a display of activity that they admire without imitating; the Turk takes his ease and smokes his pipe, content to be second or further removed in the commercial race.

The great seraglio is situated on the Bosphorus, at Point Serai. This is the palace of the Sultan, which has the Bosphorus in front and the Golden Horn on the left. The seraglio, with its gardens and groves, includes a large square, and is washed by the sea for two-thirds its extent.

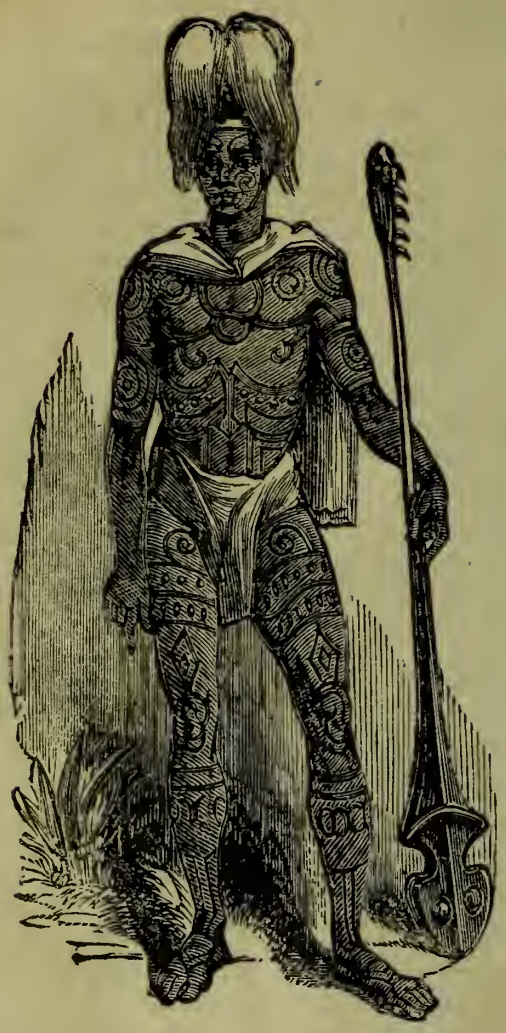
A NEW ZEALANDER.

We present the picture of a chief of New Zealand, who in costume almost realizes that of Nayti, namely, a cocked hat and a pair of spurs, but yet with native modesty he is covered with tattoo. This is the fashion in New Zealand, and our friend in the picture may be regarded as being in full costume, whether for the boudoir or society. The fashion is permanent and never can change, or cannot conveniently unless the man be skinned, which would be a matter of some inconvenience to him. The New Zealander described by Macaulay, who is to sit on the arch of Westminster bridge and contemplate the ruins of London, will probably be covered up a little more on account of the weather, but the present has been the native costume from the beginning, and the leopard can change his spot about as soon as he can change his. As far as men are natural, they are constant to original customs, like the grasses and flowers; it is the departure from nature, as well as good taste, that sustains capricious fashion.

The natives of New Zealand are supposed to belong to the Malay family, and furnish, perhaps, the finest specimens of savage men. We refer to the distinguished individual depicted in proof of this. The men are tall, strong and active; the women often handsome, and both sexes are almost uniformly well-shaped. Such dresses as are worn are



VIEW ON THE BOSPHORUS.



A TATTOOED CHIEF OF NEW ZEALAND.

mats of various kinds, made of native flax and braided by hand. They practise tattooing, and form designs of remarkable elegance over their bodies. They insist at times that those remaining with them shall go through the same process, and a few years since a white man exhibited himself in Boston, who had been involuntarily through the operation, coming out with a very damaging effect upon his personal beauty, as we regard such things.

Since New Zealand became a British settlement, from 1833 to 1841, at which latter date the British became possessed of the two islands by purchase, great restriction has been placed upon the native tendency to cannibalism, though the taste still runs in that direction, this and infanticide forming the principal drawbacks to civilization. We all remember the pious wish of Sydney Smith, when informed by a brother clergyman that he was going to New Zealand as a missionary, "I hope you will agree with them!" The natives have few of the savage vices that belong to wild tribes of men, and are remarkably susceptible to religious impressions. Their intellectual and moral status is fully equal to their physical, and barring the wish to eat their friends —a species of interest that is not compatible with the prejudices of the other party—they are a very well-meaning and harmless race.

Our picture, of course, represents the native in his normal condition, as he is seen by his clanspeople. The civilization of the towns may demand some respect to the principle of propriety, but on his native heather he ignores clothes. The people live in villages, or "paps," situated frequently on an eminence, and generally surrounded by a palisade, but in respect to dwellings they are far behind other Pacific islanders.

COMMUNIPAW, NEW JERSEY.

This little quiet town in New Jersey, of which we give a view on page 20, has the distinguished honor of being the egg from which the big city of New York was hatched. According to the veritable history of Diedrich Knickerbocker, on the arrival of the Goede Vrouw at the mouth of the Hudson, the Indian village of Communipaw on the Jersey shore was the first that attracted their attention.

"Here lifting up their eyes," he says, "they beheld, on what is at present called the Jersey shore, a small Indian village, pleasantly embowered in a grove of spreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach, gazing in stupid admiration at the Goede Vrouw. A boat was immediately despatched to enter into a treaty with them, and approaching the shore, hailed them through a trumpet, in the most friendly terms; but so horribly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncouth sound of the Low Dutch language, that they one and all took to their heels, and scampered over the Bergen hills; nor did they stop until they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes on the other side, where they all miserably perished to a man. * *

"Animated by this unlooked-for victory, our valiant heroes sprang ashore in triumph,

took possession of the soil as conquerors, in the name of their High Mightinesses as Lords States General; and marching fearlessly forward, carried the village of COMMUNIPAW by storm, notwithstanding it was vigorously defended by some half a score of old squaws and pappooses. On looking about them they were so transported with the excellencies of the place, that they had very little doubt the blessed St. Nicholas had guided them thither, as the very spot whereon to settle their colony. The softness of the soil was wonderfully adapted to the driving of piles; the swamps and marshes around them afforded ample opportunities for the constructing of dykes and dams; the shallowness of the shore was peculiarly favorable to the building of docks—in a word, this spot abounded with all the requisites for the foundation of a great Dutch city. On making a faithful report, therefore, to the crew of the Goede Vrouw, they one and all determined that this was the destined end of the voyage. Accordingly they descended from the Goede Vrouw, men, women and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themselves into a thriving settlement, which they called by the Indian name COMMUNIPAW.

"The crew of the Geode Vrouw being soon reinforced by fresh importatons from Holland, the settlement went jollily on, increasing in magnitude and prosperity. The neighboring Indians in a short time became accustomed to the uncouth sound of the Dutch language, and an intercourse gradually took place between them and the new-comers. The Indians were much given to long talks, and the Dutch to long silence—in this particular, therefore, they accommodated each other completely. The chiefs would make long speeches about the big bull, the Wabash, and the Great Spirit, to which the others would listen very attentively, smoke their pipes, and grunt *yah, myn-her*—whereat the poor savages were wondrously delighted. They instructed the new settlers in the best art of curing and smoking tobacco, while the latter, in return, made them drunk with true Hollands—and then taught them the art of making bargains.

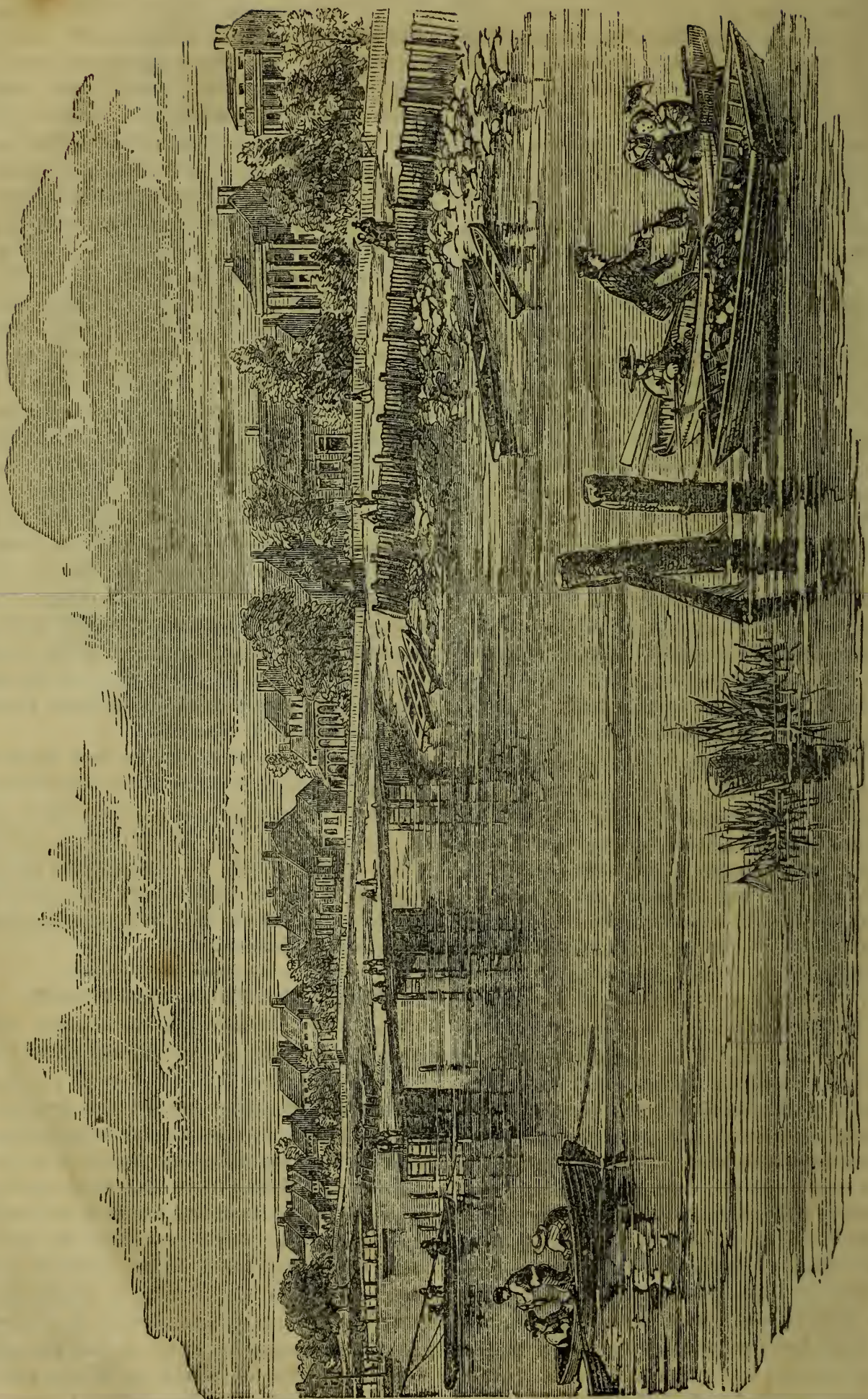
"A brisk trade for furs was soon opened; the Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing it as an invariable table of avoirdupois, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam—never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw!"

This quiet was soon interrupted by the appearance of a British armed vessel, commissioned by Virginia, to demand the submission of the settlement to the English crown and Virginian dominion. It is said "that when his vessel first hove in sight, the worthy burghers were seiz·d with a panic, that they fell to smoking their pipes with astonishing vehemence; insomuch that they quickly raised a cloud, which, combining with the surrounding woods and marshes, completely enveloped and concealed their beloved village, and overhung the fair regions of Pavonia—so that the terrible Captain Argal passed on, totally unsuspicious that a sturdy little Dutch settlement lay snugly couched in the mud, under cover of all this pestilent vapor. In commemoration of this fortunate escape, the worthy inhabitants have continued to smoke, almost without intermission, unto this very day; which is said to be the cause of the remarkable fog which often hangs over Communipaw of a clear afternoon."

The place is much visited by New Yorkers during the warm weather. The early Dutch simplicity still prevails to a great extent in the town, and some of the structures are of a very remote build. It commands a grand prospect of the bay, and is truly a very pretty little place, much resorted to by excursionists in pursuit of pleasure.

DOGGEREL FROM THE BEACH.

We took our little dog to the sea-side, and when she came home, she still sighed for the sea, although when there, she could see that she was but a cypher besides the breakers, and it was found difficult to break her of her habit of rolling, evidently learnt from the rollers. She looked upon the barks sailing upon the stormy deep, and her bark was deep and joyous. She would pause upon the sands until the white water nearly touched her paws, and then it was touching to see her flee from the advancing wave before it reached her feet; and every flea upon her back thought how fleeting its life would be, if she could not get back to the land before the wave reached her, and the wave of her tail should be seen no more, and our tale should be ended.



COMMUNIPAW, NEW JERSEY.

A WOMAN'S ERROR.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER I.

Up and down the long line of rocky coast, the wind roared and shrieked, and the waves dashed fiercely over the low, sandy bar and sunken rocks, scarce a league to the northward of the little inlet that made, by an abrupt curve some three or four miles inland, a small but very convenient harbor for fishing-vessels and light-draught coasters. Once in a while, driven by sudden storms, some larger craft sought the protection of the little harbor; but not often, for the entrance was narrow and dangerous, and Morey, who kept the lighthouse on Barry's Bluff, was as grim and abrupt as the little headland that bristled its gray, jagged sides to the sea. Once, more than twenty years ago, a ship went to pieces on the harbor bar, in trying to effect an entrance; and ever since, Hugh Morey, who had heretofore been a most ready and efficient pilot, grew grim and repellant, exerting himself to the utmost to warn all vessels off the coast who were not perfectly familiar with its soundings.

There was a little story, savoring something of romance, connected with that ship, which was as familiar to every man, woman and child in Brent as the alphabet; although the younger people, looking at the weather-beaten face and grizzly beard of Hugh Morey, grew sometimes skeptical as to its truth. To them, love was a thing of youth, and beauty, and gentleness; and they forgot that Hugh Morey was not always old and grizzled, as well as that other most potent fact—which perhaps they did not know—that the snows of the brow do not necessarily extinguish the fires of the heart.

And so it seemed to them rather a bit of sad romance than a terrible reality—the story of the pretty English maiden who had left parents and friends, and crossed the perilous deep, only to be cast a bruised and mangled corse at the very feet of her lover. But the older people remembered the five long years of patient saving that had at last enabled him to send for the little girl whose heart he had brought with him across the sea; they remembered, too, the little cottage at the foot of the Bluff, which he had built with all a lover's fond anticipations; and alas! they remembered the beautiful English burial service that was read there one dark day, and the fair face, with its golden curls falling in a wet, tangled mass over the pulseless bosom. They remembered, too, one night, when a lurid flame lit up the sky, and how the sun rose over a mass of cold gray ashes where the pretty cottage had stood. People felt instinctively that it was his own hand that had destroyed it, and, with tender thoughtfulness, offered no condolence.

Some five years afterward, his sister Mollie Sterne, who had been married and widowed before she was twenty, came to America also, and thenceforward the two lived quietly together beside the sea. Mollie, however, was very unlike her brother. He was dark, silent and taciturn; she was bright, cheerful and happy. Her round, ruddy face radiated perpetual sunshine. No clouds were ever dark enough or heavy enough to obscure its brightness.

There was a little disappointment which met Mollie Stone upon her arrival, however, which sent a little shadow across her heart, but like all the shadows which had fallen there, it only made it tenderer and sweeter. Like the summer tempest, which gives such an exquisite clearness and softness to the sky, so sorrow and disappointment gave new depth and serenity to the atmosphere of her life.

In the ship which had brought Hugh Morey's betrothed wife, was also another young English girl from the same town, Bath. But Alicia Kent came not alone; her parents and two younger brothers accompanied her. But alas! they came not with her up the quiet streets of Brent, or sat with her evermore in the pleasant twilights. The cruel harbor bar rolled forever its solemn surge between them. But Alicia Kent was young

affair, and, ere six months had elapsed, had become the worshipped wife of Walter Hargrave, the eldest son of old John Hargrave, one of the wealthiest men in the county. He was terribly angry with Walter for marrying a penniless girl; for, though the Kents had been in good circumstances at home, their whole fortune, which had been converted to gold, went down in the ill fated ship. There were hard words between them, and threats of disinheritance; but, despite them all, Walter married the woman of his choice, and was forbidden the house in consequence.

John Hargrave was a blustering, self-willed man, and of course said a good many hard things, which were duly reported, and sometimes exaggerated, to Walter, thus fostering and increasing the hardness and coldness between them, until they became almost as strangers. But Alicia Hargrave lived scarcely four years from the time of her marriage, and this was the disappointment that met Mollie Sterne on the shores of the New World.

Before her marriage Mollie had lived with the Kents, and when Alicia heard of the death of Mollie's husband, an overwhelming desire took possession of her to have her come to her in her new home. As happy as she was in the love of her husband and child, she grew almost sick with longing, sometimes, for the sight of a familiar face—a face that might bring back, mayhap, something of the old time—a face that the suns and airs of dear old England had kissed, and thus made sacred to her. And so she had written to Mollie Sterne, telling her of her kind and noble husband, and dwelling with all a mother's fondness on the loveliness and sweetness of her little Lena, and beseeching her to come to her, that her cup of happiness might be quite full.

And so Mollie Sterne came to Brent, but too late to add to the happiness of Alicia Hargrave, for, dearer than the face of a friend, were the dear ones that had dawned on her in paradise.

In the meantime, the man who had valued money more than love, had gone where his money could purchase him no immunities, or give him any claim to superiority. Gold and silver, bonds and mortgages were not current there, and so John Hargrave died a poor man, after all.

Although the threat had been often made, no one ever believed that he would finally disinherit his son. It was thought only a part of the characteristic bluster of the man, especially as, during the latter portion of his life, he had grown quite friendly with Walter, coming once or twice to dine with him. He came one day in an unusually gracious mood. He had a new plan, he said; and then he called little Lena to him, and asked her "how she would like to live in a big house, and have horses, and carriages, and servants?"

The child opened her great brown eyes to their widest capacity, and said she "*should* like the horses and the big house." The old man laughed, kissed her bit of a rose-leaf face, and told her that "to-morrow he would come over and tell her all about it."

Ah, these to-morrows that never come!—eternity is full of them. Before another dawning, John Hargrave had done with all earthly hopes and plans. Dane came over to tell Walter. He was so white and agitated, that he could not speak at first.

"What is it?" Walter said, in a voice of apprehension.

"Father—is—is—dead!" he gasped, sinking into a chair.

"Where?—when? Dane, what is the meaning of this? Why wasn't I called?" he asked, sternly.

"There was no chance, Walter; and, besides, I—I didn't know—as—as—"

"As I would come when my father was dying! Dane Hargrave, do you think I am a brute?"

"Don't be angry, Walter. It would have done no good if you had been there. He did not speak or open his eyes after he was taken."

"But I would like to have been there just the same, Dane. He was my father just as much as yours, and, if there have been hard feelings in the past, it is no time to remember them now. Besides, he has seemed so different lately. Only yesterday, he said:

"What?" in a quick, startled voice.

"Some things it will be pleasant for me to remember," he answered, evasively, putting on his hat and coat. And, at that moment, a haunting suspicion crept into his heart—a suspicion that rankled there many a weary year.

Great was the indignation in Brent when John Hargrave's will was made public. Of all his vast property, only a paltry one hundred dollars was given to Walter; the rest all went to Dane. It was not the loss of the property that grieved Walter, but the proof of his father's feeling toward him, carried as

it was beyond his life. If it had been two years before, he would not have been so much surprised; but lately a hope, not half-acknowledged until he saw it destroyed, had sprung up in his heart that they might eventually be reconciled, and he take his old place in his father's heart. He knew, and so did Dane—and for that matter all Brent—that he had been the favorite son before this estrangement. Not that he would have taken the advantage of it one penny's worth; but he knew, and knew that his father knew, Dane's weak, vacillating nature, so easily controlled and so easily tempted.

There were those who advised Walter to contest the will, but he was too proud to do it; besides, he knew there was no flaw in the will. It had been drawn up three years before, when his father was in the zenith of his anger at his marriage, and at a time when his active business operations proved the strength of his mind, as well as his passions. The witnesses were men of integrity, and the attorney who drafted it beyond suspicion. Perhaps, at first, he had some thought that Dane might make some more righteous division of the property—he knew that he should, in an exchange of circumstances; but when he saw the cold, indifferent look on the face of his brother's wife, and knew how strong her influence was over him, the hope, if it had amounted to as much, died out of his heart. For a while, the thought that she had the use and control of all the dainty linen and elegant silver that were his mother's vexed and annoyed him. But the loss of his wife and the care of his child diverted his thoughts, and by degrees it dropped out of his thoughts, or only came at long intervals.

A coldness had grown up between Dane and himself, until one would never have believed them the children of one mother, who had folded them both in one embrace, and prayed that they might always be gentle, and tender, and true to each other.

There are those who believe that those who have passed on know, and see, and sympathize with all the joys and sorrows of those they leave behind—that, more clearly than in the earth-life, they see and know all the hidden workings of the heart, before they are wrought out in deeds. If this theory be true, alas for the fabled happiness of heaven! There is too much of wrong, and sin, and pain, in all our lives, to have them laid quite bare, even to our dearest friends. Who of us has thoughts so pure and hearts so stainless, as to be willing to unveil them utterly to the eyes of those we love? We feel, instinctively, that there is something there that might pain them, and so, out of our love, we strive to hide all our little discrepancies from their eyes, lest it make them sorrowful. There is only One—the Patient and All-Pitiful—whom we dare trust to look in the secret places of our hearts and thoughts. We know how tenderly he will judge us, and only unto him do we dare come with unveiled hearts.

And so sixteen years had glided down the shadowy shores of eternity, and now Dane Hargrave stood upon its brink. He had been a rich man—a successful man, as men count success; but, standing there on the verge of time, he saw, as in a mirror, all the barrenness and poverty of his life. He saw how success had been but another name for defeat—a defeat more sad and terrible than that where armies go down in battle, or fortunes are wasted in a breath. These things concern the body; his concerned the soul. A crippled soul! what fate can be more sad?—what defeat more dreadful?

The wind howled and shrieked through the great chimneys, and the rain plashed drearily against the closed shutters, and dripped dismally from the eaves of the old Hargrave mansion on the night which opens this chapter. There was a strange hush about the house—a sort of awed silence, broken only by the fitful strife of the elements. Down in the kitchen the servants spoke in whispers, looking over their shoulders with furtive glances. Two men sat a little apart from the rest, conversing in low tones. One was a fresh, Saxon face, a little sun-burned, except the broad, open forehead, which was white and fair as a girl's. A profusion of chestnut hair and beard, and a pair of honest, sunny-looking eyes, which matched them to a charm, with a strong, well-knit frame, developed and hardened by labor. His companion was a much smaller man, but with a hint of strength in the lithe, supple limbs, that was not to be despised. He had a dark, sallow skin, a low, retreating forehead, and black, beetling brows, from beneath which a pair of keen, restless eyes flashed and glowed in the half-shadow in which they sat like tiny globes of pale flame. They were both habited in plain working-clothes, and were both well toward forty, though the Saxon face looked much the youngest.

A woman opened the door and looked in.

"Luke," she said, in a voice that sounded

strange and unnatural, "Mr. Hargrave wants to see you."

The man with the fair face and chestnut hair arose silently and followed her, but not before a quick look of intelligence had passed between his companion and the woman. Through the long hall and up the thickly-padded stairs, that gave no echo to their footsteps, they went in swift silence, each one busy with their thoughts. At the head of the stairs, the man said:

"Is he worse, Mrs. Hargrave?"

"There is no change," she answered, in the same unnatural voice.

But Luke Varney, who had not seen the sick man for twenty-four hours, started back at sight of the change those few hours had wrought. A young man arose from a seat near the bed and walked towards the window, lifting the heavy folds of purple damask, and letting them fall again with a little shudder as a fierce gust of wind and rain swept against the glass. The woman was looking at him keenly.

"You are nervous, Leslie," she said, in a low voice. "You had better go down stairs a while."

A look of relief came into his face.

"If you can spare me, Celia."

"Certainly. I am not afraid. Why should I be?"

"But you look strange, and your eyes have an unnatural look in them. Hadn't I better stay?"

"No, you had better go. Doctor Dinsmore will be here in half an hour, and I can speak to you if I need you."

When Leslie Wolcott—Mrs. Hargrave's half-brother—went into the kitchen, he found it occupied only by the women servants.

"Where is Gray?" he asked, looking round.

"He went out a minute ago," one of them answered. "Did you want anything?"

"O no, nothing particular." And he sat down before the fire with a little nervous shudder. "It is a terrible night to be out. I fear Doctor Dinsmore will be unable to get here."

"There never was a storm yet that stopped *him*," said one of the women; "but I don't suppose he can do any good."

"No, I suppose not. But one feels better to have a physician in the house, even if he knows that he can do no good."

Mrs. Hargrave was not surprised, after the door had closed upon Leslie, to have her husband ask to be left alone a moment with Luke Varney. It was just what she expected, just what she had provided for. She knew, too, what he wanted of him; he need not have sent her out of the room for that; but if he *should* say anything else! Well, it would be better for her to know that, too, she decided, stopping with her ear to the door which she did not shut very closely.

"Luke," said the dying man, "come here; come close, for there must nobody hear. I *must* see Walter before I die. I have something to confess to him—I dare not die until I have—something that has been a millstone about my neck for seventeen years. I know that you are honest and true, and will not fail me in this terrible strait, and that is why I have sent for you. I want you to go to him at once—you may tell him what I have told you—and bring him here before midnight. What time is it now?"

"A little past eight, sir. I will go at once. Mr. Walter will come without any urging, never you fear. He has sent over every day to see how you were."

"He has? I didn't know it. O Luke, if he shouldn't forgive me!"

"Don't you worry about that, sir. Mr. Walter isn't one to bear a grudge. Shall I say where I am going?" he asked, stooping over the sick man.

"No, O no!" he said, anxiously.

"All right!" he answered, briskly, buttoning his coat as he went towards the door.

Mrs. Hargrave was pacing up and down the long hall when he came out.

"Tell Leslie I want him a moment," she said, without turning her face.

"Yes ma'am," he said, hurrying down the stairs that she might not have time to ask him where he was going. He need not have feared her asking—there was no need. She waited in the hall till Leslie came up.

"Please sit by Dane until I come back, Leslie," she said, meeting him at the top of the stairs, her face still in shadow.

"You are not ill, Celia?" he asked, anxiously, laying his hand on her arm. She threw it off with a little nervous laugh, that sounded weird and uncanny in the unnatural stillness.

"Ill? no. How nervous you are to-night! I am only going to speak to one of the servants."

Leslie stood looking after her as her dark robes swept against the banisters, and vanished through a side door that led by a dark passage to the library; then, with a little

involuntary shiver, he went in to his brother-in-law.

Leslie Wolcott was one of those peculiar temperaments that are affected by atmospheric changes. He was a complete barometer. When it was calm and sunny, he was full of easy, indolent grace, his face as bright, and his spirits as light as the rarefied air he breathed. Dull, gray days clouded his spirits, and his changeful face reflected the intangible shadow; but when the winds and storms were out, something of their wild spirit ran like an electric fire through every nerve and artery of his being. He *could not* keep still, any more than the autumn leaves that soared and sailed on the wings of the fitful wind. His pulse was at fever-heat, his eyes darkened and flashed, and little flushes of heat and chill swept over him alternately.

And to-night, with the shadowy footfall of Azrael echoing down the long corridors and through the great, silent rooms, coming every moment nearer, nearer, till he could almost feel the chill of his intangible presence, O, what a night it was to him! Perhaps, I do not know, it was some premonition of the presence of fate that hovered about him *that* night of all nights—the fate that brightened and darkened, blessed and cursed all his future life—that filled him, soul and body, with a strange, subtle flood of electricity.

In absolute contrast was the man that opened the door, and came quietly and gravely into the room. Every nerve and pulse was under the most perfect control. Like a well-trained horse, every muscle and sinew was held in sharp abeyance. There was no lack of fire and spirit under all this, but the *will* was supreme. The first thing you saw in looking into Dr. Dinsmore's face was its strength. One never thought of beauty in connection with him—it seemed something too effeminate. He laid his cool fingers a moment on Leslie's pulse in passing.

"Go out and walk off that fever, young man. Why, your blood is up to the boiling point," he said, earnestly, looking at the flushing face and burning eyes uplifted to his.

"Out! Good heavens, doctor, do you know what kind of a night it is?"

"Well, yes, I believe I do," a faint smile lighting his face.

"To be sure, when you have just come in."

"And you are just going out. Mind what I tell you now. Put on as much clothing as you please, but go out into the air and walk —walk until you are absolutely tired, even if it is only up and down in the yard."

"I *will* try it, doctor," he said; "for I believe I am almost insane. My head feels as if ten thousand hurricanes were confined in it."

Pausing a moment in the lower hall to put on his overcoat, he heard the door at the lower end of the passage leading to the library open softly, and a voice—he was quite sure it was Gray's—say:

"It will be soon enough when he comes back."

The answer came lower and more indistinct, but he was sure it was a woman's voice.

Some of the servants, he thought; but, going into the kitchen, he found the three women sitting as he had left them fifteen minutes ago.

"Isn't Gray in yet?" he asked, glancing around.

"No, nor Luke. Do you know where Luke went?" one of them asked.

"Didn't he go after Dinsmore?"

"No, he went the other way. I looked out to see. I hope you're not going out too, Mr. Wolcott?"

"O, I'm merely going to take a medical prescription," he laughed, winding a scarf round and round his neck.

The women looked at each other furtively. A faint suspicion that he was crazy crept into their minds, and they more than half expected the fluttering ends of the scarf were left purposely to tie about the limb of a tree; and when a little after Luke Varney came in, flushed and panting from his battle with the elements, they all asked, simultaneously:

"Have you seen Mr. Wolcott, Luke?"

"Seen him? I should think so."

"What is it, Luke?" they asked, breathlessly.

"Why, he's on a wager, I reckon. He's tearin' up and down the yard like mad!"

"O!" in a little disappointed chorus. They were expecting a first-class tragedy, and felt just a little aggrieved.

CHAPTER II.

About half a mile from the old Hargrave mansion, going toward Barry's Bluff, stood the little cottage of Walter Hargrave. It was a small, unpretending place, beside the great stone mansion, with its odd gables and porticos; but it was very pleasant, nevertheless, with its low, broad windows looking towards the sea. Lena Hargrave thought it just the

dearest place in the world; and because she thought so, and because it was sanctified by her presence, Walter Hargrave thought so too. Since the death of her mother, Lena had been almost constantly with her father. There was an unusual attachment between the two, and Walter Hargrave, who was one of the most agreeable and intelligent of men, never wearied of exerting himself to instruct and entertain his pretty daughter; and she, in turn, studied all the little arts and graces with which most girls attract and enthrall their lovers, to fascinate and delight her father. She had been in company but very little, although nearly nineteen years of age, and was very simple and unsophisticated in the ways of the world, though she knew more of book lore than all the girls in Brent put together. She sketched delightfully, too, and a little water-color of Barry's Bluff, that hung on the sitting-room wall, was so like the original, that one would almost swear it was its reflection. She had a fresh, pure voice, and, in the pleasant twilights, beguiled her father with little ballads and sweet, solemn hymns, which she had caught somehow, for music had not been one of her studies, only her recreation.

It was a pure, simple life they two lived together, neither choosing to make many friends, their books, and pictures, and flowers, serving in their stead. Nine-tenths of the people in the world live, and die, and never know what pleasant, and healthful, and companionable friends they are.

"There is a strong sea outside to-night, Lena," Mr. Hargrave said, coming into the bright, cheerful little room. "I can hear it breaking and roaring over the bar; but, thank God, the wind is blowing off shore, instead of onto this cruel coast! I never hear that peculiar roaring, surging sound of the waves, but it brings back your mother's face, just as I saw it first, lying white and dripping in the arms of Hugh Morey, with the long, heavy braids of brown hair falling across his breast. Poor Hugh! *his* little girl never opened her blue eyes again. She was a fair, gentle little thing, your mother said. I think, sometimes, how different his life would have been, if hers had been blended with it, brightening and softening it."

"Hugh is always very gentle with me, father. I think his roughness is only an armor, and that underneath his heart is true and tender. And Mollie! why, an own mother could not be kinder and tenderer."

"She loved your mother, child," he said, a little unsteadily. Then suddenly, as if the subject was too painful, he asked, "Did you know that *he* is failing very rapidly?"

"Uncle Dane?"

"Yes. Doctor Dinsmore told me so to-night. He says he has gone down fast within a week. It is quick consumption, the doctor says, hastened and aggravated by some mental trouble which he cannot get at. He asked me if I knew."

"Do you, father?"

"I don't know, child. I hope not," he said, soberly, the old suspicion rising and walking like a troubled wraith up and down before him. She sat a moment looking into the fire, then she said, quietly and gravely:

"Father, I think you had better go to him and see. If he should die wanting to see you—if he has anything to say to you—"

A sudden rap interrupted the conversation. A vague presentiment of what was coming came over them both. The roses faded suddenly out of Lena's cheeks, and her father's lips grew white and rigid. It was as if, for an instant, they were gifted with prescience, and the veil was suddenly lifted from before their eyes.

"Come in, Luke," Mr. Hargrave said, with no surprise in his face at seeing him. It seemed as if he had been expecting him, and knew why he had come. There was no need of kind-hearted Luke Varney's attempt to come to it carefully. "My brother has sent for me, Luke," he said, quietly.

"Yes. How did you know?" It was no unusual thing for Luke to drop in at Mr. Walter's, as he had always called him since he was a young man at home, and he was chore-boy for the old squire.

"I don't know, Luke, how I knew, but I did. Is he much worse?"

"I don't think he will live till morning. *He* said, 'bring him here before midnight.'"

"Did *she*—Mrs. Hargrave know you came?"

"No; nobody knew a breath about it. He didn't want they should. He sent for me, and said I must come after you at once. Perhaps," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "I had better tell you just what he did say."

"You say she did not know?"

"No; he shut her out of the room. I don't know why he should, though, because she will know it of course when you come. If it hadn't been for her, he would have sent

for you a week ago. I heard her tell Gray so, though she didn't know I did."

"I wouldn't say anything to a stranger, Luke, but you know the whole bitter story through, and I don't mind telling you that I think she and Gray—(he always hated me, because I detected him in a crime, though I have kept his miserable secret all these years) —have kept Dane and myself estranged."

"Well, perhaps that is what he has got to tell you. He said he had something to confess to you—that he could not die until he had seen you and asked your forgiveness. And then he said, 'O Luke, if he shouldn't forgive me, after all!"

"Poor boy! poor Dane!" he said, softly. "Hurry back as quick as you can, and tell him that I will be there immediately. Tell him not to worry about anything that concerns me, for he is already forgiven, whatever it may be."

"I will, sir, I will!" Luke exclaimed, rising and drawing his coat-sleeve furtively across his eyes.

When he was gone, Walter Hargrave begun his preparations for obeying the summons. He took the light and went into his bedroom, and, through the half-open door, Lena saw him take her mother's picture out of a drawer and put it in his bosom. Then he took out his pocket-book and counted its contents deliberately.

"Father, why do you do that?" Lena said, coming and standing in the door.

"I wanted to be sure how much I left you, dear."

"Aren't you going to take it?"

"No, child; you will need it most."

"I? Why, how strange you talk, father! One would think you were going on a long voyage," she said, with a little laugh.

He put the purse in the drawer, put on his coat, and stood leaning against the mantel, drawing on his overshoes.

How many times she thought of it afterward, remembering every little gesture and expression of his face as he talked with her; remembering even the long thread of crimson silk that he had caught up with his sleeve from her little work-basket, and the corner of his wristband that was frayed a little. She remembered how noble and handsome he looked, with a little flush of excitement staining the pale olive of his cheek, and his mouth tremulous with emotion. He went as far as the door, and then turned and came back.

"Kiss me, Pretty," he said, coming and leaning over her with a lover's fondness.

She put up her lips with a little laugh. "You foolish papa!" she said; wondering all the time in her heart, if the world held another quite so good, and tender, and handsome, as her father.

He held her in his arms a moment, then he put her away and walked slowly towards the door, pausing once or twice and looking back.

The wind seemed to gather strength and fury with the lengthening hours, and the rain made little gullies across the sandy roads, and improvised lakes and rivers in the gardens and down the paths. It came down with a roar and plash on the jagged rocks, and washed the seaweed from their cold faces, and fell with a steady drip, drip, into the sea.

Hugh Morey brightened up his lamps, and came down into the little room where his sister sat sewing. He took two or three turns across the room and went and stood by the window, looking steadily out into the storm and darkness, and always out toward the harbor bar—always, always!

Mollie cast little furtive glances toward him as she stitched, looking as troubled as it was possible for her bright face to look. The wind blowing off shore and the tide coming in had churned the sea into a mass of gray-white foam, that roared and dashed against the jagged edges of the Bluff with impotent fury. Suddenly Hugh leaned forward a little.

"Mollie, come here!" he said, sharply. She came and stood beside him. "Look out there —there by the bar—and tell me what you see!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, his breath coming and going in short gasps.

Mollie gave him a quick, frightened look; she thought his mind, which had brooded so long over his trouble, had given way at last.

"Poor Hugh!" she said, soothingly, laying her hand on his arm.

"Look!" he said, almost fiercely, grasping her shoulder and pointing steadily towards the bar.

Mollie turned and looked. The light from the lighthouse fell with a red, sullen glare across the seething waters, and the black, writhing rocks, and the vague outline of the half-submerged bar.

"What do you see?" hoarsely.

"I see a boat. O God, Hugh, it is drifting straight onto the breakers!" the bright color dying out of her face.

"What else do you see? Quick!"

"A man—a man lying on the bottom of the boat."

"And what else?" his voice dying away to an intense whisper.

"I should think—yes, it *is* a woman! I see her plainer now. A woman with long, heavy braids of brown hair falling over her white robe, which trails over the side of the boat. I can see her hand on the rudder, but her face is turned away. There, they are over the bar! How the mist blows in from the sea! Her face is this way now—if it would only lift a little!"

There was an instant of awed silence, both bending their faces harder against the pane, and looking with a strange, strained gaze out into the wild, weird night. Presently Mollie gave a quick, stifled gasp.

"My God! it is Alicia Kent!" and fell in a dead swoon upon the floor. The little clock on the mantel struck nine.

Hugh chafed her hands, and put water on her temples, and opened the door for the wind to blow in her face. She opened her eyes with a little shudder after a moment.

"You saw it, Hugh?" she said, in a faint whisper.

"Yes, Mollie, I saw it," he answered, solemnly. And they said no more about it, but afterward they remembered it with a little thrill of superstitious terror.

In the sick chamber all remained unchanged outwardly. Doctor Dinsmore, calm and grave, sat in a low easy-chair by the bedside of his patient, touching his wrist now and then, noting silently the fainter beating of the pulse. As it grew later, the sick man grew nervous, starting at every creaking of the blinds, or sudden beating of rain against the windows. The doctor's face was just the least bit in the world perplexed, especially as the nervousness increased as the moments wore away.

Mrs. Hargrave was outwardly calm. She arranged her husband's pillows, gave him his medicine, and performed all the little necessary attentions which he needed, with an air of grave calmness that would have deceived most persons; but Doctor Dinsmore's keen eyes saw the suppressed excitement burning under the quiet exterior. She kept it well under control though; but sometimes it leaped to her eye, but never stained her cheek, which was almost ghostly in its whiteness, and made more so by the strong contrast of her eyes and hair, which were of a dusky black. She watched her husband's face continually, and once or twice stooped and whispered in his ear, which seemed rather to increase than allay his restless nervousness.

"What time is it?" he asked, suddenly.

"Twenty minutes past nine," Doctor Dinsmore replied.

"It is over an hour. Why don't—" And he broke off abruptly and started half up in bed, as a limb of the huge elm that stood in the yard snapped and crashed against the side of the house, falling to the ground with a dull, crackling sound, twisted off by the force of the wind.

He laid back faint and exhausted, but with his eyes still turned towards the door with a painful look of expectancy in them. "Luke," he whispered, faintly; "bring Luke here. He must be back before this."

"Luke was in the kitchen when I came up, half an hour ago," Leslie said, coming out of the shadow of the curtains. "He came in while I was *out walking*," glancing queerly at the doctor.

"Where has Luke been?" Mrs. Hargrave said, addressing Leslie, but looking covertly at her husband.

"Celia," Dane Hargrave said, lifting his wild, burning eyes to her face, "he went over to tell Walter. I cannot, O Celia! I cannot die without—"

She bent suddenly over him, laying her face against his lips.

"Don't excite yourself, dear," she said, sweetly. "Of course Walter will come *now*, although he has shown neither feeling nor interest enough to come without summons. Shall I speak to Luke?"

"Yes, speak to him at once," Doctor Dinsmore said, authoritatively, a sudden light breaking in on his perplexity.

She went out quietly, but glanced back at him as she closed the door. It was only a swift, instantaneous glance, but he never forgot it. It haunted him for days and weeks, a strange, unfathomable something, that defied and mocked him with its intangible horror.

Luke Varney was walking up and down the long kitchen, his ruddy face a little paler and sterner than usual, with a look of anxiety in it altogether foreign to its accustomed placidity.

"Luke!" He turned with a little start, and flushed slightly before the dusky eyes—with pale, iridescent gleams in them—that were lifted searchingly to his face. "You have been after Walter Hargrave, Luke.

Why did he not come? He is a tender brother—"

"Stop, Mrs. Hargrave!" Luke interposed, hastily. "Mr. Walter was very much affected to hear that his brother was—was so ill."

"Dying, Luke. You need not hesitate about speaking it, since we all know it. But why didn't he come?" the opal gleams in the dusky eyes burning redder and redder.

"That is what puzzles me. He said he would be here in a few minutes—indeed, he had started to get ready when I came away. I looked round once or twice, expecting to hear him coming on behind me, but the storm made such a noise, and it was so dark—"

"Did you meet any one?—that is, were there many out to-night in the storm? I should hope not," with a little shiver.

"No, it's not a very pleasant night to be out, I must say. There is a terrible sea outside, you may depend. I didn't see but one man out to-night."

"Who was it?" she asked, sharply.

"Leslie Wolcott," he said, looking half-amused as he remembered the fright of the women servants. Something came across her face; it was not a smile, but it lighted it like one.

"Mr. Hargrave wants to see you. He is troubled that Walter does not come, I think. You will be careful not to say anything to excite him?" she said, pausing and looking back, before she opened the chamber door.

"I will be careful," he replied. And they went in.

Dane Hargrave reached out his hand with an eager, uncertain motion. Luke Varney came and took it between his broad, strong palms. How cold it was! But he did not let it go, but knelt by the bedside, holding it in both of his.

"Walter?" came in a faint, questioning whisper.

"He said that he would come right away. I cannot think what keeps him. He was feeling very badly, sir."

Mrs. Hargrave gave Luke a little warning look, and he added:

"He'll be here right away, I'm sure. He said you weren't to worry anything about him, that—" And Luke paused suddenly, disconcerted by the menacing look in Mrs. Hargrave's face.

"What did you promise me?" she said, under her breath, leaning across the bed to smooth out the blankets.

Luke rose slowly from his knees, but the chill hand, as if imbued with sudden strength, clung to his with eager desperation.

"Said *what*, Luke?—what did he say?" his voice breaking into a shrill cry. And Luke answered, feeling, although he did not see, that her eyes were still upon him.

"That he would be here immediately—that everything between you was all right," he stammered.

"Did you tell him what I told you?" he persisted.

"Yes sir."

"All—*all*, Luke? Are you sure you told him all? Look at me, Luke, and tell me truly. You wouldn't deceive me, Luke—you never did, and now when I am dying—"

"I *will* tell you, Dane—Mr. Hargrave—"

"Dane, yes, Dane; call me that, Luke. You used to, you remember, in the old days, before *he* went away—the old happy days, Luke, before—" He paused with a little shudder.

"Yes, Dane, I remember," his voice softening, "and so does he. He said, when I had told him all, just what you told me, word for word, 'Poor Dane! poor boy! Tell him not to worry about anything that concerns me; that everything is already forgiven, whatever it may be.'"

The clasp on his hand tightened.

"You are not telling me this to comfort me, Luke?" he asked, eagerly, and glancing toward the door wistfully.

"No; I have only told you what he said, nothing more."

"Dear Walter!" And the chill hand relaxed its clasp, and fell limp and nerveless across the counterpane, and he lay back with closed eyes, a smile hovering about the wan lips, and lifting the shadow a little from his face.

Doctor Dinsmore silently motioned to Luke to withdraw, while he quietly proceeded to administer a cordial, to hold, if possible, the fluttering breath a little longer, till he came.

Slowly the moments wore away. Out in the hall the clock ticked with a painfully-distinct regularity, and the lithe branches of the elm tapped with muffled fingers against the closed shutters, the dull roar of the surf falling into the pauses. The rain had nearly ceased falling, but a heavy wind was still blowing. Down in the kitchen the maid-servants slumbered fitfully in their chairs, and Luke Varney paced restlessly back and forth before the windows. On a wooden

settee, with one arm thrown over his head and his face in shadow, Barry Gray lay asleep —at least he breathed heavily, and did not answer when Luke spoke to him twice.

Duke went to the foot of the stairs and listened. Only the sound of the clock, and the faint fall of Leslie Wolcott's slippers, as he walked up and down the hall, came to his ears. He saw, although he did not put his foot on the stairs, the doctor, with his grave, inexplicable face, sitting in the velvet easy-chair, watching and counting the moments, with that unerring instinct which physicians have of death. He saw Mrs. Hargrave, pale and calm, holding her husband's hand—he remembered how cold it was, and that it never, never would grow warm again—and brushing the fair hair back from his temples, and, mayhap, stooping to kiss the weak irresolute mouth, that wore, and always would to his memory, the faint smile, restful and tender, that he saw settle upon it when he had given him his brother's message. And so, with the sound of the clock in his ears, and the faint stir of Leslie Wolcott's slippers on the carpet, he stole softly away, leaving them waiting, waiting!

LOVE'S ANTICIPATIONS.

BY GEORGE E. PLACE.

Pillow thy head, my darling, on my breast,
  Against my happy heart; one white arm thrown
Over my neck, the other hand pressed
  With a delicious clasp within my own.
Look upward with thy dark eyes; let their light,
Trembling with lustre like some star of night,
Gleam on my own, that I within their cells
May sweetly read the answering love that dwells
  Within thy heart for me. O speaking eyes!
How eloquently well our own can trace,
Subtly and clear as in a mirror's face,
  The answering love that there deep-springing lies.
Thus glowing with the love and tenderness
  Evolved from such sweet posture, let our hearts,
Mutual, unclose and mutually confess
  The hopes the future glowingly imparts.
O rosy-colored future! O, the light
  Suffused o'er all the anticipated years:
No clouds, no sorrow, no intrusive blight,
  To mar our joys or chill our hopes to fears;
How brightly to the painting thought appears
Each fond enjoyment of the coming years.

Such is the tenor of the thoughts, the mood,
  Of all young hearts impregnate with the fires
Of love, and thus the spirit loves to brood
  O'er all the joys that fancying mood inspires.
And will the future ratify the light
  That fancy thus diffuses o'er our way?
Shall constant sunshine make our pathway bright,
  Nor cloud nor shadow mar the perfect day?
No, no! our reason cannot fail to teach
  Our sanguine hearts that constant happiness,
Among things earthly, is beyond the reach
  Of weak and erring mortals to possess.
No heart, however virtuous, and no meed
  Of fortune, *all* exemption can procure
From sorrow—*every* heart must sometimes bleed:
  All must affliction more or less endure.
O, let us shun that common, fond deceit
  Of youth, who deem the future ratified
  And sealed to constant bliss; then, when the tide
Of ills sets in and overwhelms their fate,
The dreaming heart, untutored to sustain
The adverse fate, more keenly feels the pain.
O, in the pleasing prospects that we build
  On the indulgent future, let us throw
A fair and proper margin to be filled
  With adverse circumstance, and care, and woe,
So shall our hearts ensure a deeper power
To bear the ills of life, th' inevitable dower.

MY FIRST AND LAST DESERTION.

BY W. H. MACY.

"WHY do seamen run from ships, on long voyages?" is often gravely and very innocently asked. As well ask, why do we see men of every other calling in life throw up good situations every day in the week to go further and fare worse. I remember reading some years ago, in a publication devoted to the interests of seamen, a series of elaborate papers on the "Wants of Seamen," by a well-known clergyman of high standing, in which the writer undertook to show us the various "causes of desertion." The usual catalogue of grievances was run through and checked off methodically; bad treatment by officers, bad food, bad lodgings and so on: but after arriving at nineteenthly, it was evident the worthy divine had only skimmed the surface of the matter. The difficulty of assigning any sufficient apparent motive, in a large percentage of cases, was well set forth by an old New London captain in conversation with a chaplain stationed at a port in the Pacific; and this, not in any spirit of irreverence, but merely as a most forcible illustration of his meaning. The chaplain argued that if men were well treated and fed, there would be no such thing as desertion. "Do you think so?" said old Captain M——. "Well, I think that if I had a full ship and was bound direct to heaven, touching at ——, on the passage, I should lose some of my crew." But perhaps the episode in my own life which I am about to relate will more fully illustrate my meaning, than any amount of moralizing on the subject.

I was but eighteen years of age at the time of which I write, and had served about as many months as a green hand, in the good ship Aspasia of Nantucket, Captain Ray. In this ship I was well treated, and the captain had even taken a personal interest in my welfare and advancement. We had been lucky, too; and our prospects were fair for making a short and successful voyage. But I had listened to the seductive yarns of others older in recklessness and sin, till I imagined that I had grounds of serious dissatisfaction with my position on board.

We had shipped as a boat-steerer, at the Marquesas Islands, an Englishman named Hall, or as he called himself, "'Arry 'All," an old stager in the Pacific, who had been knocking about there for years by the cruise, never staying long in one ship. After running down to the westward among "the groups," we set boat's crew watches—which was done by dividing the crew into three watches, a boat-steerer being in charge of each. By this arrangement, two-thirds of the crew are on duty in the daytime, and the mates are also all on deck, they standing no night-watch. It fell to my lot to be in Hall's watch; and, as he was an inveterate yarner, I got the full benefit of his experience, which, instead of proving a warning to me, had just the contrary effect, inflaming my love of adventure and excitement, until I fully believed myself a most ill-used and persecuted individual, and was ready to welcome freedom at any cost of danger or difficulty.

We concerted various plans for desertion, three others of our shipmates being enlisted with us in the mad scheme; and it was finally agreed that, as there was little prospect of the anchor finding the bottom for some months to come, we should make the most of the first good opportunity to desert *at sea*.

We had discussed the matter night after night in our watches till it had become a settled thing, and had agreed over and over again to stand by each other through all perils or difficulties that might attend this foolhardy enterprise. We were all in one watch, and comprised the whole of it with the exception of a young fellow named Bradshaw, to whom we had never entrusted our secret; but we could easily manage him.

One calm but dark night when we had the morning watch it was decided to make the attempt. We held our final council in the evening under the lee of the tryworks, and again plighted our vows to sustain each other to the death if necessary. We were called at two A. M., it being our duty to rouse all hands at about half past five, so as to man the mastheads and wash off decks, which was always an all hands job. As Bradshaw was a very hard sleeper, and always stood several calls, it was no uncommon thing for the larboard boat's crew to turn in, leaving him still in his bunk, to be roused again by his watchmates. As it did not serve our purpose in this instance to give him his extra call, he was allowed to snore quietly on; and, as soon

as sufficient time had elapsed for the other watch to be fast locked in sleep, we made all haste with our final preparations.

The Aspasia, like many other three-boat ships, carried the fourth on the cranes, rigged, with all the fixtures and craft, ready for active service. This "bow-boat" was to be used for our rash voyage, as being so far forward we should be less liable to awaken any one in the cabin; and we did not so much fear interference from any of the foremast hands. We had two good-sized tarpaulin bags prepared, which we now filled with hard tack, for the bread cask always stood open between decks, accessible to all. There was also some bread in the "lantern keg," which is a part of the outfit of every whale-boat, and which, as its name implies, also contains lantern, candles, tinder, etc. There was a keg in the boat containing about five gallons of water, to which we added two more taken from the other boats. Not wishing to be lumbered with the heavy tub of whale line, we cut off thirty or forty fathoms, which we coiled down in the boat. A few jackets and spare articles of clothing were thrown in; though not much was required in that climate.

Now came the delicate operation of "lowering away" without noise; but we had been careful to grease the falls and sheaves well beforehand, and, to delay pursuit in case our departure should be discovered before we had gained sufficient offing, we had cut the davit-falls of all the other boats, and tossed the rowlocks overboard, so that considerable time would be lost, before they could give chase. "With our hearts in our throats" we lowered away little by little, tending the falls carefully, and, as she touched the water, we dropped lightly into her, unhooked, and shoved clear of the ship's side. We stepped the mast and set the sail to catch the light air that was stirring, but did not venture yet to handle the oars. Now, for the first time, a feeling of regret and apprehension crossed my mind as I thought of what we had undertaken. Our intention was to steer for Ocean High Island, which is quite detached from the rest of the group, and is much higher than the generality of them, being visible perhaps twenty miles distant, from a boat. We had two boat compasses with us, also an old battered quadrant belonging to one of our party named Tom Nix, an old salt who knew just enough of the use of it to imagine himself a first class navigator. He had managed privately to copy a page of declinations from the Nautical Almanac, on a scrap of paper, and armed with this and his old "yoke," Nix was confident of his ability to make Ocean Island, or even to circumnavigate the globe, if he had time and provisions enough. Now that we were fairly under way, I began in some degree to realize the peril of which, to tell the truth, I had thought very little before starting.

As soon as we had forged enough to leeward to be out of hearing from the ship, we sat down to our oars and pulled with a will. Not a word was spoken for an hour or more, each man being intent upon his work. We did not venture to strike a light, but steered by the stars only. We then somewhat relaxed our efforts, pulling more moderately. The dim outline of the ship's sails had long since faded into the surrounding darkness, and we had as yet heard nothing of any alarm on board.

"Well, I guess we are far enough now to ease up and rest a little," said the young fellow who pulled the tub oar; who, from the fact of his having been an attache of a travelling show before he came to sea, was called "Barnum" from the outset, and was known to his shipmates only by that name.

"No, no," said Hall. "We must keep on pulling so as to be out of sight before the mastheads are manned. If they should see us and have a breeze, they could hover'aul us with the ship, and we are pulling one 'and short, you know."

"I wonder if little Bradshaw has woke up yet?" said Squier, a fat Connecticut youth, who was puffing and blowing furiously from the effects of his exertions at the heavy midship oar. "Wont he catch it when the mate turns out, eh?"

"Ay, ay," said old Tom Nix. "There'll be the deuce to pay, and no pitch hot, when they find we are gone. But let them laugh that win. We must keep her jogging another hour yet, and then we shall be safe enough."

We continued pulling, though not so hard as during the first hour, and also kept the sail set, which aided us a little. As day began to break, all eyes were intently fixed astern to get the first sight of the old ship.

"Here she is!" cried Barnum, "away off the quarter."

And sure enough there she was, hull down in the horizon, but the sun struggling up in the background soon showed she was steering off the wind with everything set, but on a course that would carry her many miles to the northward of us. It was evident that our

absence was discovered and that they had made sail and run to leeward as the most that could be done under the circumstances; but we were too far off to be seen even from the masthead, and all danger from pursuit was over. We could now breathe freely as regarded any chance of trouble from that quarter, and again my thoughts reverted to the other perils which lay in our future.

"Well, Tom Nix," said I, "you think it will take us about four days to go to Ocean Island, eh?"

"Yes," said Tom. "We ought to make it in four days, anyhow. If we have a good stiff breeze we'll be there in three days. I think we shall get more wind before noon."

"And are you sure you can find it, Tom?"

"Find it? yes, boy. Haven't I been there before?"

"Yes, I suppose you have," I answered. "But I don't see the good of that, if there are no marks to go by."

"There's marks enough over your head," said old Tom, "and I've got my old yoke here, and the dockyments in my pocket. So now, youngster, don't you trouble yourself with things that you know nothing about. What do you know about navigation, anyhow?"

Sure enough. What did I know? Nothing about using a quadrant or other nautical instruments, though perhaps more of the general or geographical principles than any one else in the boat. Had I known still more, I should have realized how difficult, how almost desperate an undertaking it was, to find a comparatively small island like that with our materials and resources. I should have known that we had no way of getting our longitude but by estimating the run of the boat, and this too, by the uncertain means of a compass standing at our feet in the stern sheets. I should have known what a dubious course we could shape, if we had no means of knowing how much westing we had made from day to day. I should have known that a single day's break in our observations for latitude, if the sun should happen to be obscured at meridian, would place us "where old Jack Kane slept, *nowhere*." And better than all, I should have known enough to have stuck by the good ship Aspasia, rather than trust myself blindly to the guidance of old Tom Nix and 'Arry 'All, whose long experience had been simply a repetition of errors. But as Tom had intimated I knew but little and considered him something of an oracle. But I ventured on another question.

"Where did you learn navigation, Tom?" I asked.

"Where did I learn it, boy?" returned the veteran, turning upon me with a stare of contempt. "Well, I learned it from a man that knew every wrinkle in it. Old Captain Barnes used to say he could stand on one foot on the p'int of a belaying-pin, shoot a lunar through the strap of the jewel block, and hit a buoy moored in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. And 'twas said of him, though he didn't say it himself, that if he couldn't see the sun, he'd spit a pond of tobacco-juice at the break of the quarter-deck, and run by that and his dead reckoning anywhere. Now, mind, I don't say I can do as much; but what little I do know, I learned from him."

This, of course, settled the matter, and I had no further questions to ask. We had steered off a little, so as to diverge still more from the course of the ship, and before it was time to get our observations, her topgallantsails had sunk entirely below the horizon and we were alone on the expanse of ocean. I had "shinned" up the boat's mast to get a last look, but after straining my eyes in vain, I slid down again with a feeling of loneliness, but I cannot say of utter dependence upon old Nix's pilotage, for I was beginning to think that, though he might have been taught the use of a quadrant, it was probable that he knew less of the general principles and facts of geography than myself, green hand though I was.

Tom got his "sights" at noon, and, after filling the "clumsy cleet" with clumsier figures, he declared our latitude to be two degrees and twenty miles south. I knew the latitude of the island to which we were bound to be about fifty miles south, and its longitude nearly 171 degrees east. So, by his calculation it must be about ninety miles north of us; but the westing bothered me more, and, to add to my anxiety, I began to see that old Tom knew no more about it than I did, though he displayed any amount of a certain foolhardy confidence which often passes current for knowledge. After consultation we judged we must be in about 176 degrees east. This we deduced from the ship's longitude of the day before, as it had been surreptitiously obtained from the mate's slate, and also from the known vicinity of Hope Island, which had been seen two days before, but which, being now to windward of us, was quite inaccessible against both wind and current. While making our dinner, we discussed the matter of

navigation in full council, and made up our minds to stand north till we got about the latitude we wanted, and then make as near a west course as possible. I argued till I convinced both Squier and Barnum as well as Hall, who could hardly read and write, and knew nothing about the "blarsted navigation," and our united votes overruled old Tom, who was at first for trying to shape a direct course; but the more I thought, the more I was convinced that my plan was the safest.

We hauled up north by compass, which brought the wind nearly abeam, and taking to our oars, pulled ahead moderately, at times giving way hard for a half hour or so, and then peaking the oars to rest awhile for a fresh start. With the oars and sail, we estimated we must have made about thirty-five miles when we set the watch at dark. Each one took his turn to steer and look out while the others slept as best they could. I suggested that we should keep on pulling at night so as to make up our latitude while we were fresh and strong; but here I found myself in a minority, the others contending it was best to use the breeze while we had it, and reserve our muscle for calm weather. We steered as nearly as we could on the same course all night, but the wind fell away towards morning, and by sunrise it was a flat, glassy calm. The sail, being useless, we rolled it up, unstepped the mast and took to our oars, still pulling north. The sun came up bright and hot from his watery bed, giving promise of a scorching day, and nothing indicated that we should have any wind for many hours to come. We pulled lustily for two or three hours, but as the day advanced, the fierce heat of the sun's rays was too much for us to endure, and we again ceased our exertions. The sail was now unrolled and stretched over the boat as an awning, to screen us in some measure from the intense heat, which was unlike anything I have ever seen before or since, even in tropical latitudes. Still more and more intense it became, as the great luminary of day rose steadily towards the zenith, pouring down fierce and unrelenting, penetrating the slight protection of the sail, and seeming to scorch the very marrow in our bones. Dreadful inroads were now made upon the water in the kegs; for we could not be restrained now by considerations of economy; the desire for present relief from the heat and thirst that were consuming us took the place of all prudential calculations, and we swallowed huge draughts of the stale and lukewarm liquid, and again and again laved our burning brows and bodies to get but a moment of partial relief.

With much anxiety I noted that old Tom was more overcome by the heat than any other of our number. He seemed partially stupefied, and it required much effort to get him out with his quadrant as it drew towards high noon. It was highly important, nay, it was almost a matter of life and death with us, that we should have a meridian observation, and he was the only one who professed to be able to get it. To do this he would be obliged to expose himself outside of the awning, for the sun's position at noon was almost exactly vertical, it being then near the equinox. I roused him from his stupor, and put the quadrant in his hand. He sat in the head of the boat, and took his position to observe the sun, but his mind seemed confused and wandering, and he made incoherent replies to what I said. He made several attempts to bring the sun to the horizon, but his efforts did not seem satisfactory to him. I had pulled myself partially under the sail again, but lay watching him narrowly and anxiously, when I observed a strange appearance in his face, his eyes rolled, and his head seemed to rock to and fro on his neck, and before I could jump to his assistance, his quadrant dropped from his grasp to the bottom of the boat, and he fell heavily upon it. Hall and Barnum sprung to my aid, and we dragged the old man under the awning; we bathed his head; we threw open his shirt and dashed water upon him, not knowing what else to do for him; but all our efforts to restore him were vain. It was soon evident to us all that Nix's cruise was up, and that we had no longer even a pretended navigator among up. Tom was dying from *coup de soleil!*

What little we could do for him in our situation was done, but his sufferings were short, and as he drew his last sigh, we sat in silent stupor round him, till roused again by our own sufferings. Poor Squier, from his fleshy habit of body, suffered more than the others from the heat, and indeed seemed scarcely conscious of what had happened. Hall at length looked at me, and without a word pointed over the side of the boat; we seemed to understand each other intuitively; and, lifting the body of our comrade on the gunwale, composed its limbs as well as possible, and dropped it gently to its final resting-place in the ocean. We drew back under the awning with a feeling of relief; not

a word broke the stillness; prayers indeed were said in the silence of our hearts, for this blow seemed to us like a visitation from high Heaven; but no tears could we shed for our shipmate; they seemed to be scorched up in their very fountains.

But why dwell upon our suffering through the long, dreamy hours of the afternoon? The day wore away at last and with the declining sun came a little breeze. O, how grateful! as it fanned our fevered brows and put new life into us! Squier revived gradually under its influence, to our great relief, as we had feared he too would fall a victim. Hall, who was still the strongest, took the steering oar, while Barnum and I set the sail, drew aft the sheet, and we sped along once more on our northerly course. Until now I had not thought of the quadrant. I went forward and picked it up from where it had fallen. It was but useless lumber, had we been the best navigators in the world. Both index and horizon glasses were crushed, and their fragments strewed the bottom of the boat! I held it up silently to the gaze of the others, pointed to the empty frames, and threw it from me.

I sat down for a minute or two, and communed with myself. I felt that we must not give way to despair; and now that I had no longer old Tom's knowledge to lean upon, I seemed to be endowed with new courage.

"Boys," said I, "I suppose we are all wishing ourselves back on board the Aspasia, but it is too late to think of that. By my calculation we have still about fifteen miles to go to the northward, and if this little breeze holds, we shall be far enough by midnight to ease off the sheet and run down our longitude. We have bread enough to last us ten days with proper care; but our greatest danger now will be scarcity of water. We had better see now how much we have left, and how long it can be made to last." It was found upon examination that, out of fifteen gallons with which we started, we had about eight remaining. By allowancing ourselves to a quart a day, this could be made to last eight days, and this we all agreed to do. We had still one keg full, which had not been broached, and I know not what impulse seized me at that moment to taste from the full keg. I did so, however, and shall never forget the sinking at heart as I took a little in my mouth and spat it out in disgust, or the looks of the others as I handed the keg saying, "Taste!" All did so with the same result. *We had five gallons of salt water!*

Blank despair was imprinted upon all our faces as we took in the terrible truth. But my courage soon rose again to the occasion, and I was the first to speak, for I felt that I must be the leader now.

"Well," said I, "instead of eight gallons of water, we have only about three. It is of little consequence to us now how this water became salt, but I think I know. It is one of the kegs the cooper made for oil, and was put in the steerage among other spare ones. The last time the larboard boat lowered for whales she lost her boat keg, and this one was taken by mistake, filled and put into that boat. You will see that the bottom head has been cut from the head of a beef barrel saturated with pickle. The water has never been tasted until now. There is no help for it, our allowance must be a pint a day instead of a quart. If we are blessed with rain we are all right; if not, we have enough to last six days, and by that time, we must make the land or fall in with a passing ship."

"But," said Hall, "'ow are we to keep up any strength on a pint of water a day? It's not 'arf enough in this climate."

"I know it, but it will keep us alive, and that is the best we can do. If we catch any rain we will be able to increase the allowance. Soaking our clothes in sea water will help us a little; at least, I have heard say it will, and we can try that, at any rate. So don't let us despair yet. I think we shall get a rainy day to-morrow."

I had no particular reason for thinking so, but I said it with a very confident air, and I could perceive that it had some effect.

At midnight as near as we could judge, we swung her off with a flowing sheet, and lashed the jib tack out on the bow oar, so as to make a sort of studding-sail of it and thus ran wing-and-wing, steering west by north, which, as I judged, would make a course west, there being nearly one point variation in this part of the ocean. We held on this course for three days and nights, making good way through the water, sometimes assisting her with the paddles for a short time; but we were becoming enfeebled in strength, and could labor only for short periods. We had some squalls of rain, which were of only a few minutes' duration, but we made the most of them, and this eked out our scanty supply of water and helped us to keep up our vital powers. We had still enough bread for a week, but water was our greatest want. We relieved each other from time to time at the

steering oar, keeping her as straight as possible on her course; and on the third day I had calculated that we ought certainly to see the land before noon. This breeze had freshened since morning, and we were going at least six miles an hour. The labor of steering had become quite severe to us in our weakened state; but we took short spells, relieving each other about every half hour. I had kept up the courage of my companions by telling them we should certainly see the land this forenoon, and had demonstrated it as well as I could, by figures. Every eye was now strained for the first sight of the desired land; which, though nothing but a den of savages, was now the *El Dorado* of our hopes. Hour after hour went by, and the expression in our faces gradually changed from hope to anxiety, from anxiety to apprehension. Noon has come and passed—the sun wanes towards the west—no land in sight. Still another hour or two—I may have made a mistake in my reckoning—"Relieve the steering oar, and keep her straight," and on we speed at the same swift rate, with breeze and current in our favor.

The sun is only about an hour high, and the line of sea and sky along the western horizon is as clear and sharply defined as ever. Hall asks me with a look of desperation, "Well, what are we to do next?" for he had gradually come to yield himself to my guidance and look to me for advice, not to say for orders; although he had originally led me and the other two young men into this mad adventure.

"Stand on till sundown," said I, "and then heave to."

I try to say it bravely, but there is a sinking at my heart; for the truth is dawning upon me; I think I know the error I have made; and if it is as I surmise, I have lost almost my last hope of being saved. The sun is dipping—still all is clear to leeward. "Take in the jib, Barnum"—"Squier, let her round to, and we will roll up the sail." My orders are instinctively obeyed—and the light boat soon lies tossing up and down on the sea.

"Where's the land?" said Hall, doggedly, while there was a look in his eye which I did not like; for he was still, physically, the strongest man of the four.

"I think," said I, "we must have passed it, and it is now to windward of us."

"Then we must all die of thirst and starvation."

"I hope not," said I, affecting to speak cheerfully. "This is a favorite cruising ground for sperm whales, and we may be picked up by some ship to-morrow. It is not impossible, perhaps, to make Pleasant Island."

I knew in my own mind that this was but a desperate chance.

"How far off is that?" pursued Hall.

"As near as I can judge, it must be about two hundred miles," I replied, for I would not lie to him, even under the circumstances.

"Damnation!" he muttered, his eyes rolling in frenzy, as he staggered forward to the bow of the boat. I knew not what he might do in the state of mind he was in. It might be he was contemplating suicide; it might be murder. I looked at my two young comrades. The last change had been stealing over them, the change from apprehension to stony despair; but now I could see by their glances in return, that they were alive to the situation. I observed Squier to draw instinctively nearer to the boat keg, which contained at this time about one gallon of water—our last hold upon life. Barnum did not move; but his right hand was thrown, as if carelessly, upon the handle of a paddle that lay near him. Hall stood brooding in the head of the boat for a minute or two, then seizing the boat-knife from its sheath, he turned and confronted us. The madness of despair was upon him, and the expression of his face was perfectly diabolical.

"Water! water!" he shouted, hoarsely. "Give me water! I will have it and drink my fill!"

"Hall!" said I, looking him as steadily as I could in the eye, "you can have your share of water with the rest of us. All our lives are dependent upon the little in this keg, and we will share alike, and live or die together. Shall we not, boys?"

"Yes, yes!" responded the other two.

"I tell you I will have the water!" roared Hall, leaping aft. "Give me the keg!"

With one impulse, we rallied round the precious liquid, to defend it with our lives. Hall's knife gleamed in the twilight and flashed within an inch of my throat, when the paddle met him full in the face, he was thrown from his balance, and with the lurch of the boat, fell over the gunwale into the sea. Horror-struck we all sprung to the side of the boat but the waves had closed over him, and stunned by the blow, he rose no more.

The paddle had dropped from Barnum's

hand and he sat as if paralyzed. A convulsive groan came up from his chest—and tears started.

"Good God!" said he, in a voice choked with agony, "what have I done?"

"You have done right," cried Squier and I, both in the same breath. "I am indebted to your timely movement for my life, Barnum," I continued, "though perhaps that may not be worth much at the present time. But we were all acting in self-defence against a madman, and it is well as it is. We three will take our chances together, live or die. And now let us get supper," I continued, with an attempt to smile.

Said supper consisted of a bit of hard tack moistened with about a gill of stale water.

"We will lie here and drift all night, boys, and trust to Providence. In the morning we will consider what can be done next. Do you two sleep if you can, and I will keep the first watch."

I sat alone on the stern sheets, with my back against the loggerhead, thinking, for at least three hours after my companions were quietly stretched out, perhaps sleeping, but that I cannot say. I was now satisfied that I had made a fatal mistake in my navigation which had brought us where we now were. I had used one point variation in shaping my course, but had applied it the wrong way! The variation must have been easterly, and steering west-by-north we had made a west-northwest course, instead of west as I had intended. If so, we must now be more than a hundred miles to the northward of Ocean High Island; and had passed to leeward of it this morning. The chances were very small of finding Pleasant Island, which was lower than the other, and its position at that time, as I had heard Captain Ray say, somewhat uncertain; while my own position or whereabouts was surely much more so. Still it would be as well to steer to the southwest to-morrow, as there was a straw for a drowning man, in the chance of being picked up by some whaler cruising between the two islands.

The night shut down dark and lowering, with heavy clouds, threatening rain on the morrow, which I should hail as a godsend, for it would furnish the one great means of prolonging life—water. There was, as yet, no increase of wind; the trades blew moderately, and our light whale-boat tossed buoyantly about at the sport of wind and wave. Her drift would be considerable through the night, but it would be nearly in the direction I wished to go. I was sustained by a presentiment that I should in some way be saved, for I still clung to life and hope—I reviewed my past life, cursed again and again my folly and wickedness in deserting from a good ship, stealing the boat and other property, and thus casting myself away; and, in sincere penitence, prayed that I might not be permitted to perish in any unknown and mysterious manner, as two of our number had already. I thought of all the friends I had at home, for I had friends, though I had no parents or very near relations living, and had been orphaned at a very early age; but I thought again what a good friend I had thrown away when I left Captain Ray, and probably, by my conduct, had embittered him forever against me, even should my life be spared ever to see him again. I solemnly promised to God and my conscience that, if I were spared to reach land, this night should be the turning point in my life.

At this point, becoming excited in feeling, I rose to my feet. Glancing to windward I perceived something like a flash of light off the quarter. For an instant only I saw it, then all was gloom again. I stood several minutes intently gazing, and was about giving it up as a mere freak of imagination, when another flash, brighter than the first, illumined the sky, lasting longer than before, so long that I felt sure I was not dreaming, but that I had seen a light! Even now, I would not call my shipmates, for fear of raising hopes that might by reaction dash their spirits still lower. Seizing the steering oar I gently laid the boat's head to windward, and let her fall off on the southern tack, heading towards the quarter where I had seen the light. I had not done this without disturbing the feverish rest of one of my companions, for as I pushed the oar back into its becket, Barnum stood by my side. Just then the light appeared again, strong and clear, and I could feel the trembling of my comrade as his hand clutched my shoulder, while his breathing would have been audible at the bow of the boat.

"What can it be, Barnum?"

"God be praised for his mercies!" replied the young man. "It's more than we deserve! A ship, boiling, and headed towards us! There! see the light is cut by the lee clew of his foresail! Squier! Here, look up, man, and be saved! Here's help close at hand!"

"Yes," said I, "she is not far off, and is headed at us! He must have been just

starting his fires when I saw the first faint light. We can be alongside of him in half an hour. Step the mast and loose the sail! Haul the sheet flat, Squier, and we can lay right up for him! *There's old Hallett!*" I shouted, in my excitement, as a fresh scrap kindling up on the back arches, lighted up the whole waist of the ship, revealing the mainmast with all its tracery and hamper, the mainsail snugly furled, while his cutting gear with the falls rove aloft could be distinctly seen, for the light now burned steadily.

We were rapidly nearing the ship, so rapidly indeed that we soon rolled up the sail and took it out of our way. Her fore-topsail was on the cap, and the head-yards thrown aback, showing that she had a whale alongside and was "lying by" one, while she boiled out another.

"Do you know what ship that is, Barnum?" asked Squier.

"No!" said Barnum, "nor do I care. She has Christian men on board, I suppose, who would not leave a fellow to starve to death in an open boat."

"That's the Aspasia," said Squier, quietly.

"How do you know?" asked his companion.

"Don't you see those stars on the head of the waist-boat? I painted them myself and know just how they are arranged. Now the mainmast is lit up again! look at that band where the mizzen-stay is hooked, I should know that among a hundred."

It was even so! our old ship again; and we rejoicing at the opportunity to sneak ignominiously alongside of her once more. As we drew along under her lee, and the fat crispy smell of the blubber came floating down to us, Barnum, who had the strongest lungs, hailed her.

"Aspasia, ahoy!"

"Halloo!" came ringing back over the water in the stentorian tones of Mr. Barnard our mate, as he ran to the side, and jumped up into the lee quarter-boat. "What boat is that?"

"*The Bow Boat, sir!*" I answered.

"Why, that's Dick's voice! Come along side here! Look out for this warp here, one of you!" he shouted, to his watch, who all stood gaping in amazement. "Only three men in her! Where's the rest of you?"

"It's a long story, sir," I answered.

"All right! we'll hear it by-and-by. Captain Ray!" he yelled, at the companionway, "here's our boat and men alongside!" but he might have saved his breath, for, by this time, "the old man" was on deck.

"Thank God! you are back again! some of you at any rate," cried the captain. "Help the poor boys up the side and get them comfortable. Don't stop to ask them any questions now! we'll hear it all in good time."

No language can do justice to my feelings, as, with downcast head and tearful eyes, I staggered towards the scuttle butt, for I had been cramped up in the boat so long, to say nothing of my weakness, that I could scarcely keep my footing on the comparative *terra firma* of the ship's deck.

"Well, Dick!" said the old man. "Rather thirsty, eh! I'll bet you are as glad to get back to the old hooker as you were to get away from her, eh?"

I could make no reply, but overpowered by his kindly greeting, I wilted down on the booby hatch and sobbed aloud.

"There! never mind, boys," said the old man. "Let the past be thrown overboard. I think your crime has carried its own punishmet along with it."

The next day, I sat by his side in the cabin, and told him the truth freely and without reservation. The kind old man was affected to tears by my account of the awful death of old Nix, smitten by sunstroke; and shuddered at the fate of the maniac, Hall, knocked overboard in self-defence. He advised me to keep my own counsel, and I endeavored to do so. But as there were other depositories of the secret, it all leaked out eventually; and at this distance of time, when the surviving parties are scattered far and wide, there is no good reason why I should not record, as a warning to all young seamen, the true history of my *first and last attempt* at desertion.

TO KNOXVILLE.

BY EUGENE B. DYKE.

A shout, a spring, and we spur away,
Over the brush, through the mists all gray;
Dewdrops trail from each moss-hung limb,
Gleaming like stars through the forests dim;
Waters plash 'neath our coursers' feet,
The deer speed out from their cool retreat,
The birds dart off with a frightened cry,
As we merry troopers pass them by.
"Halt!" and we stand
At the quick command.
Rattle the scabbards a joyous tune,
Flutters in light each draggled plume;
The sun gleams up o'er the eastern hill,
And with dancing shimmer lights the rill;
Hard tack and bacon—a quick repast,—
"Forward the squadron!" we're off at last.
Merrily, merrily speed we now,
Well guerillas may fear, I trow!
Sabres flash in the morning light,
Eagles and bars of gold are bright,
Songs rise gayly from many throats,
While the starry banner swells and floats.
But hush! away through the forest comes
The clatter of arms, the roll of drums;
One minute a halt, then peals the shout,
"Charge!" and the echo rings in and out.
On we spur with a rush and a roar,
Comrades go down, but the troop whirls o'er;
While swords clank gayly to clanking swords,
Drowning the dying soldier's words.
Soon we are past, and the skirmish is done,—
One sweeping glance for those who are gone,—
Many a saddle is empty, I know,
And many a boy in blue is low;
One sigh for our dead, and we dash through the streams,
While the sun above at midday gleams,
Lighting the spires, the roof-tops brown,
And welcome awaits us in Knoxville town.

DAVID MARLE'S STORY.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

I NEVER quarrelled with my brother John until we came to settle up business in the year of 1865. We had been partners ten years, ever since we had been West, indeed, but some changes made it at length advisable that we should separate. He had made his fortune, and wanted to return East. I, also, was able to live with less care, and so we sold every acre of our landed property, and were settling up the books, when there arose dissension. I was not willing to divide profits equally. John was married and had had a family to support, while I was unmarried. His expenses had been three times as much as mine. Moreover, I had taken the burden of the labor and responsibility—this having been tacitly agreed upon, I being the youngest man. While he had lived comfortably with his wife and children among the farms, with horses, men and money at his hand, and absolute control of the farming interests, I had been beating about over the country, from the Denver to the Florida Glades, buying and selling land, timber and stock—living anyhow, and sacrificing all personal comfort to our mutual advantage. It is rough travelling in the West. Twice I had swum the Missouri when every stroke endangered my life; once I had been captured by hostile Indians, and escaped by strategy. I was overtaken by a prairie fire and nearly burned to death, when taking up claims in Nebraska; and my periods of weariness and discouragement were indescribable. I grew gaunt, and pale, and hard, making money, while John waxed fat and merry. I had all the hardships, and I decided I ought to have more than half the profits, taking everything into consideration. John refused this; and it was true, as he said, that this had not been the contract.

"John Marle," said I, "look at the difference between us. All the trouble you have had in getting this money is to take it from my hand. You have never lost a night's sleep in getting it; you have had full sway in making these farms as profitable as you please, and when you have made a miscalculation in a tenant or a crop, I have never blamed you. You have had a comfortable roof over your head, while I have languished with yellow fever in the South, and sickened with ague from exposure to the West. Two-thirds of this money is justly mine. You have spent more than I, and you have a right only to one hundred thousand dollars."

"I will have one hundred and fifty," he said, doggedly.

"You never shall!" I answered.

I had the books. They were in the office of a life-insurance company, for whom I was agent. This business had been privately my own. I had worked it in with other pursuits, and it paid me well. I had dealt in it only for the last year, but, during that time, I purchased for myself out of its profits a fine library, and had made several valuable presents to a favorite old maid sister, living in the East. These expenses were in the books of the firm—four hundred dollars for books, fifty for maps, seventy for a set of furs for Margaret, and forty for an easy-chair for her. I knew I must take these off the books before John saw them, or he would claim that they had been paid for out of the general fund. As I have said, they were in my private room of the insurance company's building, in St. Joseph. When I left my brother's home in Kansas, I started directly for this point; but at Atchison a despatch met me, requiring me to wait there until I received further directions from the directors of the Phœnix. I saw no actual danger in waiting, and so remained in the city nearly a week. I received some policies then to be carried into the country. As soon as they were delivered to the specified parties, I returned to St. Joseph.

I hurried to the office; somehow, I felt as if something was wrong. As I unlocked the inner door, Major Hawley looked up from his newspaper, and said:

"By the way, Marle, your brother came yesterday and got some books from your desk."

"Some books!" I said. And I felt myself growing pale.

"Yes. Ledgers, you know. I knew he was your partner, and so I let him take them. Nothing wrong, is there, Marle?"

"No," I said, and went into my office and shut the door. My first movement was to open my desk hurriedly. Yes, they were gone. John had the books. I denounced him for a villain.

After awhile I grew cooler. I was very much surprised at what he had done. It was not like him. It was plain that he thought I meant to cheat him in some way.

Nor was I inclined to trust him. I did not believe that he would make charges against me on the books, but I knew he would reckon that five hundred and sixty against me on the general account, nor believe my story that these outlays were never made with his money, or money on which he had a claim. Nothing burns up confidence like the love of gold. John and I had never before had a word of difficulty or a hard thought, and now here we were, ready to call each other thieves and liars.

In the first place, I felt insulted by his suspicion. I meant no injustice; I merely wanted what I considered my right—what I thought I had well earned. Then this movement of his, which had the look of outwitting me, I mentally anathematized. It was a mean, sly thing to do.

Of course he would transfer the accounts to his own possession, and return me the books. There were five of them. If he had worked all the night before, he could not have thoroughly examined more than one. This private account of mine was entered on the latest. So the thought came to me, finally, to regain immediate possession of this one, at least.

It was not the mere five hundred and odd dollars I cared for the loss of; it was the right which this gave John to infer that I spent more than I acknowledged, and that my personal expenditures were not so inferior to his that I could claim more than half the contested profits; and more, it was the disagreeable idea of being defeated.

That very night I started for Marleville. I arrived the next day. I went straight to John's house. He received me alone, his face set in unusual lines, and his eye meeting mine burningly.

"John Marle," said I, "you have done a mean thing. You have insulted me."

"You refer to my taking the books in which our accounts have been kept?" he said, quietly.

"I do."

"I had a right to see them, if I wished," he said.

"But you had no right to come, like a thief in the dark and take them, until I told you that they were prepared for you to examine."

"What preparation did they need?" said he, with a sneer.

This was too much. Before I knew what I was doing, I struck him. He was a large man, but he reeled and clutched at the piano to save himself from falling. His aim missed, and he grasped only the rich, crimson cloth, and dragged it with him as he dropped into a seat. He was very pale. I was almost ready

to beg his forgiveness, when he looked at me with such a gaze of hatred that I turned, instead, and walked out of the room, kicking an embroidered stool out of my way as I went.

This interview had not been satisfactory, and I was at a loss what to do next. An amicable settlement of the matter was now out of the question.

I was passing the house that evening, when I saw the family carriage, containing my brother, his wife and his four children, drive away from the gate. I decided instantly that they were going to evening meeting in the town two miles distant. Then the house was left alone, comparatively—and the books—were they there? Could I not enter, find them and take possession of them as unceremoniously as John had done?

It was growing dark. There was no light in the front of the house, but I saw one gleaming from one of the lower ones at the back. It was the family sitting-room. I approached it and looked in.

It was a large, comfortable apartment, with a fire upon the hearth; and before the fire sat a young lady, rocking an infant.

The child was probably the last-comer, the little nameless one I had not before seen, and which John wrote me a month before was to be called David, if I approved. But who was its nurse?—this sweet-faced girl who handled it so dexterously, feeding it from a silver porringer, and then laying it over her shoulder and patting its back with her pretty, ringed hand, to make it go to sleep, as she rocked back and forth before the dancing blaze? I could see the gloss on her braided hair, and the glittering buckle upon her little slipper.

The child seemed uneasy. It wailed, and she rose and walked the floor with it, soothing it in a low, cooing tone of endearment, now and then singing a lullaby. At last it was asleep, with its bit of a face hidden in her neck, and she sat down again before the fire. I stood and watched her; indeed, I had forgotten all else.

She had soft brown eyes; I don't know any other word to use; they were tender and quiet. She looked quite happy in a silent way. As she swayed back and forth, the lamplight and then the firelight touched her forehead, and cheek, and sweet mouth, and white neck, with their different tinting—the firelight making her rosy and radiant, the lamplight showing the lovely face in a paler guise. I thought, "What if this were my home? What if that was the darling wife I had longed for all these years, and that my child? What if I might move now, and she would turn her head and listen for my step?"

The thought made me tremble. I retreated to the road, and walked back and forth there, trying to think to some purpose. Of course I could not enter the house, though it would probably not be difficult to do so. I might get the books with little difficulty, for that young girl was probably all the person under the roof; but somehow I did not want them; the current of my mind had changed. I walked half a mile down the starlit road and came back. Once more I went to the window.

The child was awake and crying. She was walking the floor with it again. I forgot to be cautious, she was so unconscious, and quite leaned on the stone sill as I stood. Turning, in her walk, she happened to glance towards the window, saw my face as the light fell upon it, and, uttering a scream of terror, fell to the floor.

I rushed to the door; it gave way to my hand, and I went in and raised her. She was quite senseless, but she still clasped the child, who screamed frightfully. I laid it in its cradle, and tried to revive her. She scarcely seemed to breathe before she broke into hysterical sobbing.

"Don't cry, don't cry!" I said, awkwardly. "I did not mean to frighten you. Look up! I am David Marle. You must have heard of me. I meant no harm in the world. I was only looking at you, because you looked so pretty."

She did not seem to see the ludicrousness of this explanation. She caught her breath, and looked at me with dilated eyes and the utmost anxiety, for some time.

"You are Uncle John's brother?"

"Yes." And then I knew who she was, Aurelia May, a favorite niece of my brother's wife, whom I had never seen.

"I was very foolish to be so frightened," she said, at last; "but you looked like a ghost."

"Shall you tell them?" asked I.

"Uncle John and Aunt Susan? No; and don't you," she said, with a blush.

She had taken the poor baby from the cradle, and, as it soon hushed its cries, we concluded that it was not hurt. Before the family returned, Aurelia had regained her natural color and composure, and I had reason to be thankful that it was so.

John started when he saw me, and looked bewildered when I arose and offered him my hand; but he took it, and bade me sit down again, cordially. Perhaps some good word which he had heard in the house of God had softened him; certainly the pure face of that girl had changed my heart. We sat together, a pleasant family party, that evening, and the next day John and I entered into a calm discussion of our business. He was finally willing and even anxious to give me two-thirds of the money, but I would not accept it.

"No, no, John," said I, "we will divide evenly, and, if you want to do anything more for me, just try to make Aurelia think that I'm not a monster."

"Aurelia?" repeated John. "Why, she don't know that there has been a word of trouble, and doesn t dream of such a thing. If you want her, go in and win; the coast is clear, and you have my God bless you!"

I was not much used to women, but she liked me, and finally I got her. It frightens me to think how wretched I should have been, if I hadn't. I have only to add that she is just as good as I thought she was when I first saw her through the window; and, if God prospers us, I may, before another year, see her rocking a baby that is *mine*, the firelight and the lamplight again on her sweet face.

A PAIR OF NOBODIES.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

WAINWRIGHT HALL and its surroundings, when viewed in the dim twilight of a rainy autumnal day, was by no means suggestive of social comfort, and one would hardly dream of a union between them; and Doctor Wainwright, standing at one of the long windows of the library, gave a grunt of satisfaction as he gazed out upon the west lawn, and in among the trees from whose leaves the rain had been dropping steadily ever since his arrival, and, judging from the appearance of the dull-hued clouds that were slowly settling down, was likely to do so for hours to come; and tapping the glass whistled in a sort of triumphal manner as if all this was working something greatly to his advantage.

This handsome young doctor was by no means of a misanthropical turn of mind, but when he bought this old tumble-down mansion it was with a sort of exultation in the thought that in so doing he had purchased the right to enjoy at certain periods his bachelorhood as he pleased. Even after a score or more of masons, carpenters, etc., had spent weeks in altering the house, and making it habitable, he had not the most indistinct idea that his privacy would ever be intruded upon, and therefore when Mrs. Dornton, his young and fashionable sister, declared her intention of accompanying him with a few of her dear friends, and opening his den, and trying to make it homelike for a few weeks, the reader may rest assured that it was received with consternation; and therefore, when on their departure for Norton a dull drizzling rain set in, and continued during the long day, it was no wonder that he anxiously looked forward to their arrival as a termination of his sufferings, and an end to the gayety in which the whole party had indulged during the long, comfortless journey.

Standing out boldly against the dull sky, the rain washing away every trace of beauty and bringing out into bold relief every harsh, ugly feature, the old house looked more like some gloomy old castle than the hospitable home of a quiet American gentleman; and the effect was by no means lessened by the tall, dark trees which surrounded it, amidst whose branches the wind swept with a low, mournful sound, driving the rain against the windows in fitful gusts.

Doctor Wainwright thrust his head out of the carriage window, as they drove up the long, dark avenue, and, satisfied with the gloomy aspect, informed the company that they were already within his ground, and then anxiously awaited the effect.

"How grandly beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Dornton.

"Perfect!" chimed Miss LeFarge, her friend and companion.

Doctor Wainwright groaned.

"Pshaw!" screamed Miss Grey, "it's a perfect old barn!"

"God bless you!" inwardly ejaculated the tormented; and thus they reached the door

of Wainwright Hall, and in the quiet of the library, under the influence of Miss Grey's exclamation, and the gloomy appearance in general, the owner felt that his hour of triumph had indeed come, and that one week would clear his house, and leave him alone in his glory; and not even the sudden opening of the library door, letting a flood of warm light into the cold, dark room, and revealing a well-laden table, sparkling with silver and glass, for a moment convinced him to the contrary.

"You are not disposed to play the host to-night, so I have taken the liberty, you see, of providing your guests with necessary comforts," said Mrs. Dornton, laughing as she dragged him out into the warm sitting-room.

"Ladies, I told you that here in his den, you would see him in his natural state, a perfect bear. You perceive already he had forgotten that we live."

"Not so, ladies, upon my honor. I only retired for the moment to allow you a few minutes to yourselves, and, would you believe it, I was thinking of you the moment Mary entered. I was wondering what effect this gloomy old house, and disagreeable surroundings, would have upon your gay spirits."

"Not a pleasant one, I frankly confess, Doctor Wainwright," said Miss Grey, "that is, so far as I am concerned. I don't speak for Mrs. Dornton or Miss LeFarge."

"I'll speak for both! I like it very well. It is grand, picturesque; but I promise you that in one week from to-day you shall be alone to your own gloomy thoughts, and your old house. It will never do to remain here longer at this season of the year;" and Mrs. Dornton took her seat at the head of the table, with the air of one that had relieved herself of a great burden, and her brother, truly relieved of the same, handed the other ladies to their places, and then seated himself, in a happier state of mind than he had dared to dream of indulging on this particular evening.

And this was the way that Wainwright Hall came to be the bachelor den of Doctor Edward Wainwright, for, true to her word, Mrs. Dornton took her departure at an early day, and left him alone as he desired.

He was by no means a woman hater, but one of those unfortunate beings who loved peace and quiet, but whose path had unfortunately been laid through that portion of the world frequented only by fashion, and its heartless train; by women, whose ideas of home and happiness were exactly opposite to his own; and he hoped that his house and surroundings had produced an effect upon Mrs. Dornton that would prove lasting, and, in that way, keep this, his only place of rest and quiet, free from herself and followers.

"There! I like this;" said he to himself, as he sat by the window a day or two after their departure. "There is a sort of freedom here that I never before realized. Now, here I am, monarch of all I survey, and afraid of nothing in the shape of an interruption. There are no inquisitive females bursting in upon me, and prying into my affairs with a curiosity that is unbearable. Here, at least, I am free from that. After all, this is not such a gloomy old place as Mary thought it. Now I consider myself happy for once in my life. Ah! what is that?" And he stepped quietly into the shadow of the curtain.

"No, my dear, there is not the slightest danger of Doctor Wainwright ever troubling you; he has enough to do with his books, his gun, his horses, and his own gloomy thoughts;" said the voice of the housekeeper, as she ushered some person into the little room.

"I would not like to play the part of an intruder here."

"A remarkably sweet voice," said Doctor Wainwright.

"But I do not like the idea of giving up this fine piano—although I dare say he would think me taking a great liberty."

"Not at all! If I had thought so, I certainly would never have invited you to come here to play. But there! I must run, for there is a world of work to do since these city ladies turned the house completely upside down. Enjoy yourself as long as you choose. I'll warrant you there is no danger of being interrupted."

With this the housekeeper left the room.

Doctor Wainwright peeped out. She was at the piano, so he could not see her face—only a small, neat figure, and a mass of dark brown curls, and a pair of white, well-shaped hands, flitting in and out, among the sheets of music. Presently she pushed them all away and began to play.

It was some grand old piece, and the white hands flew over the keys throwing out music that thrilled the ear of the listener, as he leaned against the window, watching her with breathless interest.

Then she sung, song after song, until, evidently weary of it, she turned half way around

on the stool and looked at some music that lay on a stand near her. Then he saw her face. It was just the face to belong to a form and hand like hers—a pretty one, with soft brown eyes and womanly mouth.

Had she been plain he would have kept perfectly quiet, or at his first opportunity slipped out, and the matter would have ended there; but as she happened to be nothing of the sort, he stepped out from his place of concealment, and stood before her with a hasty—

"Do not be alarmed. I must beg pardon for my abrupt entrance."

She dropped the music, and rising, said:

"O no! It is I who should beg your pardon for thus intruding on your privacy."

"Be seated, please, and do not speak of intrusion. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I? O, I am—I am—nobody at all, sir."

"Nobody? That is strange. I did not know that there existed another nobody in this world. I thought I alone had right to that title."

"You are Doctor Wainwright?"

"Yes, but nobody for all that."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody."

"Then it must be so."

"Are you fond of music?"

"Very."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly."

"Come here as often in the future as has been your wont in the past, and use the piano, and also the library, which is close at hand."

"O, thank you. You are very kind."

"I will not interrupt you again."

"You have not interrupted me, sir."

"Yes I have. I know when I interrupt as well as when I am interrupted."

"You are very strange."

"Nobodies always are."

"Then of course I am strange."

"Well, rather!"

"It is late. I have duties to attend."

"Late? No, it is not nine yet."

"My day's work begins at nine o'clock."

"Shall I attend you?"

"No! Thank you." And the brown curls vanished through the open door.

Doctor Wainwright laughed.

"This is odd, and no mistake. I wonder who she is?"

There was the housekeeper, and he sought her and inquired.

"O, she's nobody, sir."

"Nonsense! That is just what she told me herself. She must have a name and habitation."

"Her name, sir, is Amy Lindsay. She is the schoolteacher in the village, and an odd little body. No one knows where she came from, or anything more about her, any more than that she is a perfect lady, and so no one troubles her with questions. I heard her play at Mrs. Neal's, and thinking that you would not object, I told her to come up to the Hall and use the piano once in awhile, and she has done so every now and then when you were away. She does not like strangers."

"Humph! I thought so!"

Thus the owner of Wainwright Hall found his privacy broken in upon, pleasantly to be sure, still without a murmur. Often returning from his lonely excursions, he heard her voice ringing through the parlor, or found a neat little figure hidden away in the big arm-chair in the library, busily reading some work that seemed a treat to her, and often he drew her into conversation, or read to her from some of his favorites, keeping her there as long as propriety would permit. Once he engaged her until dark, and then begged her company to tea, and afterwards saw her safely home to her boarding-place.

In his walks, he ventured, one afternoon, to pass the schoolhouse as she came forth with her troop of scholars, and he walked beside her to her door, wishing at the same time that he was a schoolboy, if for no other reason, than for the privilege of holding her hand as the bold urchin who walked with them.

"Rather strange," he thought, as he walked towards home. "I used to have a strong aversion to schoolmarms. It is wonderful how time changes a person. Wonder what Mary would say?"

Wainwright Hall looked quite bright and cheerful in the radiance of the setting sun, even although the snow lay on every hand, and the trees, bereft of their green mantle, seemed rugged and old. As he walked up the broad avenue, he thought:

"Not a bad place this, to live a married life in. I wonder if Amy would dislike it? She might object to the master, if not to the house! I've half a mind to ask her."

There was a little start at the idea of this, for never before in his life had he harbored such a thought, and its abruptness startled him.

That night, sitting in his library, he looked about him with a feeling of dissatisfaction. A bright fire, a softly-carpeted floor, rows of handsomely-bound books staring him in the face, a few choice pictures upon the walls, a small table with a repast rich and ample, and his worthy self half-buried in the depths of his cushioned chair! Could one fancy that this was not a most enviable position? Surely there was no lack of wealth and ease, and what more can any one wish?

With half-closed eyes, Wainwright's fancy fitted out the picture.

A sweet-faced woman, with Amy Lindsay's brown hair and eyes, sitting opposite him with her bright, happy face and ringing laugh, her white hand flitting in and out among the cups, and ever and anon lifting her brown eyes to his, full of confidence and love!

"Pshaw!"

He gave a sort of impatient kick that made the dishes rattle. No wonder the world called him selfish, when he lived in this sort of a way, year after year, in a world full of good women.

But as he could not be married just at that moment, he ate his supper, and then, taking down a book, tried to become interested in its contents.

Perhaps in his manner he had unconsciously betrayed to her something that told her what was in his heart, for she, woman-like, had a desire to tease him, or rather to appear indifferent, for she did not show herself at the Hall for five long weeks; and perhaps it might have been longer had not the impatient owner gone out one Saturday afternoon, and, begging her company for a sleigh-ride, carried her around to his own door, inside of which Mrs. Merton kept her captive all the long afternoon and evening.

"Doctor Wainwright, I am going away to-morrow. So, I suppose, I must say good-by! I do not like it. It is a sad word."

"Going away, Amy? Wainwright Hall will be dull indeed. I shall miss you very much. It is dull at best, and without an occasional visit from you it will be perfectly unbearable. It has afforded me for the past few months the happiest hours I have known. I could live here all my life. Will you, Amy?"

Amy looked up quickly, her face crimsoning, and read in *his* eyes more than his words expressed, and her own drooped beneath his searching gaze.

"I am waiting for my answer, Amy."

"You surprise me."

"No, I do not. Your woman's head has discovered it ere this, if your heart has not."

Amy laughed.

"Will you wait for my answer?"

"How long?"

"Until we meet again."

"And that will be—?"

"Soon."

"May I write?"

"No. I want a good opportunity to think. But good-by until we meet!" And Amy gave him her hand.

"Good-by, child! I believe that we shall meet soon. Amy, good-by."

Had Mrs. Dornton been present, she would have had plenty of company in her growling complaints at the dullness of his house, for, after the departure of Miss Lindsay, the sunshine seemed to have gone out completely. The winter had nearly passed, and everything, outside as well as in, wore a more sombre attire. The dull, gray sky, the frequent rains and winds, the gloomy appearance in general, by no means lessened the gloom that seemed to have settled upon him, and, for the first time during his residence at the Hall, he felt the want of society, and began to devise means by which he might pass away the balance of the dull winter.

Suddenly there came a letter from Mrs. Dornton, and he as suddenly was made aware of the fact that he had a sister in existence; and a few evenings later he found himself not uncomfortably situated in her hospitable home in the city.

"I really believe, Edward, that you found some attraction at Norton beside that old haunted house of yours, or you never would have remained there all this fall and winter. Say, is there not some fair rustic pining away on account of your absence?" said Mrs. Dornton, as her husband and brother sat one evening over the chess-board.

"Stuff, Mary!"

"O, I believe it. Come, tell us about it? It will be the best joke of the season."

"I dare say! For that very reason I will not satisfy your curiosity."

"Curiosity! I must positively beg your pardon, but I am not afflicted with that malady."

"You will find out in time."

Like the good-natured fellow he was, he became a martyr to the whims of his pretty sister, and for the next few weeks accompanied her upon shopping expeditions, to the opera, drove her about town, and in many other

ways wasted his time, and so, as a matter of course escorted her one evening to Mrs. Hanson's party, at the same time wishing himself back to Wainwright Hall, rather than to be subjected to three or four hours of such mental torture as he felt it was to be his lot to undergo. But knowing his sister's disposition, he preferred even this to the storm which he would bring down upon himself by hesitating for a moment to comply with her wishes; and so he pocketed his dislike, and found himself in the brilliantly-lighted room at a seasonable hour, doing, to the best of his ability, the agreeable to several old maids and manœuvering mothers, or, now and then chatting with some old friend, dragging himself through in the best possible manner.

Late in the evening, standing beside Miss Grey, a light form in a cloud of snowy lace floated past him, and, by a slight turn of the head, the sweet face of Amy Lindsay flashed upon his astonished sight.

"Who was that, Miss Grey?"

"O! Nobody at all."

"Indeed! She has the air of a somebody."

"Well, she is, I suppose. It is Miss Lindsay, and that old gentleman is her father. A year or two ago he failed in business, and the family was reduced to poverty. Instead of holding up her head, as a sensible woman would have done, this Amy conceived a romantic idea of keeping them with her own hands, and—would you believe it? she actually retired from society, and went away to some country place as a schoolteacher—or something of the kind. Wasn't it an absurd idea?"

"Perfectly ridiculous!"

"Some strange freak of fortune has restored them to their position, and now this ex-schoolmarm ventures to put on an appearance. They are highly respected, I believe."

Doctor Wainwright was on nettles for the next ten minutes, until he was relieved from the troublesome task of entertaining Miss Grey, and then he made his way through the crowd in search of Amy. He found her engaged with a friend for the moment, and he quietly waited until he could approach and speak to her alone.

In a few moments he saw an opportunity, and stepping forward greeted her.

"Doctor Wainwright!"

"Amy!"

"I am surprised to meet you."

"And I much more so. How does this all happen?"

"It's a long story, and I'll tell you some day."

"When you are at the Hall?"

"Yes."

"Is that your answer?"

"Yes."

"And you will return with me?"

"Yes."

"I told you so!" triumphantly exclaimed Mrs. Dornton, as her brother and his lovely betrothed stood near her; "and it all came of buying Wainwright Hall."

"Of course I had nothing to do with it."

"No! You're a nobody."

"I told you so, Amy."

"So we are a pair of nobodies."

A DRUG IN THE MON(K)EY MARKET.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

BY W. H. M.

A merchant in the South American trade,
  Of standing high in business reputation,
When fitting out the good brig Ambuscade,
  Had from his nearest friend an application
For a live monkey, not in way of trade,
  But merely for his children's recreation,
(The monkey being, as well in form as feature,
A ludicrous and mirth-provoking creature.)

In writing to his agent, mark the slip,
  (For thereby hangs the story of the blunder,)
He, as he thought, requested him to ship
  Two or three monkeys, as a foreign wonder,
By the same vessel on her homeward trip,
  Thinking they might thrive better not to sunder
The ties formed in the home of their nativity,
But let them have companions in captivity.

But loosely writing the conjunction *or*
  (As 'twas a postscript hastily appended),
The *r* was quite omitted, and the more
  As he was from a Spanish stock descended,
And wrote much in that language years before.
  (Th' omission was of course quite unintended.)
But in the Spanish *or*, as well we know,
The *r* is dropped, the word being simply *o*.

"203 monkeys," then the order stood,
And in due time it reached its destination;
The agent, much astonished, shouted "Good!"
As soon as he could speak for cachinnation,
"Have apes become an article of food
In Boston, or throughout the Yankee nation?
Dios me guarda! even so,
Else why this great demand, I'd like to know?

"Two hundred and three monkeys! let me see,
Why is he so precise about the tally?
Is it an error? No, that cannot be,
He's always so exact; but can we rally
So many, each one from his native tree,
And have them all this trip? we must not dally,
But send out scouts at once. '*Dios me guarda!*'
We'll do our best and try to fill the order."

A numerous force of blacks were soon employed
Hunting for monkeys, and the various measures
By which a luckless ape might be decoyed
Were put in force, to tear him from his pleasures,
Which in his native forests he'd enjoyed,
And ship him off, to swell the merchant's treasures,
Cooped up on shipboard, each one tied securely,
And fed on prisoners' rations, fared but poorly.

The agent wrote thus to his Boston friend:
"Enclosed you'll find account sales of the lumber;
Part of the *live stock* ordered I can send,
And by the next ship I'll complete the number.
But to obtain them, I'm obliged to spend
Much time and trouble. I am lost in wonder,
But send you, as per invoice, *eight-and-fifty;*
They're all in good condition, stout and thrifty."

In time the Ambuscade arrived all right,
The merchant jumped on board, received his letter,
Amazed, as well he might be, at the sight
Of eight-and-fifty monkeys all in tether.
Roaring with laughter, asked of Captain Wright,
"What are these for? why, surely, you knew better."
"Better!" he cried, uncertain what it all meant,
"*I haint got all, but here's the first installment!*"

NORA'S TRYST.

BY MISS AMANDA M. HALE.

THERE are feelings hidden deep in all our hearts, unrecognized at most times by our own consciousness, covered by a world of fresh thoughts, and hopes, and loves, that have grown up as, in the lapse of summers and winters, the grass grows over graves, but only waiting an opportune touch or season to glow again with their old, vigorous life, to make themselves felt as real, living presences.

When the spring days come, my old love for Nora awakens. The April winds whisper to me of her; her radiant face smiles in the April sunshine; the early violets are odorous of her sweet presence; the hepaticas, blossoming in the turfy bank along the old wall, recall the heavenly blueness of her eyes; in the long spring twilights, the very air of the room palpitates with her breath.

The relation between us was peculiar. Nora and I were cousins by marriage, though no blood tie existed. In the same way we both belonged to Aunt Cranston, who, though not specially gentle-hearted or philanthropic by nature, had far too keen a sense of her own duty to leave any of her relations to suffer in poverty. And so, when Nora's parents were lost in one of those terrible steamship disasters from which no soul comes to tell the sad story, and my father followed his young wife in a rapid decline, we were both of us bidden to a home in the great, roomy, odd old house where our Aunt Cranston lived.

My aunt was quaint and prim, delicate and high-bred in her notions, and scrupulously-particular in every point of honor. It was impossible not to respect, and almost equally impossible to love her enthusiastically. For this reason Nora and I clung to each other.

One day when we were both about twenty, my aunt came in to dinner with an important, preoccupied air, which we knew as well could be to mean that she had something on her mind. When the dessert came in she suddenly cleared her face, and, nodding at us from behind the tall, silver *epergne*, said, in her brusk, curt tone:

"My nephew Jack Cranston is coming down to stay two months."

There didn't anything apropos occur to

either of us to say, and so Nora and I only exchanged glances.

"Now," continued my aunt, "I'm not such a fool as not to know what would be likely to come of bringing a handsome fellow like Jack into the society of two unsophisticated girls like you—don't interrupt me; I wasn't going to hint that *you* would fall in love with him, Maud—"

"Indeed, auntie, I have fallen in love with him fathoms deep already. You know you have an old picture of him in his new uniform, and I worship it, particularly his sweet pretty, smooth chin, and—"

"Hold your tongue, child! Jack is bearded like a hussar now, and I warn you that he knows enough to fool either of you to the top of your bent."

"But of course, auntie," said Nora, "he must, being your nephew, be an eminently proper and conscientious young man, who would not, for the world, take advantage of our ignorant innocence to beguile us with any false hopes." And Nora looked sweetly innocent and demure.

"Pshaw! Jack is like other young men, I suppose. The best of them are not too good. Put your trust in your own discretion and delicacy. But what I was going to say when you so impertinently interrupted me was this: foreseeing certain inconveniences, I authorized Jack to invite the best young man he knew to bear him company, and his choice has fallen on an old Oxford chum of his, just home from India, Colonel Stanisfield."

"What! the brave Colonel Stanisfield—he who got the Victoria cross for magnanimous conduct at Balaklava?" said Nora, her eyes kindling.

"Yes, the same. Some people called him a hero, but for me, I believe he did no more than his duty," said my aunt, quietly.

"Duty? was it his duty to go back upon the bloody field three times to bear his wounded colonel to a place of safety, under a terrible fire, and when, too, the boldest men in the regiment had refused to venture their lives in such a foolhardy attempt? If it was, I think most men are satisfied with less," said Nora, impetuously.

"Well, well, child, you have made a hero of him, I see. Now mind this; be as free and sociable as you choose—Heaven forbid that any girls of my bringing up should be prudes—but if you have any fancies, remember there is to be no engagement—no engagement, till you've had time enough to know each other thoroughly. I've seen enough of hasty marriages, and I think, girls—" added my aunt, softening a little—"I think you owe me as much; a pledge that there shall be no underhand love-making, no clandestine engagement."

Owe her as much as that! What did we not owe her? How good she had been to us! Soft, slow tears welled up to Nora's eyes as she gave the promise which had already run over my lips.

We were busy enough now, getting the place in order for our guests; for you must know Jack Cranston was the heir, and my aunt was naturally anxious that the house should look homelike and attractive. She had another reason, too, in an eager wish that Jack should make his home at Cranston. The young man inherited other property in a gayer part of the country, and he had as yet shown little inclination for stupid, prosy old Cranston. But my aunt's theory was that a gentleman should live at home on his own family acres, and that ever so fine a place which you might buy with money, could never give you quite the same importance in your own eyes, or other people's, as your hereditary possessions could do. I knew this thought lay at the bottom of all my aunt's garnishing and freshening, and I found a pleasure in helping her. When all was done, and I followed her out of the chamber which had been specially set apart for him, she said, giving a long look up and down the dim hall, adorned with portraits of deceased Cranstons running clear to the Conquest:

"If I could see Jack settle down at home with a worthy wife, I could die contented."

Perhaps it was a fancy of mine that her eyes fell upon me significantly. Any how, it sent the color flaming to my cheeks, and fixed it there so that Nora rallied me on my milkmaid's complexion, and volunteered to apply a bath of cold cream and rose-water. And so, amid much flutter of expectation and merry jests, we went up stairs to dress, and before we had half done prinking and perking there was a crunching of gravel in the avenue, and then a full, hilarious voice in the hall, at sound of which we both looked at each other in consternation. It was so odd! Hitherto it had seemed as if it were altogether pleasant; now we gave one lingering, longing look at our old sweet privacy and quiet, now so suddenly fled, and then went down stairs.

Of course Jack was introduced, or rather

we were really introduced to him, he being the rightful master at Cranston, and we found him outgrown the effeminacy of the boyish portrait, and, as my aunt had said, bearded like a hussar—a handsome, manly fellow, whose spirit, and truth, and courage, shone in his clear blue eyes, and in every inflection of his ringing, genial voice.

"And I have you to thank, Aunt Adelaide, for such an acquisition to Cranston," he said, laughing, after he had declared that, being both of us his cousins in a way, he had a right to a kiss, which he took. "I've been thinking you were so horribly slow down here; but you don't shake me off again in a hurry. Fortunate that we didn't promise to go anywhere else, isn't it, Stanisfield?"

Colonel Stanisfield came forward from the shadow of the bay-window at this, and I saw Nora's hero and mine.

He had a pale, calm, thoughtful face, this man of battles, a blonde, abundant beard and hair, and fine, clear brown eyes, as soft as a woman's when just now he smiled and shook hands. There was nothing grand about him—nothing tangible, I mean. He was not stalwart or bulky—no merely fine animalism was here. The face he had was spiritual. You guessed it by the proportions of the beautiful brow, by an indefinable expression—more than all by the magnetism of his personal presence, which drew you to him and lifted you up into a rarer, purer atmosphere, where life seemed more worthy, and heroic deeds and thoughts only natural. The impression he made on us then, held true through all our acquaintance. Jack Cranston, who quickly made me his confidant, was enthusiastic about Stanisfield.

"If I have anything good in me, I owe it to Stanisfield," he said, one day. "He has stood between me and wrong more than once. He's the finest fellow alive, Maud."

"Do you think he is quite a happy man?" I said, doubtfully.

"Yes and no. A good deal of real happiness he must have, mustn't he—so noble as he is? But sometimes, Maud," sinking his voice, "I fancy there's something wrong somewhere. You see I've known him off and on for ten years, ever since I was a lad at Eton. He was gay enough then, but afterwards he went to India, and was gone six years. Since coming back, I've noticed that he is sombre and moody at times. He is genial still, but somehow the old sunshine is gone. He isn't light-hearted any longer."

That was just it. But he was very charming, for all that. We were a happy quartet. The June days were a delight. We walked, and rode, and boated. There was no pairing off, no foolish flirtation, but we just met on common ground, and enjoyed a delightful, unrestrained intercourse.

Aunt Cranston smiled grimly when Jack told her he meant to stay with us the rest of his life.

"But my girls will get married, and then you'll be left desolate. You'll want a wife, Jack," said the old lady.

Jack looked reflective.

"Strange that never occurred to me," he said, soberly. "There's sense though in what you say. Couldn't you suggest somebody?"

"Possibly; but match-making isn't my vocation," said my aunt, shortly. "The lad that can't do his own wooing is no hero of mine."

Jack clapped his hands and cried bravo.

"But, Aunt Adelaide, you don't appear to think ill of wedlock, and yet you set a bad example to us younger folk."

Aunt Cranston grew pale, and Jack recoiled in dismay, to see how closely his careless shaft had gone home. Without saying a word she left the room. In a minute Jack came over to me, completely sobered.

"What an unlucky *faux pas!* I'm the most stupid of mortals. Strange I couldn't have remembered that old story," he said, ruefully.

"What old story?" I asked, in surprise.

"What! don't you know? Did you never hear that Aunt Adelaide had a brave lover once—as fine and gallant an officer as ever served his country? Well, Captain Gillepsie had got a furlough and the day was appointed, but alas for poor Aunt Adelaide! A sudden engagement came on—it was in one of our French wars—and when the wedding day came, the noble captain was lying dead upon the battle-field, and the happy girl put away her bridal finery and became the stiff, rigid, unlovable woman we know. She was just your age, Maud."

Ah me! and how many long years since then? It was hard to think of Aunt Adelaide, with her pale, sallow cheeks and the white lines in her hair, as a girl of twenty, with fresh, glad hopes like my own. A feeling of compassion and contrition came over me.

"I'm so sorry, Jack!" I exclaimed. "I never knew of this. I haven't loved her half

enough. I wish I could do something for her."

To my surprise, Jack dropped upon the tabouret at my side, and there was some unusual feeling speaking in his face, as he said:

"I think I know of something you can do."

My heart beat a little quicker when I asked:

"What is it, Jack?"

"You know, Maud, aunt is very fond of you. She would like that you should never leave this house; and I—O Maud, it would make me infinitely happy! Will you be my wife, and mistress of Cranston?"

"I? Jack, you cannot mean it! A poor girl without wealth or friends!"

"'She is herself a dower,'" quoted Jack, smiling down upon me. "No lady in the land could suit me so well, for I could love none so dearly. Maud, you wont say no?"

"I'm afraid I can't; but, Jack—"

I was so sober that Jack's look of transport faded.

"But me no buts, if you please, dear."

"It isn't I, Jack. It's Aunt Adelaide. She made us promise there should be no secret engagements—"

"Ah! she foresaw with her usual perspicacity what would come to pass. I'll answer for her. She will be only too glad to see you lady of Cranston," said Jack, joyfully.

How strange and sweet it sounded! I had had, God knows how many, rueful thoughts concerning my future. Friends I had none besides Aunt Cranston this side the grave, and when death should take her, what would become of me? A young man's life is secure. He knows that, with his own sound brain and strong arm, he can make for himself a home and a career; but a girl's future is all uncertain. It does not rest with herself, and how much this uncertainty darkens life none but girls, especially poor girls, know. But now my fears and doubts fled, and my thankfulness and joy found speech in happy tears.

"But how could you love me, instead of Nora?" I asked, presently, still full of wonder and incredulity.

"How came you to love me, rather than Stanisfield?" whispered Jack.

"Colonel Stanisfield! O, I should never have presumed! and then he is not so friendly with me as with Nora."

"Does Nora like him, do you think?" asked Jack, his countenance darkening a little.

"O yes; I am sure she must like him, though she does not speak of him; and sometimes I have thought—"

"Well?"

"Jack, is Colonel Stanisfield an honorable man?"

Jack's face whitened a little as he said:

"I believe him true to the core. If he is not, I'll never trust man again."

"Because," I went on, "I have noticed latterly that, after every mail day, he is more taciturn and gloomy than usual, and once or twice I have happened to see one of his letters, and noticed that it was superscribed in a delicate, feminine hand."

Jack was watching me keenly, and when I paused an instant, only said:

"Go on! What then?"

"Yet I am sure—O, I wish I could be mistaken—but I am sure that he loves Nora. Why, Jack, I've seen him sit down in a chair she had just left, lean over the flowers she had been tending, with such an air, as if he worshipped the very inanimate things that had been about her, and then—"

"Hush!" said Jack, softly.

Nora was coming towards us. We were sitting in the west veranda, and she came from the garden. Her white, transparent dress floated like a mist about her as she walked; the golden afternoon sunshine enveloped her like a glory. There was something divinely wonderful in her beauty.

She came and sat down by us. Five minutes had not passed when Colonel Stanisfield came down stairs and made a fourth in our party. He was so pale that Jack asked him if he was ill, and he replied that he was not, in such a short, stern way that a constraint fell upon us all. But by-and-by Jack began to speak of the cricket-match which was to come off at Ellerslie the next week.

"I shall not be there," said Colonel Stanisfield.

"Not be there?" echoed Jack.

"No," said the other, in a husky tone. "I have just received letters which call me to India. I shall go up to town to-morrow morning, hoping to catch the Victoria. I shall be happy to take charge of any commissions you may have in London."

A blank silence fell at the close of this speech.

"But, Bernard, isn't this sudden?" stammered Jack, after awhile.

"I have known for some time that I might have to go," said Colonel Stanisfield.

I glanced at Nora. Her face, which had

been white as any snow, flushed to crimson as she met my eyes. I looked away hastily. A little desultory conversation followed.

"How long do you mean to be gone this time?" said Jack.

"Five years at least," returned the colonel.

In a minute Nora got up.

"I must go now," she said, with a strange, faint smile. "I shall have a packet to send by Colonel Stanisfield, and I must prepare it."

She went steadily down the hall, and O! I shall never forget the look in Colonel Stanisfield's face as his eyes followed her beautiful figure. But when she reached the foot of the stairs, we heard a faint cry and then a heavy fall.

Colonel Stanisfield was the first to reach her, and when he lifted her in his arms, she was as cold and rigid as one dead.

"O, Colonel Stanisfield, you have killed her!" I cried, not knowing what I said; but the next glance at his face, so full of a woe to which my own grief seemed puerile, made me repent sorely having wounded him. "I did not mean that," I said; "but how can you leave her?"

He paid no heed to my wild words, nor would he let us take from him the dear office of restoring her, and when she opened her eyes, and light and softness came back to them, and color returned to the blanched cheeks, she found herself lying in his arms, and his face bending over her, pale with anxiety, and I know not what tender emotion.

"Did I faint? I have not been quite well," she said, the hot blushes rushing over her face as she remembered all.

He put her gently down upon the sofa, and, rising, stood looking at her with eyes that were tender, yet how full of sorrow! Nora looked up wistfully. I think she knew that he loved her then, and the poor heart made a feeble clutch at the happiness which seemed just now vanished.

"Are you going?" trembled from her lips.

"God help me, I must!" he said, in a voice of agony. "Don't turn away from me, Nora; keep your tears—blessed tears to fall for me—a little longer, for I may never look into your face, you may never hear my voice again. Don't go, Maud, Jack, you too must know the truth. I should have told you when I came, that I was bound by a galling chain to that which shut out from me all love, all hope, and covered my name with dishonor. But I did not dream you would love me, Nora—I thought my suffering had crushed all sensibility out of my own heart. God forgive my mistake! If the foul tie that holds me is ever broken, I will come to you, though my hair is white with age, and only the grave lies at the end of the journey."

Nora's face grew radiant. She rose, outstretched her white hands.

"I will wait for you, Bernard—I will wait for you here, no matter how long it is," she said, in a voice of ineffable sweetness.

Some inarticulate words broke from him, and then he held her in his arms—the first, last time.

I turned away, and Jack led me out of the room. In a minute or two Colonel Stanisfield came into the hall.

"Go to her!" was all he said; and went out at the door.

I ran into the drawing-room where he had carried her. There she lay, in a dead swoon. While we were chafing her hands, Aunt Cranston came home from her drive, and, amazed and indignant, would hear the whole story.

"Colonel Stanisfield is a villain!" was her sharp comment. "What right had he to come here, bound as he says, and keep it a secret? The man is a villain!"

"Aunt!"

It was Jack who spoke, with glittering eyes and quickened breath.

"I can't bear that, Aunt Adelaide! Villain is not a word to go with the name of Bernard Stanisfield. Grievous wrong he may have done, but it was with no deliberate intent. He is the soul of honor."

Aunt Cranston turned away rebuked, nor did she ever again speak a harsh word of Colonel Stanisfield.

We saw him no more, any of us. That night a messenger came from the little inn at the village and took away his effects, and the next day but one we saw his name among the passengers of the Victoria. That day's mail brought letters from him—one to Jack, and one to Nora. I read them both. That to Nora was deeply tender and remorseful. Writing to Jack, he gave more details, and implored from us all a kindly judgment.

It seemed that when he first went to India, six years before, he had been attracted by and married the daughter of one of the officers who had married a native wife. The marriage had been precipitated by the girl's friends, and the young captain soon found himself united to a woman who had all the vices of both races, and the virtues of neither—

a creature without principle or delicacy, who presently made herself the by-word of the regiment. A separation followed within a year, but the wretched wife continued to haunt and disgrace her husband. Our laws are strict respecting divorce, and I think, too, that Colonel Stanisfield, with his sensitive pride, would not have known how to endure a public trial. He came to England for a little rest from the misery which attended him, and to Cranston, without once dreaming of what might follow. But there is a destiny which controls us. He had marred Nora's peace without making his own, he said, remorsefully.

She looked over my shoulder, her cheek leaning upon mine as I read the letter. When I came to that sentence, she said:

"But he does not know, you see. I would not have missed loving him—not even if I do not see him again until we meet where there will be no sin or shame in that love."

"But, Nora," I said, trying to be wise, "you see, when you loved him you did not know. Now you do know, and you must call your love back, and keep it till some more worthy—"

She faced me then, her eyes aflame.

"More fortunate man, then, comes to claim it," I said.

"As if I could, Maud, as if I could!" she cried, passionately.

Alas! it was irrevocable. In some hearts love is a flower bright, and beautiful, and full of sweetness, too, but growing upon the surface, and fading full soon in the frost of sorrow, or the drought of absence; but in others it is a stalwart tree, sending its roots far down, drawing sustenance from the whole being, and holding the promise of eternal vigor and immortal life. This was Nora's.

We soon saw, even Aunt Cranston, that to talk to her was of no use. You cannot reason against a feeling.

So our happy summer ended in blight and darkness. The Nora who lived with us now was not the Nora of old times, not even at my wedding, when, for Jack's sake and mine, she made vain efforts to come out of the cloud which encompassed her.

But when the next summer came, she bloomed out for a time with pure splendor. Her beauty was refined and heightened. There was an unworldliness in her countenance, a light as from Heaven in her eye. Old friends who had known her always noticed the change, strangers were irresistibly attracted.

"You look happy, Nora," I said, one day; "but it seems to be such a joy as belongs to the angels."

A strange, beautiful smile crossed her face.

"I am happy, Maud; for days and weeks I have felt as though Bernard were near me. I never felt the magnetism of his personal presence more powerfully than I do now, when we are thousands of miles apart. I am sure he is coming to me."

"Nora, it will be over a grave," I said, sorrowfully.

She looked at me a moment, the beautiful smile brightening.

"Over *my* grave, dear. You will not think it a blot upon fair Cranston?"

"O, what do you mean, Nora?"

"I have premonitions—"

"Idle fancies, darling," I interrupted.

"No, no!" shaking her head. "They are true omens. But, Maud, you know I promised Bernard I would wait for him here. I mean to keep my tryst."

As the summer heats advanced, Nora wasted to a shadow. Jack had a great London physician down to see her, but he would not admit that there was positive danger. Perhaps he feared to alarm us, and we were too easily satisfied with what he said of debility, and the tonic effects of change of air; but we all went to Margate for a month, and, after that, travelled among the lakes.

It was a lovely September night when we came home. It was good to see home once more, and we were all happy. Jack was hilarious. He rushed into the library, and came out with a handful of letters.

"From India! Should have been here a week ago. Now, Nora, what will you give me for this?"

"Pray don't tease her, Jack dear," I said, seeing the color flickering in and out of her cheeks in a way that I did not like.

"Well, then; but you must pay me for it," bending to kiss her.

"Me also, Nora, or I shall be fearfully jealous."

She came to me, put her sweet lips to mine, and then, holding her letter in her hand, went towards the stairs. Once she looked back, with such a happy face! Then she went slowly up stairs—I sighed, seeing how slowly.

We were just home, you remember. Jack was ravenously hungry, and lunch was ordered in.

"Nora is long over her letter," said Aunt Cranston.

"Devouring it, word by word, for the dozenth time, I dare say," said Jack. "Maud, hadn't you better send for her?"

I despatched a little maid with a playful, threatening message. In half a minute the maid came running down again.

"O sir—O Mrs. Cranston!" she shrieked, turning upon us her awe-stricken face.

We all sprang from our chairs, but Jack was the first to reach the room. He stood beside her when I ran in breathless.

O, there was no need for hurry! Nothing could bring her back, nothing ever break the holy calm in which she lay, no sound ever scare away the sweet lips' tender smile. The letter lay on her bosom, her hands clasped over it. Very gently Jack turned back the leaf, and, through my sobs, I heard him read:

"'I am coming to you, my darling, coming fast as wind and tide can bear me. There is nothing between us now—please God nothing shall ever come between us! So I am coming, impatiently, swiftly coming.'"

O, and there was nothing now but this! Almost I thought God was cruel. But Jack said:

"Look at her, Maud. Earthly love is very sweet, but she has found something better. Nothing but heaven's blessedness could wake a smile so beautiful as that."

Everybody said it was the fairest sight that ever was seen. People came from miles around to look at her as she lay there so stately and sweet. We would not let her grave be a "blot upon fair Cranston," and day and night we kept it strewn with flowers.

But autumn came on in haste. The November rains fell; the November winds mourned among the great trees around our house.

One wild day the Victoria was telegraphed as just in. It had been arranged that Jack should go down to London, meet Colonel Stanisfield, and break the terrible news to him. We could not bear that he should journey all the way up to Cranston unprepared. So, in all the dreariness of the dark morning, he left us. We sat alone all day, sad as sad could be. The night had shut in when the train rushed into the station close by, and it was quite dark when they came.

I went slowly out to meet them, heard Jack say, hurriedly, in my ear:

"Poor fellow! he is quite broken down by it." And then I went forward to Colonel Stanisfield. It was a minute or two before I dared look in his face; then I knew that it was not the little year which he had been away that had aged him so.

"She loved you—she was true always!" I faltered.

"God bless her!"

We sat around the fire that night. It was late, yet we could not separate. At intervals we talked, but only of her. At last, when the hall clock struck twelve, Jack and I went away, leaving Colonel Stanisfield sitting where he had sat all the evening, his eyes only leaving the coals to wander to a portrait of Nora that hung opposite.

An hour passed, and Jack was dozing. Suddenly I heard my name whispered. I rose softly, and ran down stairs. I had an intuitive perception of what was coming.

The drawing-room door was ajar when I stepped in. The fire was low, the waxlight on the table burned faintly. Not from them came the soft, white light which filled the room, which fell upon Bernard's face and transfigured it, if, indeed, love, and adoring wonder, and joy, had not already done so.

His hands were uplifted, his eyes luminous.

"Do you see? do you see? She has kept her tryst!" he whispered.

And then slowly the lucent splendor faded—the angel presence departed. But Nora had been faithful to her tryst.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

How soft the zephyrs tread;
What cool, delicious kisses they impress!
The roses, blushing red,
With fragrant sighs return their fond caress.

All day the sultry heat [glare;
Has wrapped us round with dizzy, blinding
Was ever night so sweet
As this that brings us dewy breaths of air?

Hush! hear the whispering leaves
Their secrets breathe to moonbeams cold and pale;
What dreams our fancy weaves! [trail!
What misty shapes their garments round us trail!

Our buried joys arise,
A vague enchantment over life is cast—
A glimpse of paradise
Shuts out the present, and reveals the past.

The spectre, grim, of Care
No longer haunts our footsteps, hollow-eyed;
To-morrow we must bear
The burdens that to-night are laid aside.

But now the silvery chimes
Of memory ring with cadence clear and sweet,
Recalling vanished times;
Entranced, we listen to their rhythmic beat.

Then balmy zephyrs blow,
Rich laden by the roses with perfume,
Whose cheeks they kissed aglow—
O, shame, to dally so with dainty bloom!

Their breath floats softly by,
They stir our languid pulses with delight;
O, is not heaven nigh
To earth upon this blessèd summer night?

THE FRENCH BRODEUSE.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

MRS. CLARK, she called herself, but nobody was deceived by that. Nobody believed, from the first, that that was her real name. It was in the gambrel-roofed cottage on the corner that she lived. It was all of sixty years ago. And after she died, Squire Waters, he owned it then, had hard work to get tenants for it. They said it was haunted. Nobody ever stayed there long, and so at last the house came to be permanently shut up, and year after year gathered mould and dust, and grew into the shabbiness, and forlornness, and shakiness you see upon it now.

But then in Mrs. Clark's time it was as trim and neat a little place as could be seen anywhere round, and the garden at the back—that choked-up wilderness of weeds—"blossomed like a rose."

Such curiosity as there was when she came! Such surmisings, such conjectures, such rumors! And with all the excitement and prying round, not a single thing could be found out about her. There by the west window she generally sat, pale and erect as a statue, with only her head bent down over her work. Her hair was white as snow, but her eyes were black and piercingly bright. You can imagine how sharp they must have been, when I tell you she was a brodeuse, an embroiderer on lace, and flannel, and silk. The muslin dresses she wrought were perfect miracles, and I never saw anything half so exquisite as the collars, and handkerchiefs, and infant's clothes that she made, all ornamented with wreaths, and sprays, and bouquets of flowers, as delicate as hoar-frost, and more natural than life. And all this was done without the aid of eye-glasses or spectacles.

The rich folks round were too glad to keep her in work, and paid her any price she had a mind to ask. That she was a Frenchwoman was apparent on the surface. She looked it and her speech betrayed her, for though she spoke very good English, it was strongly accented, and, as if unintentionally, she frequently dropped French words and phrases. She had a courtly way with her, too, that stamped her an aristocrat. Everybody agreed that she could be no less than a countess, some went as high even as duchess. There were marks upon her face, and deep lines about her mouth, that told of suffering bitter and recent. But whatever her past life had been, she kept her own counsel, and never

unbent from her stately dignity but to one, her companion in solitude and exile.

We have said that rumor was rife with regard to Mrs. Clark, but her companion was a still greater mystery. While the former was compelled of necessity (they kept no servants, only a deaf and nearly dumb old man, who went there daily to do chores,) to mingle with the trades-people and to wait upon her patrons, the latter was kept entirely aloof from any such contact. Sometimes she appeared at the window, and the soft smile, which would overspread Mrs. Clark's face, as she glanced up at her, showed the affection she bore her. And indeed this girl, she was hardly more than that, was fair and frail enough to challenge anybody's love. Very small, with a slender, willowy form, and a complexion like a waxen lily, she seemed almost too shadowy to be real flesh and blood. A profusion of the lightest-tinted hair fell carelessly over her face, and her great beryl-colored eyes were at times serious and sad, and again all aflame with a wild excitement. She was never known to go out of the house except into the garden back. There she seemed to have free range. The high fence screened her from sight, but her voice could often be heard singing snatches of foreign songs, or laughing out blithely like a child. But she was not always so happy, for the neighbors were sometimes startled by a succession of shrill screams echoing through the gambrel-roofed cottage, and rising up higher and higher, or dying away into long-drawn sobs and moans. Who was she? What was she to this strange, silent Mrs. Clark? Nobody could answer, though everybody asked these questions. Some said she was her daughter, others, who held to the theory of the duchess, declared her a princess in disguise.

So time wore on, and not a soul was any wiser with regard to the tenants in the gambrel-roofed cottage. But the girl was observed to grow paler, and frailer, and more shadowy. She was heard less often in the garden; she appeared less seldom at the west window, and by-and-by a doctor, or so he was judged to be, rode daily to the door, in a gig splashed with mud. His horse, too, was jaded and worn. These were taken as signs, that he came from a distance. Finally he came twice a day, and his horse was left champing at his bit, and biting at the gate-post, to which he was tied, for hours.

Mrs. Clark, too, deserted the west window and only flitted to and fro, like a ghost, from the house to the store at rare intervals.

One night the neighbors were aroused by the most fearful screams Mehitable Akers who lived opposite, saw the girl as plain as day, for it was bright moonlight, standing by an open window in the second story. The girl's golden hair was streaming behind her, and her white garments, for she was in her night-dress, were fluttering in the wind. Before Mehitable could draw a breath, the apparition with another scream and a wild brandishing of the arms, threw herself headlong from the open window.

Just as she was, Mehitable rushed across the street and found Mrs. Clark on her knees beside the crushed and apparently lifeless form. She had lifted the ghastly face from the wet grass and pillowed it on her bosom. She pressed kiss after kiss on the cold lips, and with her eyes fastened in a sort of fascination upon the blood with which the poor creature's clothes were dabbled, she murmured:

"*O Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* My poor little one! Why couldst thou not have been spared the bloody baptism!"

Mehitable lifted up the little bare feet, and the two carried the light form into the house and laid it on the bed. Mrs. Clark placed her hand tremblingly over the girl's heart.

"It beats!" she exclaimed. "She is not dead. But it is faint, very faint."

She snatched a small silver crucifix from the table and held it up before the dying girl, chanting at the same time, in a low, solemn voice, a pater-noster.

The girl's shut eyelids fluttered half way open, the rigid lips parted softly, and whispered with a smile, "Jesus!" And then with a low cry, Mrs. Clark withdrew her hand, for the tiny pulse of the heart underneath had ceased its beat.

For the first time, she seemed to be glad of the presence of a stranger, and indeed Mehitable, though somewhat of a gossip, was the best person she could have had with her at such a time. She marvelled silently at the costly dress, of white satin embroidered stiffly with silver, that Mrs. Clark brought to robe her dead, and at the coronet with which the linen underclothing was stamped, and at the tall waxen candles that were kept burning night and day at the head and foot of the bed.

But she was tender and thoughtful to such a degree, that Mrs. Clark opened her heart to

her, and little by little, during the few days that intervened before the burial, sketched for her the tragedy of her life.

Bournouville was her right name, and her family ranked among the French nobility; but of late years the fortunes of the branch to which she belonged had so decayed that on the death of her husband, who left her with an only child, a son. Madame Bournouville accepted the position of duenna and companion to Louise D'Herbois, a rich young heiress, and also a distant relative.

Her son was sent to college to be educated for the priesthood, and madame entered upon her duties. She soon grew to love her young charge, and as the years passed on, and the mind of the beautiful Louise expanded under her fostering care, while her personal graces grew more and more dazzling, this love deepened into an affection and devotion as intense as that she felt for her only son.

While Louise was still a child, she was betrothed by her guardians, who stood to her in place of parents, to her cousin, Le Comte Victor D'Herbois. This was taken as a matter of course to all, even by Louise herself. She understood that all French girls of her rank were married in this way, and even if it had not been so, she was too shy and gentle to rebel.

Besides, she liked her cousin, at least she did not dislike him, and at the times she was permitted to see him (such meetings being always under madame's espionage), she was much pleased with the courtly condescension and the stately admiration he showed towards her. The count was twenty years her senior.

In the college vacations Eugene Bournouville visited his mother. This young man can be described in one word. He was saint-like. He had consecrated himself to his divine profession with the fervor of an apostle of old, and already the college professors had singled him out as especially fitted to do his Master's work.

It was his mother's will and pleasure, and the whole household's as well, that during his short visit at the D'Herbois chateau, he should hold daily religious exercises in the little chapel built upon the estate. Here all the servants, together with their girlish mistress and Madame Bournouville, were wont to assemble, and as the young priest raised his prayers in supplication to Heaven, carrying the souls of all his hearers up higher and higher to his own ecstatic heights, he was like one inspired, and his half-spiritual face, radiant with his glowing faith, was as if surrounded with a halo.

While his little band of listeners hung rapt upon his words, Louise especially felt herself thrilled through and through with a sensation so exquisite, as to be almost painful. As Eugene, gathering enthusiasm with every new word he uttered, swept on with resistless eloquence, the girl's cheek flushed and paled by turns, and her eyes—wonderful eyes, holding in their opalline depths rare greenish tints—dilated into crystal stars. She felt herself drawn up into a state of beatitude.

Madame noticed her with pleasure.

"Eugene has great powers," said she. "Who knows but some day he may be a cardinal. I foresee that he will make many converts to the mother church. But you, my dear, you must not let him sway you too much. It will never do for *you* to be a nun."

"But, madame," stammered Louise, blushing, "I never thought of being a nun."

"Ah, ah, petite," replied the older lady, patting softly the crimson cheek. "I can read hearts by faces, and I have watched you in the chapel. I have seen tears stand in your eyes, and when you knelt on the cushion beside me I heard your soft, fluttering sighs. You put me in mind at such times of the picture of Saint Cecilia, that hangs in the west gallery. To see you take the veil would be a great sight; but no, no, I do not mean to urge you to it. You must be guarded against it. It is a glorious thing to be the bride of heaven, but such is not your destiny."

Madame had sunk towards the last into a half-soliloquy. Coming out of this, and looking around for Louise, she found the bird had flown.

With her heart throbbing against her bodice like a trip-hammer, Louise had escaped through the long window that stood open upon the balcony. And now she was pacing up and down the rose-walk in the garden, glad to be alone with her thoughts.

And what were her thoughts! A sad, sad jumble, I fear, chasing each other about wildly.

"A nun?" she said to herself. "No indeed, I do not wish to be a nun. What do I want to shut myself away for, out of this beautiful, beautiful world? Never has it seemed half so bewitching as now. And madame thinks, because I shed a few tears and sigh when I am in the chapel, that I am thinking of being a nun. To be sure Monsieur Bournouville's words do affect me at times strangely. And

it is true that when I go to the cathedral, I often yawn behind my fan, I find the services so irksome. But then our bishop is old and prosy, while Eugene—" she flushed again at the name—" is just the reverse. How graceful he is, what an elegant form he has, and his voice is like music. When I get married—" for the first time she frowned, for the thorn of a rose she had picked had pierced her hand—" when I get married," she repeated, more slowly, feeling at the same time a little prick at the heart, like the prick of the thorn in her finger, " I shall have him for my father confessor. He will then have a parish of his own, and I shall hear him preach every Sunday. How happy madame, and I, and—and le comte will be."

Here she stopped short, for far adown the road she saw a horseman galloping towards the chateau at full speed. It was her *fiance*, her lord to be. She turned and went slowly into the house. She had forgotten that this was his regular visiting-day. Somehow things did not look so bright as they had a minute before. And she shivered just the least bit, as her cousin dashed clattering into the courtyard below, and bent to his saddle-bow, as he caught sight of her on the balcony. Poor child! She was just sixteen.

In a month more she was Madame le Comtesse. Eugene Bournouville performed the marriage service. He did not notice that the bride's right hand, as he laid it in the bridegroom's clasp, was trembling and icy cold. He did not know of the start she gave when he pronounced her name, " Louise," in his liquid tones. I think he would have been struck dumb, had he known that the girl before him loved him, and now, even now, during the solemn vows which he was calling upon Heaven to witness, wakening to the fact. The young devotee had never given a thought to earthly love. Was he not wedded to the church? He was so purely spiritual that this sufficed him.

The new countess would not part with her dear companion and friend, so Madame Bournouville remained with her. The winter they were to spend in Paris, the summer at the chateau.

For the first few months, she often looked at her husband wistfully as though she had something on her mind that she wanted to tell him. But she was not courageous by nature, and the count, though universally polite and kind, was not one to invite confidence.

Then came the winter in town, when the countess made her debut and was presented at court. She was the sensation of the season. Kings and princes unbent from their royal dignity to do her homage, and among the highest nobility she was toasted as the queen of beauty. She was feverishly gay and brilliant.

Her husband was proud of her. Was she not a powerful appendage to his position and power? But, while he was as gallant as ever to his beautiful wife, he did not open to her his heart of hearts. He did not expect any such absurdity on her part. She was welcome to her own thoughts and secrets.

The countess did not have Eugene Bournouville for her father confessor, and only occasionally on a Sunday did she go to hear him preach. And then she sat like a statue. Madame's quick ear no longer caught her fluttering sighs. And the wondrous-tinted eyes were always hard and bright.

She startled madame one night as she stood before her dressing-table, in her sweeping court robes, ready for the carriage, to convey her to the palace.

" I am so tired," she said, wearily. " There is no pleasure in all this excitement. It is like feeding on dry husks. The world is so hollow. I should like to put it away from me forever. I wish I *could* have been a nun."

" Why, my dear Louise!" exclaimed her friend, in astonishment. " I thought you had got all over that, long ago."

Just then the carriage was announced, and the countess, gathering up her train, passed out to her night's festivity. Madame did not see the bitter smile that wreathed her lips, as she murmured to herself, " Got all all over that!"

She did not guess at the hopeless love that Louise D'Herbois felt for her son. How she wrestled with it, and crushed it down only to have it tower up again like a giant and overthrow her. With the knowledge that she did not love her husband, this other experience had come upon her.

And the priestly Eugene visited his mother more frequently than in his college days, and passed in and out before the Countess D'Herbois, always with the same serene, benign smile and mild apostolic air. The countess, herself unseen, often watched him and wondered at his grand calmness.

" Does it never forsake him?" cried she, in her solitude. " Has the Holy Spirit so descended upon him, that he is not capable of feeling

like other men? He is gracious alike to me and the footman at the door. Ah, I would be content if he would but look into my face just once with love-lit eyes and call me 'Louise.'"

And then, horror-struck, she would fall upon her knees and pray to have this unholy love purged from her.

Threats and portentous whispers, like low-winged thunder-clouds, had long been the forerunners of the storm that now was ready to burst upon the country. And when it was too late, the haughty nobility found what it was to encroach upon the liberties of the people. A terrible vengeance was dealt out to them. The streets were deluged with their blood, and every tick of the clock was a signal for some one's death-stroke.

The Count Victor D'Herbois was one of the first victims guillotined in the public square, and it was with great difficulty that the countess and Madame Bournouville managed to escape to a place of concealment.

Against the clergy the blood-thirsty passions of the mob raged the hottest, and madame was kept in hourly torture, fearing for the fate of her son. He was too well-noted to be passed by, but so far he had eluded his pursuers. Occasionally, in some mysterious manner, his mother received proof of his safety. Such news was like manna from heaven to the two fearing, trembling women. While Eugene lived, there was still something to be thankful for.

At length, by slow degrees, and after many unsuccessful attempts, a plan was matured, by which the three were to embark under cover of the night, in a merchant ship, bound for America. As soon as they should arrive on board, the ship was to weigh anchor and sail immediately.

The day, so long and anxiously waited for, at last came. Everything was arranged. The three were to repair singly at stated times, to the water's edge, where a boat would be in readiness to take them. But at the last minute, when Louise, who was to start first, stood already cloaked and hooded, a scrawled line was handed them. It was from Eugene.

"There are spies watching around," he wrote. "It will not be safe for me to venture out, to-night. But do not let this deter you from sailing. The friends that have helped me before will help me again. Take my blessing with you, and, God willing, I will join you soon in that free country to which I implore you to hasten."

With many prayers and tears madame determined to do as he advised her. It was very hard to leave him behind in the lion's jaws as it were. But her remaining would be of no benefit to him. It would be the contrary rather, since there was great risk in conveying messages backwards and forwards, and leaving him with only his own safety to look after would be giving him so much the better chance.

"We will trust him to God, Louise," said she. "Come, my child, time is precious." And she busied herself in rearranging her companion's disguise.

As for Louise she said nothing. She was passive in madame's hands, and she followed silently to the door and passed out, still without a word. Madame watched her up the street. At any other time, she would have noticed that the timid nervousness she had displayed of late had fallen from her like a mantle; that some steady purpose was shining boldly out of the half-veiled eye; that her step was firm and swift.

But madame had other things to think of, and she shut the door and went to work gathering up the few valuables she had left, with Eugene ever in her thoughts. Then she donned her own disguise and followed in the countess's footsteps.

Giving the signal, a boat with muffled oars glided towards her slowly. What was her terror and surprise on seating herself in it, to find that Louise was not there. She had not come, the men said, though they had watched and waited, and would have heard her call if it had been ever so faint a one. A sudden suspicion or rather conviction seized all at once upon Madame Bournouville. In an excited voice she insisted upon being again set on shore. Then, with a heart foreboding horror, she sped through the streets of the city, to that quarter in which Eugene was hid.

As she neared it, she heard shrieks, and shouts, and maledictions rending the air. With a silent supplication to Heaven she pressed forward and came in sight of the mob. Not minding her own danger, frantic with fear, she forced her way through. Torches flaring made the place light as day. Their lurid glare fell upon hundreds of faces distorted by bestial passions into the likeness of so many demons. Their hoarse cries were like the growls of wild animals hungry for prey.

With their arms pinioned behind them in

their flowing priestly robes, through the ranks, which opened hooting and jeering to give them passage, came the victims, their tottering footsteps goaded on by the sharp knives of their butchers, until gory and gashed, and streaming with blood, they dropped dead, literally hacked to pieces. In this horrible way twenty priests were massacred. Madame Bournouville stood and gazed; her teeth chattered, her eyes nearly started from their sockets.

Suddenly the orgy swelled higher, the yells of the infuriated mob rose louder, and all the mother was curdled in the breast of the aristocratic looker-on, as her strained ear caught the sound, through all the rushing roar about her, of a familiar voice chanting a De Profundis.

The last of all, the twentieth victim, came Eugene Bournouville. For one second, into which was crowded the agony of a lifetime, madame saw the exalted smile of the undaunted martyr, saw his mutilated hands raised to heaven, and then with the strength of a lioness she tore apart the living wall that intervened and caught him as he fell. With a wilder shriek than even that of the wretched mother, a young girl wrested herself from the grasp of those who held her, and grovelled like a mad creature upon the slippery stones, beside Eugene.

"I loved him," she screamed, her slight form quivering with horror, "and I murdered him."

Madame knew no more. The lifeless form of her son slipped from her nerveless clasp and she fainted away.

When she woke to consciousness she found herself in prison, and Louise, whose imprudence had destroyed her son, bore her company. Had madame turned shudderingly from her, it would have been only natural, but instead, she shed over her tears of pity, for the girl's mind was gone. In that fearful moment when she declared herself the murderer of the dead man she had loved, her reason had snapped like a brittle-stemmed flower. The real essence of her life had fled. Who knows but it had winged its flight in company with the soul she had adored!

There remains but little more to be told. When the line from Eugene reached his mother on that fatal night, Louise had resolved not to leave France without him. In accordance with this determination, she had let madame imagine her as gone to the shore, when in reality she had hastened to him. It is not likely she had planned what to do or say in this interview. Blinded by her love, half-unsettled already, by the events that had been transpiring around her, she had only felt that she could not be separated from Eugene. She was tracked by those whom he had himself intimated as lying in wait for him. The sequel has been related. She had begged desperately to suffer in his stead, but the only answer they vouchsafed to her heart-broken pleadings, was to drag her forth, with fiendish malice, to witness the torture of him, whom she would have gladly died to save.

Scenes as shocking as this were of daily occurrence, and Madame Bournouville calmly prepared herself for her fate. She confidently expected a speedy death-sentence, both for herself and her companion. Others of less note than they were slaughtered like sheep, but the workings of an inscrutable Providence spared them, as by a miracle.

When the reign of terror was suddenly brought to a close, and her prison-doors were opened, she walked out with hair as white as snow, with the crazed countess, prattling gayly as a schoolgirl by her side. At times Louise D'Herbois was like this and again she would be overwhelmed with convulsions of terror, and become fierce and unmanageable.

So bereft of all happiness, with every cherished hope blasted, Madame Bournouville made her way finally across the waters to the quiet inland town where, until the death of Louise, she had remained an impenetrable mystery.

The story which was then made public through the medium of Mehitable Akers, was almost too astounding for belief. It could hardly be realized by the villagers, that such tragic experiences, so utterly removed from the peaceful slow-jogging routine of their own lives, had been undergone by one in their very midst.

Mrs. Clark, as she still continued to be called, was a greater wonder than ever, but released as it were, from the need of all earthly exertion, she sunk gradually, and the grass had not sprouted upon Louise, the Countess D'Herbois's grave, before she too was lain to rest beside her.

Something more than half a century ago, that was; but as long as the gambrel-roofed cottage stands, as long as one stick of rotten timber rests upon another, the thrilling history of its two aristocratic inmates will be remembered and repeated.

POESY.

BY ISABELLA MILLER PIGOTT.

Whence came this dreamy, mystic spell,
  This gloomy, joyful contradiction,
That tales of light and shade doth tell
  In sunny words, or darksome fiction?

Whence came this power, this strange, wild dream,
  That round my heart is closely clinging,—
That makes me laugh when I'd sober seem,
  And turns my weeping into singing?

Or changeful 'gain, when I would smile,
  It brings me but a gloomy vision,
And laughing gayly all the while,
  Mocks me in its mad derision.

I'd snap its bars, and break its chains,
  When wearied with its wayward turnings,
But *then* it sings me sweetest strains,
  And fills my heart with old-time yearnings.

A frightened bird with plumage tossed,
  Its heart still filled with love's old treasures,
It sings of long gone sweetness lost,
  And opes heart-keys to sweet old measures.

Ah, then, its strains are sweeter far
  Than those Æolian winds are waking;
What matter if 'tis set, life's star,
  Must hearts their sweetness lose in breaking?

The fairest flowers must fade and die,
  Life's sweetest chords are timed with sadness;
Then rest with me, bright poesy,
  And sing thy songs of grief and gladness.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

BY MYRA C. GREENLEAF.

"O FATHER, don't send me away! Don't send me to Aunt Burbank's! I never will speak so to her again!"

"'Her,' who? Don't pretend to be so penitent, until you can call people by their right names!"

"To mother, I meant to say. There is nobody up there but just Aunt Burbank and Jake. I can't go there, I know I shall die if you send me."

"No danger of your dying right away, not till you get rid of a little of that temper, I guess."

I had been in want of lodgings, and in answer to my advertisement, had received a note tolerably written, offering an entire floor up one flight, meals served in the rooms, the privilege of guests at any time, and all at a very fair price. The street was in a pleasant quarter, and sufficiently near to my dearest friends. I called; found that the house was new, had been built and was owned by its present occupant, whose income being insufficient to support the family, and complete the payments for the house, upon which there was a heavy mortgage, the plan of letting one floor to a lodger had been decided upon, as the one best fitted to accomplish the desired object.

The approach to the house was pleasant; everything that met my eye was perfectly neat, and there was that entire absence of all odor, which can only be obtained by free circulation of pure air. The suite consisted of three rooms. A square room with two windows in the swell front, looking south, should be my living room. Here shall stand my piano, there my aquarium, there my flower-stand, there my bookcase, here my own particular chair, flanked on one side by my work-table, on the other by my writing-desk. An admirable light for that sunset view here, where the last lingering ray will strike in a winter's day; and the moonlight, and the gaslight from the street will fall upon that moonlit snow-scene with excellent effect, if I hung it here.

Here I will work, here I will live. My dear friends shall sit at my table here. I will have a home again. The little room over the hall shall have a whatnot, a table, and a few chairs, for callers or for business; while the room at the north side will do well enough for a sleeping-apartment for one who is no longer young, and who cannot find it in her heart to mourn that she is already "looking towards sunset."

Mrs. Underhill herself had opened the door at my ring, and had accompanied me through

the rooms. After a somewhat lengthy conference as to table appointments and provisions, a bargain was concluded, and in a week's time I was established in my new home. Everything passed pleasantly. All engagements were strictly fulfilled. I began to feel that my comfort was of paramount importance in the household. My friends exclaimed, "admirable, fortunate mortal," as my ring was answered so instantaneously, and a neat daughter of Erin smilingly awaited my orders.

It was so delightfully quiet. No noise, or smoke, or smells, arose from the kitchen, no crying of children, although I know there were three in the house. I heard occasionally the patter of their feet on the stairs as they at evening ascended to their beds, or descended in the morning. A few times I had seen them on the sidewalk as I passed out, or entered the house. The two younger, a boy of eight and a girl of six or thereabouts, were awkward, loutish children enough, who invariably stuck their thumbs in their mouths when I spoke to them, and stared at me out of their glittering, beadlike black eyes.

The older girl was very different. The large, clear, gray eyes beamed on me with a light as steady as that of a planet; the brown hair, tinged here and there with what was light more than color, and if one must define its color, it would be impossible to say whether it was a tinge of red or yellow; the delicately cut nose, and sweet, mobile lips; the tiny, elegant ear, together with a general grace and easy *pose*, told plainly enough a tale of different blood.

I noticed that she was much more poorly clad than either of the other children, and debated with myself the meaning of what I saw. Mrs. Underhill had said plainly, during our first interview that they had three children. Since my coming I had scarcely seen her, which suited me exactly. All my wishes were made known through Nora, and through Nora came the replies.

There was sometimes a wistful, longing look in the little Margie's eyes when I glanced up unexpectedly at her, but it always vanished the moment she was conscious of my gaze.

I found, as the weeks of my residence at No. 45 Rodman street grew to months, that my mind was becoming too much occupied with what I often found myself calling "this mystery," and which might be no mystery at all. I forcibly dismissed it therefore, and soon thought seldom of the children except for the moment when I happened to meet them.

Christmas time came, and I went to pass a week at the house of a friend. Feeling slightly ill, and desiring the freedom and independence one enjoys alone at home, I returned unexpectedly, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, two days earlier than the time I had appointed.

With many excuses, and fears that I should not be comfortable, as there had been no heat in my room for so long, Mrs. Underhill accompanied me up stairs, and without pausing passed up the next flight, saying:

"Now that I am up so high, I will go on and attend to something which needs looking after above us."

I sat down, weary and suffering, waiting for strength to lay aside my outer garments. I thought I heard a half-suppressed scream in the room above me, and a hasty trampling of feet, then a door was violently closed. Startled I sat listening, and in a moment Mrs. Underhill presented herself in my room, to see if I wanted anything.

Her face was wreathed in smiles, but there was a peculiar crimson line crossing the temple, which to my eye betokened late angry excitement. I told her rather coolly that I could do for myself all that was necessary at present, and that if I needed further care I would ring for Nora.

An hour passed away. The season had recalled scenes of past years. I had forgotten my present surroundings, when a heavy fall upon the floor above startled me and brought me back to the present moment. I determined to ascertain the cause of the noise, and for the first time ascended the stairs above my own apartment.

I turned the handle of the door; it was locked. Hindered thus from pursuing my researches, I returned to my room and rung the bell for Nora. To my surprise Mrs. Underhill answered my summons. I told her what I heard. She answered very readily:

"I think it was only a basket on the shelf in my closet. I thought it stood insecurely when I was there a few minutes since."

She left the room, and after considerable delay, returned to tell me that the basket had fallen as she thought. I had felt a strange suspicion that some wrong was being committed, but so vague and upon so slight foundations, that I could not have explained it to any one.

All went on as usual. The next morning I

met my little trio of friends upon the sidewalk. Margie looked pale and exhausted, but she often had that look.

Six weeks had passed, when, having turned back after walking a few rods—instead of staying out two hours as was my custom—on entering the house, piercing screams were coming in quick succession from the upper story. I rushed up to learn the cause, but as I gained the last landing, smiling Mrs. Underhill opened the door opposite me, locked it after she came out and putting the key in her pocket said:

"I hope you were not frightened, Miss Vernon. I am sorry to say that Margie is sometimes a very naughty girl, and that I am obliged to shut her in her room. To-day she struggled and screamed, and in consequence I must keep her there longer than I at first intended."

Silenced, or rather speech being prevented, I retired to my own quarters, with a little loss of dignity I thought. Again, after a few weeks, a door opened above my rooms, and I heard the few words pass between Mrs. Underhill and Margie, recorded at the beginning of this little sketch. I saw Margie no more, and inquiring of Nora learned that she had been sent into the country. Nora knew nothing more; nothing of the direction, or distance, or length of her stay.

A feeling of uneasiness took possession of me; and my little hired home, in which I had been so comfortable, where I had already enjoyed so much, had lost something of its charm. In vain I reasoned with myself. In vain I said "probably Margie was a bad child; it is not every touching face or sad pair of eyes that belong to a martyr." The pleading face, the pensive eyes, the gentle mouth, would picture themselves to me again, giving the lie to all my accusations of the absent little one.

I saw no more of any member of the family than formerly. So the spring wore away, early summer came, and the time when I always go into the country. I kept my apartments, telling Mrs. Underhill, that with the fall of the leaf she might expect my return.

Away by steamboat, and railcar, and stage; away from the deafening rattle and smothering air of the city; away past the large towns and villages, past the smooth-turfed fields, well-built houses and expensive farms, that tell of a century's cultivation and habitation; away from the heaving plains and gentle slopes of the sea-bordering lands; away where man's dominion seems ever weaker, man's hold on nature ever more circumscribed; away where the hills rise ever higher, where the valleys dip ever deeper, where the rivulets, ay, and rivers too, run and leap, dash and foam; where the pastures look bare and rocky, where the fields are encumbered still with stumps; where the houses are small, and brown, and ugly, and the barns are big, and brown, and ugly, I had been told of a nook where one might dwell alone with nature, and where within walking distance—for I stand in mortal fear of those powerful but very uncertain beasts called horses—were to be found scenes of great extent and sublimity, as well as little choice bits of nature, which any artist might rejoice to bring back to a city home.

No accident occurred. The long, long summer day wore on, and as the last ray of sunlight gilded the particularly ugly barn, I was pulled and pushed out of the crevice on the back seat of a lumbering open vehicle called "the stage," which I had occupied, flanked by a mountain of flesh on either side, for the last twenty miles, and found myself standing upon the large, flat stone serving as doorstep to the house which was to shelter me at night, at least, for many months to come. Mrs. Farmer, clean, brown-eyed, and middle-aged, guiltless of crinoline or collar, came out with a mixture of hospitality and shyness in her face and said:

"Come right in, Miss Vernon. You must be tired e'en-a-most to death! Sech a stage-load too, this hot day! Well, you'll find your room clean and cool, if it aint got nothing else to recommend it."

And clean and cool it was. The floor had never been painted, but for years had been scoured with soap and sand till it was almost as white as snow. The furniture was all of unpainted pine, the chairs being seated with braided strips of basket stuff. I looked around admiringly, all was so strange, so suitable.

"Then you don't mind our style of furniture?"

"O no, I like it very much."

"You see, Mr. Farmer is handy with his tools, and so winter evenings he just works a bit, at one thing or another, and bein' mighty poor when we got married, he begun to make things, and I liked 'em a deal better 'n them painted things you git over to the corner. You can keep these clean, you know. Them, *they* may be dirty enough and you none the wiser for 't! Well, as I was sayin', I liked

the things Mr. Farmer made, and so he kep' on, and now the house is full enough."

I had seated myself meanwhile, in a deep, broad rocker, and with a "yes," "hum," "really," here and there, the talk went glibly enough, and I cooled and rested myself. Handing me a huge fan of turkey's feathers, my hostess went on:

"You do look tired enough, but I guess you did not come for your health."

"O, no indeed, I am very well."

"I thought so. To be sure you don't look brown like me, but then you're light, naturally and I'm out of a dark race; but you've got a real strong look in your eye and hand. I allers look at the eye and hand, if I want to find out what anybody's health is. Now that little— but bless me, you'll clean faint away, if I stand talking here, instead of gettin' your supper." And before I could answer, Mrs. Farmer was gone.

My room took in the full width of the house, and had windows opening to the east, north and west. At the time of my arrival, a gentle, steady breeze came in from the open western window, and wrapping me in its coolness, passed out, and kissing the lilac bush opposite my window, swept out down the slope.

Just as I was lapsing into that state which is not sleep, but in which the senses are as unconscious of outward things as in sleep, my hostess rapped at my door, announcing supper.

It was a supper fit for the—gods, I had nearly said, though very unpretentious. Such butter, such biscuits, such cream and damson preserves. I ate as only a tired and hungry woman can, while good Mrs. Farmer passed in and out, attending to her evening household duties. It was now quite dark, and the glimmer of a tallow candle but faintly illuminated the further parts of the room, but I saw a series of shelves, well-filled with books, nailed upon the opposite wall, forming anything but a contemptible library.

I returned to my room, which was on the same floor and only separated from the dining-room by a little entry-way. When ready to retire an unexpected difficulty presented itself. I had not noticed the bed until the moment I wished to get into it. The bedstead was high, a bedtick very full of new straw added at least eighteen inches to it, and the whole was surmounted by a feather-bed, in the shape of a ball slightly flattened. I could not sleep on those feathers, and turned instinctively to pull the bell. But before my eye had travelled around the room in search of the pull, I remembered with a laugh at my own stupidity, that there was no great probability of there being a bell of any description in the house. I listened. All was still. Probably Mrs. Farmer had retired.

I thought I would try the feathers. I drew the little table to the side of the bed, placed a chair by the table, and climbed up. That bed did look inviting, so in I jumped, and down, down I sunk, and around and over me the downy feather bed rose, till I was completely lost to the outer world, except my two despairing hands and night-capped head. "Ah, what shall I do now?" I remembered of some talk of rolling a feather bed down in similar circumstances, and concluded to try the experiment. Very slowly and cautiously I turned towards the front edge of the bed, thinking this an admirable way of putting one species of "movement cure" into practice, when to my surprise I found that as fast as I rolled to one edge of the thing, the other rolled upon me. This roused me a little, and having undertaken it, I was determined to roll that feather bed flat. I went with sudden force to the back side of the bed, and the feather bed followed me, curling up around and over me as airily as the clouds of mingled smoke and steam from a locomotive; but I was not to be beaten. Forward and back I rolled, with increasing energy, and decreasing caution, and the bed seemed to get all the more lightness and buoyancy, when, after a little pause to get breath, I made a most violent exertion, and landed on the floor behind the bed, with the feathers on top.

For a moment I did not realize what had happened to me, and in fact was roused by Mrs. Farmer's voice exclaiming:

"Goodness teu us, where is she gone? and my new feather bed into the bargain!" Upon which I laughed and she came to the rescue.

The way in which that woman grappled that feather bed, and jammed it, and rolled it, and beat it, until it was a very moderate sized and entirely manageable ball was extremely consoling to me, as I sat fanning my fevered cheeks; and the solid way in which she stowed it in a corner of the room, "to stay till mornin', sence it want wanted on the bed," set me reflecting how easy it is to do a thing when one knows how.

I awoke next morning with a feeling that a fresh-filled straw bed is the best possible couch, to find, as I looked in the corner, that the

feather bed was just as light, just as round, and just as unconquered as ever. So was not I. I do not like to have my friends talk of feather beds, for in some mysterious way they became acquainted with this episode, and whenever I avow my determination to accomplish an object of great difficulty, I am very apt to be met with, "ahem, another fight with a feather bed," or some expression of that sort.

I walked, I worked, I found the scenery all that I had expected. My portfolio was fast filling. Many a time as I sat at work, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer stood by watching what to them was an entirely new and very bewitching sort of work. I never tired of Mrs. Farmer's quaint loquacity, for she was possessed of real shrewdness and good sense, and never intruded upon me. Mr. Farmer was a very silent man, as is often the case when the wife talks so much; but in this instance at least, the silence was not induced by the loss of mastership in his own house, for good Mrs. Farmer looked up to her silent spouse with a loving, wifely reverence that was beautiful to see; so beautiful was the relation between this plain, rough-handed farmer and his mate, that seeing it, I experienced a sharper pang in my lifelong loneliness than I had ever felt before. Neither was it from want of information; for his well-selected books, mostly historical works, which his wife told me he had read over and over, in fact was always reading, forbade that supposition. A weekly newspaper from the metropolis had given him the means of selecting wisely, and books were his extravagance.

One day I had taken a new direction, and found so wild and charming a bit of rock and gnarled tree, softened by a rippling brook and nodding ferns, that I had quite forgotten the lapse of time, till the light becoming insufficient for my work, I found it was caused by the fall of night, rather than the coming up of clouds as I had at first supposed.

Gathering up my materials, I hastened homeward. As I approached the only dwelling I had passed on my way out, the screams of a child, of a girl, I was sure, fell upon my ear. I hastened on, but when opposite the house they had ceased, and so there was nothing left for me but to go on, tortured by the memory of sounds, evidently extorted by sharp suffering.

Arrived at home, and seated at my lonely supper, while good Mrs. Farmer swung backward and forward in her huge rocking-chair, to the click of her swift knitting-needles, I said:

"Who lives in that ugly, red house, I passed to-day?"

"What, you haint been over be'end Sal Burbank's, have ye? No wonder you was out so late."

At the name "Burbank" a new light flashed through my mind. It was the same voice uttering scream upon scream to-night which I had heard on one or two occasions "at home." It must be that Margie was near me. But Mrs. Farmer went on, or rather she had not ceased speaking nor I listening while pursuing my own thoughts.

"Yes, that is Sal Burbank's house. I s'pose I oughtent to call her 'Sal,' but I don't like to show her any sort of respect. Girl and woman I've known her goin' on forty year, and I'm yit to hear the fust thing you can praise about her. At school she used to set and knit every blessed minit, with her book propped open before her, and then stumble and blunder through all her lessons when it cum time to recite. Then she'd never bring her dinner, but go sneakin' round to this one and that one, 'I forgot to put up any dinner to-day, and I'm real hungry,' or, 'I was in sech a hurry I couldn't stop to git any dinner, wont you give me a bit? you've got enough for three or four, I should think;' and all because she was too mean to eat at her own expense.

"By'm-by, she and her cousin Jake got married—she was allus a Burbank—and everybody wondered what sort of a life they'd lead, for if one was tight t'other was tighter—"

"Do you mean—what do you mean by tight?"

"Why, mean, close."

"O yes, go on, if you please."

"Well, as I was saying, if one was tight t'other was tighter, and either of 'em was tighter than the bark to any tree you ever see; and if one was cross t'other was 'crosser, and so you might go on to the end of the chapter.

"But about a year after they got married, she had a baby. I had been married longer'n she, and I, well, I begun to be afraid James, that's Mr. Farmer, 'd never have any use for the nice boards, just enough, and just the right size to make a cradle, that he had laid up to get well-seasoned, without ever sayin' a word to me. They laid there a good many years, then I missed them. I know, main

well, that he never put 'em to no other use, and I have pretty much concluded that he buried them, tho' there never a word passed between us about that.

"Well, for a year or two I was unreconciled enough. I had felt bad enough that I could never have Mr. Farmer's baby in my arms, nor ever let him look on mine; but to see such a woman as Sal Burbank with a great strong, healthy boy in her arms, was almost more than I could bear. But after two or three years I got over that. Such a screeching, cruel boy, you never dreamed of; and as he grew up, it seemed as if he had all the ugly qualities of both father and mother.

"Old Jake died seven year ago. He and Sal scolded each other pretty much all the time they weren't joined against somebody else. Sence his death, young Jake and his mother live in about the same way."

I was getting a little impatient of all this, as it seemed to have little bearing upon my suspicion, or rather conviction; so taking advantage of the first pause in Mrs. Farmer's talk I asked:

"Is there not a child, a girl, in the house?"

"Not as I know of."

"But I heard the screams of a young girl, I am sure, as I approached the house to-night. I heard them first when I reached the top of the hill beyond the house, then as I went down into the valley I lost the sound; and when I reached the top of the swell where the house stands, all was still. But I know I heard screams."

"That beats everything I ever heard. James, James!" And in answer to her earnest call Mr. Farmer entered from the wood-shed, where he had been engaged in repairing some farm tool that had been injured during the day.

"Well, wife."

"Have you heard if Sal Burbank has got that little Margret of Lucretia's up here agin?"

"No, I have not heard or seen anything of them for a good many weeks."

"I'm sure Jake stole that lamb you missed, and he don't want to come here very soon again. If it keeps him off it is the best price you ever got for a lamb," said Mrs. Farmer. "But Miss Vernon says she heard a girl screaming when she cum by, to-night. It can't be, can it, that they've got that little Margret up there again, without any of the neighbors knowing anything about it?"

"Perhaps so."

"Why, she must have come in the stage, of course, and I am sure I should have seen her, if she had gone by. I haint been away at stage time for as much as two or three months."

I passed a restless night, and woke little refreshed, at a later hour than usual. My eggs, milk, bread and butter were ready for me, when I left my room, and more grateful than that, was the assurance that Mrs. Farmer was doing all she could to unravel my mystery, for scarcely replying to my "good-morning," she said:

"I spoke to the stage-driver this morn—"

"Why, I thought you told me he passed at three o'clock?"

"So he does, but I always get up at four in the summer, and an hour earlier for once don't make much difference. I wanted to ask him about Margret."

"What did he say, dear Mrs. Farmer?"

"That a good many weeks ago, he don't well remember how many, he brought a pale-looking little girl, 'would have been pretty,' he guessed, 'if she had been a little stouter, and if the red had been on her cheeks, instid of round her eyes.' He said she looked as if she had been crying all day. But Jake met them, or they found him waiting with his old ox-cart and a grist down at the corner, six miles below, and nothin' 'd do but the girl must git out of the stage and ride home on the meal bags, tho' I told him she might keep on in the stage as I'd no passengers but her, I wouldn't charge him any more'n ef she got out there. But he would not let her go on.' That is the driver's story."

"You spoke of Margaret being here before, and of Lucretia's child. What did you mean by that?"

"Lucretia Burbank, Sal's sister, was just as much like her as one pea is like another, only Lucretia did not like to have anybody know her mean, cruel ways, while Sal didn't care if the whole town knew everything she ever did, if she only gained or saved money by it. Lucretia was better looking than Sal, too. She went to the city, and after several years got married. This Margaret belonged to her husband, but whether she was his own child, or only one he had the care of, nobody knows. They all came up three summers ago, and a dog's life of it the little Margaret led, among them all, but young Jake was harder towards her than the rest. I hope they two haven't got that little innocent there all to themselves."

"If they have, they will not keep her much longer, I fancy," said I, as I left the table.

"Why, what will you do?"

"Go and see Margaret, and, if she wishes, bring her back here with me this morning." And I hurried out of the room, giving no further time for talk.

I was soon on my way, feeling that God had here set me a work to do; that I was to open the prison doors and let the oppressed go free. Now and then, during my long, quiet, happy life, an almost fierce desire would seize me to be a man, that I might strike strong blows for truth and right in one and another of the conflicts of our day and time. The war had come and gone, and the work God had laid upon me in that hour of darkness had reconciled me to my lot and place; it had tried my nerve, strung my sinews, showed me my weakness and my strength, and now I felt that wisdom would be given me to free this "little one" who was precious in his eyes, whose are all the worlds and all the people thereof. I toiled up the long, ugly ascent, under a sun already fiercely hot, and stood panting on the dirty, half-rotten bit of plank that answered for a door-step. Not a sound was to be heard from within. The door stood open, and I entered. Passing through the room at the left of the entry, I reached the kitchen. Near a north door stood an old-fashioned dasher-churn, and beside it on the floor lay little Margie, as white and still as if she were dead. It was plain that she had fainted and fallen while at her heavy task. A pail of water, in which floated an old tin dipper, stood on a wooden box in one corner. I ran to Margie and began sprinkling some water in her face. She did not recover at once, and in changing her position to an easier one, I found that her head had been wounded by the fall. I was about to lift her and go in search of a bed, when a voice in hard, taunting tones called out, seemingly from some little distance:

"Better keep that churn agoing, if ye don't want another dose of what ye got last night, this very minit."

I knelt again and applied water afresh to Margaret's temples, waiting for the appearance of the speaker, whose progress was marked by the crunching of chips as she crossed the wood-yard.

"Aint got to work agin yit, have ye?" said the voice. And Sal Burbank stood in the doorway.

I had thought she would be frightened at the sight which met her eye; but, instead of that, she raised her nose a degree higher in the air, squared her gaunt shoulders by placing her dirty hands on her hips, without even looking at the poor victim of her cruelty, and bawled out to me:

"Who be you, comin' into other folks' houses and interferin' in things that's none o' yer business?"

"My name—"

"I don't care what yer name is, so yer g'long about your own business!"

"My business now is to take care of my poor little Margie. Don't you see she has fainted?"

"Fainted! I'll bring her out of that quick enough, I guess." And before I saw her intention, she had given her two tremendous slaps, leaving the mark of her foul fingers on the delicate cheek and arm. The violence restored the child. She opened her eyes and made a movement as if to rise, but, finding it impossible, sank back upon the floor. Sal caught sight of the blood which, with returning consciousness flowed more freely, and looked a little startled. Taking advantage of this, I said:

"Woman, lest you have the sin of murder upon you, help me carry this child to a bed, and let me take care of her!"

Grumbling, she seized her, and, with little help from me, laid her on a bed in the room I had passed through, and went out muttering, but so indistinctly that I could not gather a word.

Left to myself, I stanched the bleeding of the wound, and made the little sufferer as comfortable as possible; still, she was only half-recovered. Examining more closely, I became convinced that the child was actually starving, and would really die, if nourishment were not given very soon. I called for some milk, and gave it, mixed with water, a few drops every few seconds, and before long had the satisfaction of finding the pulse steadier and the breathing stronger, and that a little flush of color quivered over the lips and cheeks now and again. Sal Burbank meanwhile was clattering back and forth in the kitchen, making as much noise as possible, and once or twice pausing as she passed the door to look in.

I called, gently, "Margie, dear Margie." And the white lids slowly raised themselves, and a look of joyful surprise settled in Margie's terrified eyes.

"I thought it was a dream, and was afraid

to open my eyes, for fear it would go away," she said.

"Take a nice drink now, and then go to sleep, darling. I will sit close beside you till you wake."

She obeyed, and, murmuring, "how good you are, Miss Vernon," closed her eyes and was soon asleep.

I had then an opportunity to look about me. Everything was mean, shabby, dirty in the extreme. The cover of the bed on which Margie lay was an old, woollen, patchwork quilt, tattered, but never patched; the mean pillow had no cover, while the sheet was absolutely foul. In one corner lay a jumble of old, coarse boots and shoes, their size indicating that they belonged to a man, while various garments depended from stray nails driven in the wall. There was neither curtain nor blind to the window, and several bits of board supplied the place of missing panes of glass.

I meditated upon the means of conveying my charge to my own nice lodging. Assured that good Mrs. Farmer would come herself or send her husband for me, if I was absent long, I waited patiently; nor were my hopes disappointed. Before midday, Mr. Farmer drove up to the door in his nice old-fashioned wagon, and, walking in without ceremony, said his wife told him where I was, and neither of them could be content till he had started to see what had become of me.

The sound of Mr. Farmer's voice brought Sal to the room, flaming with anger that another person had come to "interfere with her affairs."

"Now, Jim Farmer, you jest make tracks out o' this 's fast 's you please, 'n you too, whoever you be! The gal's well enough now, 'tany rate. I'll venter she'll be racin' off some-'eres fore 'n hour's past."

Margie, roused by Sal's loud, angry tones, woke, and, clinging to my arm, watched the hand whose violence she had too often felt, as if she expected another blow.

At the first pause I said to Margie:

"Do you feel strong enough to ride down to Mr. Farmer's, Margie? You can rest better there than here."

"O yes! Do let us go this minute."

"Then, Mrs. Burbank, I will trouble you to bring this child's clothing, and we will leave as soon as you please."

Sal seemed for a moment stupefied by the coolness of my behaviour, but in a moment broke out again:

"Guess you *will* take that child down to *Mister* Farmer's! Nobody that b'longs here will ever step foot in Jim Farmer's house agin! And she b'longs here, 'n more'n that, she's goin' to stay here, 'n she's goin' to larn to work, too, 'n work without complainin'!"

"Don't cry, Margie. Then you will not oblige me by bringing Margie's clothes?"

"Indeed and I will not!" with a distinct pause after every word, and mimicking as far as possible my manner of speaking.

Mr. Farmer stood quietly watching us, as I even then thought with a slight relish of this squabble between two of the weaker vessels. At the close of the last speech he looked inquiringly at me, with a turn of his thumb towards Margie first and then the wagon, and, as my eyes said yes, he picked up the little one as if she had been an infant, strode to the door, and I myself was but a step behind.

I must own that I expected to feel the vixen's hands upon me, but, to my surprise, we reached the wagon unmolested.

Mr. Farmer bundled us in with more speed than courtesy, I forgetting all the while my dread of horseflesh, when, just as Mr. Farmer placed his foot upon the thill, a tremendous blast from a tin dinner-horn (Sal had thought to summon Jake to the scene of action) startled our steed, and away he started towards home. How he turned so short a corner without upsetting the wagon, I cannot to this day comprehend. Mr. Farmer lost his hold of the reins and fell backward. At the same moment Sal Burbank pounced upon him. To his rescue I could not go, for I had no reins wherewith to check our speed, which was, in all probability, a fortunate circumstance, as I knew nothing at all of the proper way of using them. I found, too, that Margie needed my attention, for she had gone off into another fainting fit.

As we passed out of eyeshot of the house I glanced over my shoulder, and was satisfied that Mr. Farmer was getting the best of it in this second combat; and, notwithstanding my concern for the apparently lifeless child in my arms, and our real danger from the runaway horse, I thought, "It is but 'tit for tat.' You laughed in your sleeve a moment ago, now I can take my turn."

The furious pace at which we were going down the long, rough hill, soon absorbed my thoughts entirely. A horse accustomed to level roads and gentle slopes would not have kept his feet a minute; but this one had been

trained to trot, nay, almost run, down hill. Swaying from side to side, rattling and bumping, along the wagon flew, with its occupants in a helpless bundle on the floor. I think I lost consciousness for a moment, and was roused by the cessation of our rapid motion. Our steed had stopped, and we were safe.

I did not venture to stir, not understanding the reason of this pause in our career, and fearing that any motion or noise from me might set us off again. The horse began to crop the tufts of grass growing here and there in the road. In response to my chafing of her hands, Margie opened her eyes, asking where we were, and from behind came the faint "thud, thud," of a runner's footsteps. In a moment more we were properly seated in the wagon, Mr. Farmer took his place, and Billy walked as demurely home as though a faster pace had been an impossibility.

Some hours afterwards Mr. Farmer explained to me the reason that the horse stopped as he did. He ran down the first descent, across a little plain; but when he came to the first resting-place on the opposite hill, stopped as he had been taught; and I overheard Mr. Farmer telling his wife that if "when he dropped the reins so unaccountably, they had not caught just as they did upon the thill and axletree, just so that they gave Billy good headway and kept him straight in the road, so that he thought he was being driven, we must have been killed."

How Mrs. Farmer and I tended and petted our little waif, how we fed her a little at a time and very often during the day, how she lay smiling and contented enjoying it all, I will leave for each heart that has felt a mother's love, or the yearning for it, to imagine and describe to those who have not, simply adding, that, for the first time since my arrival in his house, Mr. Farmer made his appearance in the best bedroom.

The next day I questioned Margaret as to her early life, if she had always lived at Mr. Underhill's. I gathered from her replies that she remembered distinctly her mamma; that Mr. Underhill used to come and see her often; that her mamma was sick and died. Then Mr. Underhill fetched her away, and she stayed with an old lady who was kind to her, and so was Mr. Underhill. after a while he used to tell her she should soon have a mother again, who would love her and take care of her, and then she was carried to live with Mrs. Underhill. I did not believe she was Mr. Underhill's child. I questioned her still further, but she remembered nothing more.

The second morning after my raid upon the Burbank mansion, I rose in season to take the stage when it passed, and returned to the city. Going to the house of a friend, I sent for Mr. Dayton the family lawyer. After hearing a statement of the facts and my wishes, he advised that we wait till morning, find Mr. Underhill, have an interview with him, without the knowledge of his wife, and possibly the affair could be amicably settled.

Accordingly, about ten o'clock the next morning, Mr. Dayton and Mr. Underhill appeared. The latter gentleman seemed a little confused when he saw me, but I opened the matter at once, by saying:

"I accidentally heard of your little Margaret where I am boarding, and visited her. You cannot be aware how unpleasantly she was situated; so unpleasantly, in fact, that I took her away on my own responsibility. From some things she said to me I know she is not Mrs. Underhill's daughter, and I think she is not yours. I wish you would be so good as to tell me the facts of her early history so far as you know them."

Mr. Underhill's face had expressed many and conflicting emotions during my speech—anger, shame, regret, and, last of all, tenderness, so that I began to fear Margie was his child. I waited for his reply. After a moment's silence, he said:

"Will you tell me, Miss Vernon, why you wish to know about Margaret?"

"Not just at present," in obedience to a sign from Mr. Dayton, "though I will assure you, I mean no harm to you or her."

After a long pause, during which he two or three times opened his mouth as if he were about to speak, but could not begin, he said:

"Once I did not think I should hesitate to tell anybody and everybody all I knew about that child, and I will, cost me what it may. I used to meet a sick man supported by a woman, that anybody could see was his wife, morning after morning for some months. After awhile I used to bow to them, and they seemed pleased. Then we exchanged good-mornings, and I. asked where they lived, and was invited to visit them. There I found a little baby, Margie, they called her. Their name was Marvin. They were strangers here, had come from Philadelphia, and so were glad of my acquaintance. I could see that they were my superiors in everything but money, but there I could lend them a helping hand. I used to bring the sick man little

things almost every day, that I was sure he wanted, but could not buy. He was past needing anything I could help him to very soon, but his widow I thought needed me, and I had promised Mr. Marvin, when alone with him, that I would not let his wife want. She was very anxious to find work, as her money was almost gone, but I urged her to wait a little till she got rested, and so she waited. As soon as I dared, I asked her to be my wife. She told me her heart was with her husband, but if I wanted her by-and-by, very well, but not just then.

"I think she knew she should die soon, and could not bear to make me suffer by refusing me. Not many months passed after this before I saw that she would never be mine.

"I will not trouble you any more with my feelings. She died, giving me her child, telling me there was no relative on either side to claim it. So, you see, Margie Marvin is mine.

"She was a very gentle, but lively thing. I took her to my mother's house, and she always said she was a good child. But since I married she seems to have changed. She is impertinent and bad-tempered, and nothing is safe unless it is under lock and key.

"My wife said her sister could manage her for a while better than she could, so I sent her up there. If I thought anybody else could do better by her than I can, I would give up my claim to her at any time; but I must know that she is going to be better off, before I lose my hold of her."

I told him what I had heard and seen, and that I wanted the child for my own.

"Will you take her and do for her just as if she was really your own child, Miss Vernon?"

"Yes, if I can have her now."

"But she is a bad child, and you wont want the trouble of training her."

"I will take all the risk. I have no fears."

Mr. Underhill asked to be alone a little while, and was shown into an inner parlor. Twenty minutes passed before he returned, and then it was with a sadly-troubled face.

"You may have her, Miss Vernon. I know she was a good child once, and it may be because she has not been managed right that she has grown bad. I meant to do well for Laura's child, and I hope I am doing so now."

"Never fear that, Mr. Underhill," said Mr. Dayton. "I am glad to see you so reasonable. It speaks well for you. I will stand sponsor for Miss Vernon. Nothing ever fared ill at her hands, or got anything but good from her, I can testify. I have known her since she was so high," measuring the height of a table.

Before the day closed Margie was my legally-adopted daughter, bearing still her own name; for I believe it a wicked thing to deprive an honorable man of the privilege of having his name borne by his children.

The next morning I sped back again to my charge, feeling that now I had enough to live for. Immediately after my arrival, Mr. Farmer took the papers which gave Margaret Marvin to "Elinor Vernon, spinster," and, accompanied by the only lawyer the town afforded, explained the circumstances of the case to Sal Burbank. Great was her wrath, and not elegant the vocabulary she aired upon that occasion.

Daily my Margie bloomed into beauty as her health improved; nor was this process impeded by the suitable, pretty garments that I cut, but, must own, kind Mrs. Farmer sewed for her. Margaret wanted to be only too industrious, and I was forced to command her to sew only two hours a day.

Three years have passed since the summer of which I write, nor can I call to mind one wrong thing my Margie has ever done. By degrees I drew from her the story of her sufferings from Mrs. Underhill's abuse. Again and again she was beaten for the merest trifles; still, the more common barbarity was to starve her. My physician tells me that her liability to fainting turns was produced by this, in connection with having her arms drawn above her head and fastened so hour after hour, by means of a cord tied around her thumbs and fastened to a hook in the dark closet, where she was put to undergo these combined tortures. I wished to know the worst, and compelled Margie to tell me. She begged me not to force her to do so, but I insisted. We never returned to the subject again.

When the avant couriers of winter had torn the last leaves from the trees, and they had fallen helplessly to moulder back to earth again, in so doing nursing to life flowers more fair than they had ever been, Margie and I left good Mrs. Farmer and her quiet spouse. Many a hearty hug and kiss did she bestow upon my little one, while a great regret was expressed by Mr. Farmer, more by looks than words or actions.

"You'll come again next summer, sure, you and Margaret, wont you, Miss Vernon?"

"I think we will come sometime, if we live. I cannot tell how soon."

"I don't know how I shall get along days, when Mr. Farmer is not here."

And so we rattled away in Mr. Farmer's wagon to the railroad station, twenty miles distant. I had already ordered my household goods to be removed from Mr. Underhill's.

Feeling a strong desire to learn more of Margaret's parentage than I already knew, I determined to pass the winter in Philadelphia. A slight delicacy of health rendered such a course desirable for Margaret.

As soon as we were settled into our daily routine of study, work and amusement, I set about the main object of my stay. A few promising trails I started, but sooner or later they all failed. Spring came and passed, and I must return to the North.

As I sat one afternoon thinking a little moodily of my unsuccessful quest, "Mrs. DeForest" was announced. I rose to meet an entire stranger.

"I beg pardon, Miss Vernon, for what must seem an unpardonable intrusion in a stranger. Let me tell you my errand, and I trust you will, at least, pardon me," she said, in most sweet and courteous tones, and with a manner at once so frank and gentle, that I was completely won by it. She went on, "I live just opposite. All winter I have watched your daughter with the most lively interest, from a resemblance, real or fancied, to a friend of years gone by. Yesterday, I overheard two of my servants speaking of the lodger opposite as *Miss* Vernon. Tell me, if your daughter has friends in Philadelphia, will you not?"

Surprised by Mrs. DeForest's manner, it had become so eager, I replied:

"I came here last autumn, hoping to find some friend or acquaintance of her parents, but I have been sadly disappointed; but why do you ask the question?"

"I had a dear, dear friend once; but many years ago, during a long residence in England with my father, she married contrary to the wishes of her parents and left the city, disinherited and almost without means. The family have, or pretend to have, lost all trace of her, and I never expect to hear of my friend again; but your daughter is so like Laura Grant, and they told me she was called Margaret, which is my own name. Is she Margaret Marvin?"

I was so startled with this new development, that I did not answer, but simply stared.

"I beg you to tell me!"

"Indeed, her name is Margaret Marvin."

Then we told our respective tales, and, with many smiles and a few tears, concluded that the Laura Marvin who had none but an awkward young carpenter to care for her last hours, and in whose incompetent though kindly-intentioned hands she had left her little Margaret, was the daughter of one of the proudest, as well as richest, merchants of Philadelphia.

Without doubt, she had married foolishly, but not unworthily; but she had been wickedly left to suffer when ill health prevented her husband and herself from performing their accustomed labor, and this when both Laura and Edgar Marvin had humbled their pride enough to beg for help.

I delayed my departure for a few days, in order that Mrs. DeForest might become acquainted with the daughter of her friend. We passed the time almost entirely in her beautiful home.

After many long consultations, we decided not to inform Mr. and Mrs. Grant that their grand-daughter was living, especially as Mr. DeForest declared it his belief that Mr. Grant had made no will, and, in that case, Margaret could hold her property, even if he should be taken suddenly away.

Not many months after our return North, Mrs. DeForest wrote that the event we had speculated upon had actually taken place. Mr. Grant had died suddenly, and it was thought that Mrs. Grant could not long survive, and that, in her weakness and loneliness, she talked of Laura continually, and in the fondest manner, bemoaning her hardness to her, and wishing she could see her face once more.

Mrs. DeForest suggested that we return to Philadelphia and make Margaret known to her grandmother. We hastened to comply with her request, and three days after the receipt of Mrs. DeForest's letter, we were in Mrs. Grant's drawing-room, awaiting the summons to her presence.

Mrs. DeForest had mentioned me as a lady who had some tidings of her daughter, Mrs. Marvin. I took Margaret with me, closely-veiled, and, when I had told her of Mrs. Marvin's death, and that I knew where the baby Margaret was, there was no mistaking the yearning mother-love in the tones in which she said:

"O, bring her here! I beg you, bring her here and let me kiss her once before I die. I

know I don't deserve to see her. I was so hard to poor Laura, and I know I have no right to her; but I must see her before I die."

When Margaret, at a sign from me, threw back her veil and came forward near Mrs. Grant, and into the full blaze of light from one unshaded window, Mrs. Grant cried out:

"It is Laura's very self! Laura, Laura, forgive me, and love me a little! It wont be long I shall want it."

Not many weeks passed before we closed the eyes of Margaret's last relative, and the little one who had performed menial offices for Sal Burbank, who had done the same for her meaner son Jake, who had been starved, beaten, tortured, by Lucretia Underhill, became sole heiress to one of the largest properties in Philadelphia. When told the amount of her property, she clapped her hands, exclaiming:

"I am so glad, so glad! Now I can do so many things I have wanted to!" Then, after a slight pause, she added, in her own sweet, loving way, "that is, if you approve, mamma. I never wish to do anything you think unwise or wrong."

The first outlay she proposed was to send Mr. Underhill money enough to pay the mortgage on his house. "He was kind to my father and mother, and to me till his wife made him believe I was a bad child."

The money was sent, and Margie received a most grateful and penitent letter from Mr. Underhill, saying he had used it for the purpose indicated, but had not mentioned the subject to Mrs. Underhill.

As adversity did not embitter or soil Margaret's pure and gentle soul, neither does prosperity make her proud nor selfish, nor turn her from the simple course of life we had marked out for ourselves together.

I foresee the coming time when I shall not hold the chief place in her affections, and I will own that I have had some battles with myself already, so unwilling do I find myself to abdicate my throne, even though it be to one who shall bring to her heart a heaven below.

THE MESMERIZER.

BY WILLIAM WOODS.

It was a stormy afternoon in February. It had rained for three days, almost without cessation, and now, on the night of the fourth, there was not the slightest sign of clear weather. Rain, rain, rain, till it seemed as if the heavens could hold no more water, nor the sun refuse to show himself at last. But the heavens could hold a great deal more water, and the sun did absolutely refuse to send forth a single ray.

The country looked dismal enough. No sign of coming verdure was yet to be seen upon the hillsides; not a single green leaf had appeared on any tree or shrub. The whole country wore a dead hue of brown, and the rivulets, which usually trickled through the vales and fields, clear as crystal, were now turbid and swollen into little rivers. In such weather men like to be at home, by blazing firesides, and know the storm only as they see it from comfortable rooms; but all men cannot stay at home, even if it be comfortable, and the stage-coach which runs between Manchester and Lollard, although not filled, had a fair number of passengers.

There were two ladies and six men. One of the ladies was not very young, although she tried to convince herself that she was. She could not have been far from forty, but she shook the two long ringlets which hung on either side of her thin face, put her head on one side, smiled as sweetly, and looked up into one's face as archly, as if she were in reality a young maiden of sixteen, the only age, if any, at which such airs could have become her. Her name was Tilden, and she was travelling with her elder brother to Lollard.

Opposite the would-be youthful maiden was the other lady of the party, Miss Morton. Being the only two ladies in the stage, they had soon formed an acquaintance, though perhaps Miss Morton would have been contented with the company of her escorts, her guardian and his nephew, Mr. Griswold and Harry Rogers. Miss Morton was very lovely; but, besides her beauty, there was that in her face which attracted, apart from her good looks; something in the whole expression which made every one like her the moment they saw her. Harry Rogers was no exception to the rule, nor was his Uncle Griswold.

There had been no love-making as yet between the young people, because both knew that it would displease Mr. Griswold to have his nephew take advantage of the presence of Miss Morton in his house, to bind her by any engagement, before she had been introduced into society and seen something of the world.

It was the dearest wish of his heart, however, that they should be engaged at some future time; for, childless as he was, he had for years looked upon them as his children. Many a prank had they played upon him when young, nor, as they grew older, had they ceased to annoy him. Harry was a student at Oxford, and, as he was always in want of money, and, as his uncle was not always ready to give it to him, he used to secure the assistance of Kate Morton, and together they would tease the old gentleman, until he, to stop their teasing, would do whatever was required of him.

The coach jogged along the road. They should have been at the Horse and Mare, the next stopping-place, by this time; but the roads were so injured in places by the long rain, that the coach was nearly an hour behind time. They were now driving across a flat country, where the wind and rain seemed to attack them on every side. Most of the passengers were asleep, or very quiet; too tired with their disagreeable ride to feel energetic enough to talk. Even Miss Tilden, who was usually loquacious enough, and had kept up a ceaseless stream of talk for the last two hours, seemed to resign herself at last to the depressing influence of the weather, and was silent. Now that she was quiet, Harry Rogers thought it was a good time to commence operations against his uncle. He sat on the back seat, on one side of his uncle, while Kate sat on the other side. He spoke in a low tone, so that only Kate and Mr. Griswold could hear.

"Uncle, how about that money?" Harry poked Miss Morton with his cane, to let her know that he was beginning the assault.

"Money, what money?" said Mr. Griswold.

"That fifty pounds you're going to give me, you know."

"Nonsense!"

"Uncle," said Kate, who always called Mr. Griswold uncle, "I'm afraid you're losing your hearing. Harry is speaking about money. You're going to give him fifty pounds, you know."

"Fifty pounds? I'll see him—well, I wont swear, then; only take your hand away, or you'll smother me. I can't breathe. Kate, you must get over that trick, for you might seriously injure me sometime. Thank fortune, my teeth are sound, and I'm not troubled with asthma. I don't know exactly *how* it would injure me, but I dare say it might."

"Yes, Kate, you must be very careful; for it would never do to murder uncle, before I get this fifty pounds he means to give me."

"Mean to give you, humph!"

"I'll take it in small notes, uncle, if you please."

"Very likely, when—"

"When? O, any time; suit your own convenience about the time. That is, any time in the next twenty-four hours."

"No, you don't get a penny, man. You come far too often for money. You're a pair of robbers; you wouldn't leave me a penny."

"Robbers! O Mr. Griswold, is there any danger of robbers? On this lonely heath, too, and we're going so slowly. O, O, what shall I do?"

Miss Tilden had caught the word robbers. It had been quite sufficient to rouse her from her light sleep. This woman's tongue had been the most disagreeable thing of the whole journey to Mr. Griswold. If he hated anything, it was a talkative woman, and he almost groaned aloud to think that he should have aroused her, just when she had commenced to be quiet. Harry Rogers, knowing how his uncle felt towards Miss Tilden, determined to bother him. So, before Mr. Griswold could explain his language, he spoke to the talkative lady.

"My uncle, Miss Tilden, was only remarking that he did not think there were any highwaymen out so early in the evening. They don't usually commence their depredations till later."

"Harry, what are you talking about? I was only saying—"

"Precisely, uncle. I was just about to add that you said, that, as the night was so unusually dark, and the coach late, and there were but few passengers, that probably they would not mind the time at all."

"O gracious! I'm all of a flutter. Why, we may all be murdered. Dear Mr. Griswold, I shall throw myself on you, if we're attacked."

"But, Miss Tilden, I assure you—"

"Of course, Miss Tilden, uncle would look out for you the first one. I really don't think you need have any fear; for, although this road is just the place for them—"

"But I thought there were not any such beings as highwaymen now-a-days."

"Very true, madam," said Mr. Griswold. "I was telling you, when this impudent young man interrupted me—"

"O uncle, I'm sure you're too hard on Harry. He didn't mean to be impudent, did you, Harry? No, uncle, you know he didn't. Then tell him you're not angry with him. Speak kindly to him, uncle. Now do, wont you?"

"What! you, too, at it? Why, you don't allow me to say one word. I set out in the beginning to tell Miss Tilden—"

"Uncle, you really must excuse me for interrupting you, but you know that you and Miss Tilden have done all the talking ever since we started, and I don't think you ought to complain, if Harry and I should speak now and then."

This was too much for Mr. Griswold. Miss Tilden had been talking at him, but that he should be blamed for it was more than he could endure. He, therefore, kept an indignant silence.

Miss Tilden had scarcely time to pretend to recover from her feigned fright, before the coach reached the little village of Norwich, and drew up at the inn, Horse and Mare. "Half an hour for supper," said the driver. And the passengers gladly left the uncomfortable coach, and proceeded at once to regale themselves upon the fare bountifully provided for them.

"Kate," said Mr. Griswold, as he seated himself at the table, before a huge, juicy piece of roast beef, and saw on either side of him hot, steaming dishes, that might have tempted an epicure, or on the side-table, puddings and pies, "I think, on the whole, we'll stay here to-night. We have had enough of travelling in this weather. I haven't enjoyed a meal since we started, and, as we have a nice dinner now, let us take time enough to enjoy it."

"Very well, uncle. I'm only too well pleased to do so. As for Harry—"

"I shouldn't think of opposing any plan for my uncle's comfort, especially when he has just promised me fifty pounds. I say, uncle, let's drink a glass of this port to your generosity."

"As for the glass of wine, I wont object, especially as it is peculiarly good for a country village."

"You object to drinking to your generosity; but, uncle, you need not be squeamish about that. You're very well, as the world goes; yes, I think you are tolerably generous. Sometimes I know you're rather slow in giving, but you've been so forward with your offer of the fifty pounds, it doesn't become me, at any rate, to say anything about the slowness in the past."

"Fifty pounds!" said Miss Tilden, who was opposite, and who was never willing to allow any conversation to go on without joining in it, "fifty pounds, did you say? And were you going to give them to those naughty highwaymen, if they would let you keep your watch?"

Miss Tilden smiled sweetly, and shook her two ringlets at Mr. Griswold, who muttered something which sounded to Kate very much like "d—— that woman!"

"Uncle," whispered Kate, "you mustn't swear."

"It's enough to make a saint swear. Here is a nice dinner, and I'm hungry, and yet can't put a morsel in my mouth, without seeing that woman opposite me shaking her head at me and grinning as if I were doing something improper. I believe I eat like other folks, don't I?"

"Yes, uncle, of course you do. You must not mind her. She is only trying to make herself agreeable to you, that's all."

"She doesn't succeed, at all," said Mr. Griswold.

Meantime, Harry had entertained Miss Tilden, and the dinner proceeded with more comfort to Mr. Griswold, at any rate.

"Kate," said Harry, in French, "what can I do? That woman has made uncle cross, and I can't get a penny out of him now. What's more, I must have it before to-morrow; for, you know, I leave you here, and, if he doesn't give me the money to-night, I shan't get it at all."

"Perhaps I can get him to send it to you."

"But it will be too late. I must pay some of my small debts, and have a little pocket-money. I haven't enough to pay my travelling expenses now."

"What are you two talking about? If there is any language I detest, it is French. It is only fit for dancing-masters and milliners."

"Kate was only saying how good you were."

"Yes, uncle; and Harry said you were as handsome as you were good!"

"O bosh! I know better than that. You were probably plotting how you could get money from me."

"O uncle, what an idea!"

"Very well, plot away! only I'm afraid it wont do much good. The young scapegrace spends a good deal more money than you and I, and Kate together, and I must cure him of his extravagance."

"Time's up, ladies and gentlemen. Please to take your places as quickly as possible," the driver called out, in a loud voice. The passengers hurried down the remainder of their dinner, finished their foaming ale, and proceeded to bundle up for the stage.

"This, Kate, is what I call comfort."

Mr. Griswold looked at the fireplace at one end of the room, filled with blazing hickory-logs which sent a bright, cheerful glow all over the room, at the viands before him which he had not yet touched, and his half-emptied bottle of wine and his London stout. The warmth of the room, the bright light, good dinner, the rich wine, had a delicious taste of comfort to him, which was tacitly increased, when he saw his late fellow-passengers hurrying out of the room, to continue their disagreeable ride.

"Kate," said he, seeing that Miss Tilden made no sign of going, "isn't that woman going to leave us?"

"I believe not, uncle. She says that it would never do for her to be alone with so many men, and so she'll stay with us."

"O thunder. I'm almost inclined to go on again."

"Too late now, uncle," said Kate; for just at that moment she heard the driver crack his whip, and the coach go off.

"I wish her brother would take care of her," said Mr. Griswold, looking at a stout gentleman who sat side of Miss Tilden, and who seemed to be the very reverse of his sister. Throughout most of the ride in the stage-coach he had slept, and now he never opened his mouth except to eat his dinner.

Meantime Harry Rogers was thinking how he could get fifty pounds from his uncle. He knew that he could get it eventually, but he wanted it that evening. His uncle was very generous, and always gave him whatever money he asked for; but he liked to be teased for it, and to deliver lectures on economy, and the sin of extravagance. Harry was not, in reality. an extravagant person; but a young man at Oxford needs considerable money, and Harry liked to be as free with his money as other students. How could he get fifty pounds from his uncle that night? He must do it, somehow. Mr. Griswold would pardon any joke he might play on him, for he was quite used to such tricks, and knowing that they were always harmless in their nature, and done to please him as much as the perpetrator of them, he always took them in good humor as they were intended. Harry thought a long time what plan he might devise to obtain the desired sum, and, finally, was almost in despair because he was at his wit's end and could think of no means, whatever.

"What's the matter, man? Why don't you eat your dinner? Are you repenting of your sins, or do you see anything peculiar about that side of the room? For the last ten minutes, you've been looking at that wall, and not seen it either, I'll be bound. What is it, Harry, a ghost or what?" said Mr. Griswold.

"Nothing, uncle, I forgot myself, that's all, as great thinkers will do, now and then. I lost myself in my own thoughts."

"Leave your great thoughts and finish your dinner, while I see about rooms." So saying, Mr. Griswold rose from the table to make arrangements for the night.

"Kate," said Harry, "I've not thoroughly decided upon any plan by which I may get the fifty pounds, but if anything happens, don't be surprised."

"*Tres bien*, I'll be prepared."

Mr. Griswold soon returned. He had not been able to procure a private parlor as he had desired, but the landlord told him that there was no one staying in the house besides their party and the Tildens, and, as the night was stormy, there probably would be no one in the common sitting-room of the tavern, and they might have that room entirely to themselves. This was very satisfactory to them all, and they withdrew to their separate apartments, to make such changes in their dress as they saw fit.

Mr. Griswold was the first to descend to the sitting-room; he had donned his comfortable dressing-gown and put on a pair of slippers. These articles of apparel he always took with him, whenever he went more than ten miles from home. He drew the only easy-chair in the room before the grate, and unfolding one of the many newspapers he had brought with him, proceeded to make himself comfortable. Presently Kate and Miss Tilden entered the room. Mr. Griswold was determined not to have that woman, as he called her, talk at him as she had done most of the journey, and so pretended not to hear the many remarks that lady made to attract his attention, but devoted himself, apparently, entirely to his

newspaper. Kate, however, saw he could not read a word. Miss Tilden kept up a flow of talk, now and then saying something that made Mr. Griswold almost feel compelled to speak. Many of the remarks were so provoking that he could scarcely keep quiet. He knew, however, that she was doing all she could to make him speak, and that, if he once began, he would be obliged to take some part in the conversation. His spectacles wanted wiping. He could scarcely see the print before him; but knowing that Miss Tilden would not fail to seize such an opportunity to address him, he refrained, and continued looking fixedly at the paper before him, till his eyes ached. Poor man, he would have been so comfortable but for that woman's tongue. Kate thoroughly enjoyed the scene. She didn't pity her uncle at all.

"My dear Miss Morton, do I look pale? do you know I almost fainted when your naughty uncle so frightened us about the highwaymen? Does he often frighten you by such wicked tricks?"

"Not very often, though I think Mr. Rogers was the guilty one in this case, wasn't he?"

"Was he? no, I think not. I guess one was as bad as the other. They are all alike, these men, you know; they do so like to frighten us poor women."

Mr. Griswold apparently did not hear any of this talk, but he had been tempted to break out in an indignant denial of Miss Tilden's assertion. He conquered the temptation and continued his reading.

"What a very thorough reader your uncle is," said Miss Tilden, to Kate, just loud enough to reach Mr. Griswold's ear. "He's the most thorough reader I ever saw. Do you know that he has been reading that page of the paper ever since we came in?"

This was very true, and Kate knew it.

"Perhaps there is something very interesting on it."

"Why, there's nothing but advertisements. Not a single thing else, I know."

This was tantalizing, but Mr. Griswold still kept his eyes fixed on the page before him, which was, indeed, covered with advertisements. Soon he heard a step along the passage-way and some one entered the room. It was not Harry's step, and he supposed it was Mr. Tilden. The ladies, however, did not speak, but ceased from their conversation entirely. Who could have entered that would have such an effect upon them? Mr. Griswold put down his paper and looked at the stranger, for a stranger he certainly was, neither Harry, nor Mr. Tilden; nor did Mr. Griswold recollect having seen him at the dinner-table.

The man who had entered had a long, shaggy beard and whiskers. His hair fell in disorder over his forehead, and almost down to his shoulders. He wore no linen that was visible. A long coat, which was neither overcoat nor dressing-gown, hung almost down to his ankles, displaying a pair of boots but hiding whatever other nether garments he might have on. The man might have been a peddler or a quack doctor. Whatever he was, Mr. Griswold was provoked that he should enter the room which the landlord had said they should have to themselves.

"Kate, where's Harry?" said Mr. Griswold.

"He went out with Mr. Tilden, I believe, uncle."

The stranger's actions were very peculiar. He looked out of the window, then at the fire, then he moved to the doorway, holding up his hands as if he felt something in the air. Mr. Griswold watched him over his newspaper, as he went through these performances and waited for him to sit down. But apparently the man had no such intention. He walked round the room slowly, sometimes smiling to himself, sometimes frowning. Finally, his eye rested on Kate, and he gazed long and earnestly at her. Nor did he seem to notice at all the angry glance that Mr. Griswold cast upon him, nor the embarrassment which Kate seemed to feel from his fixed gaze. He again repeated his hand performances, and when he had finished these, he resumed his stare at Kate. Mr. Griswold was getting indignant. Even Miss Tilden was at a loss what to do, or how to behave.

"Wonderful," muttered the stranger, "most wonderful. Nature is concordant—man probably discordant. So, so, so, so, thus runs away the opportunity of entering upon the dreamy realms of a celestial Utopia."

"Sir," said Mr. Griswold, determined to put an end to such nonsense, "did you address me?"

"And of seizing from the other world what therein is." And he looked sadly at Kate and shook his head slowly.

Mr. Griswold would put up with such actions no longer.

"Sir," said he, angrily, "do you not see that your gaze is offensive to the young lady? She is my ward, and I shall not suffer any man to

look at her as you are looking. I say, do you hear?"

"Your ward?" says the stranger, by no means disconcerted by the angry tone in which Mr. Griswold addressed him; "your ward, sir?" he repeated, slowly; "she is more than that. She is a glorious medium between this and another world. She may see things that to us do not exist. She, I say, is the most peculiarly gifted person I have ever seen. Only half a mortal, she hovers over the confines of the material and immaterial. She may fly into the realms of ideality, and bring to us poor creatures of clay the fruits plucked from the hereafter."

"Sir, I don't understand at all. But, I repeat, I shall not allow—"

"Sir, I am a mesmerizer. Nay, start not! I am not, as you see, like other men. I have power in my fingers to seal the eyelids of men, to put them into a trance from which they never will waken till I by mystic passes reawaken them."

"Nonsense."

"In this sleep, or trance, I can send the mind to the uttermost parts of the earth, ay, to the depths of the sea, and they will answer whatever questions I may put them relative to things in those localities."

"How strange!" said Miss Tilden.

"All stuff and nonsense. I've heard of such humbugs before. I believe I have possession of this room for this evening—"

"Humph!" interrupted the stranger. "I laugh your scoffs to scorn. They proceed from the ignorance of a bigoted brain. I dare you to a trial. Let me try my power. If I fail, I give you ten pounds."

"And if you succeed, I give you ten times ten."

"'Tis well. The pounds are mine. We'll place them in this box. There are my ten pounds."

Mr. Griswold had no intention of making any wager; but as he had spoken, he thought he could not draw back, and placed ten ten-pound notes in the little box in which the mesmerizer had deposited his money. What a plague this man was; he might frighten Kate, and, at any rate, had spoiled the evening for them. He regretted he had not turned him out of the room at first. Where was Harry all this time, he wondered. That he should be left alone with two women and a mesmerizer, was too much. Meantime, the man was looking fixedly at him, as if he would read his very thoughts. Mr. Griswold felt very uneasy under this earnest gaze, but tried to look unconcerned.

"I don't know whether you are a good subject or not. Whether you and I are in accordance. How did you feel when I looked at you?"

"Pretty much as I should feel when any person was staring impudently at me."

"Did you feel a sort of thrill, a tingling all over you, an electric current going through you?"

"No, nothing of the sort."

"Let me try again, though first, let me place you. Perhaps the air is adverse here."

He placed him before the fireplace. Mr. Griswold would have resisted, firmly convinced that all mesmerism was nonsense, but he thought of his money, and how the mesmerizer would attribute his unwillingness to fear, and submitted to the trial. The mesmerizer now took a candle from the table and held it within two inches of Mr. Griswold's right eye.

"Now look me in the eye," he said.

Mr. Griswold felt his legs getting uncomfortably warm, so warm that he thought his clothes must be scorching. Then the light, too, so near his eye, made them water painfully. Meanwhile the mesmerizer was looking fixedly at him, right in that poor right eye, and at the same time was gesticulating with his right hand slowly. Mr. Griswold bore up under his sufferings with the patience of a martyr.

"Do you feel the sympathetic thrill?" said the mesmerizer.

"I feel most uncomfortably warm," said Mr. Griswold.

"I thought so. It's coming. I see in your right eye signs of its influence. You close the lid frequently, and the sympathetic humor is evident."

"My eye waters because the light is so near. Whose wouldn't?"

"Spirits sympathetic of the ideal world,' began the mesmerizer.

"I say, how long is this to last? I feel as wide awake as ever."

"Don't be impatient! All is going on right. You are a bad subject, and you wink so often that you seriously impede the current. If you'll only look at me without winking, I think by the end of a quarter of an hour—"

"Quarter of an hour? Zounds, man, I should have no sight at all by that time, and I'm almost roasted already. I'll have no more

of this nonsense. I've had too much of it already."

"Nonsense! how dare you speak so of the sublime gift? It is as much beyond the comprehension of your thick skull as I am above you. Because you've lost a hundred pounds—"

"Lost a hundred pounds? You didn't mesmerize me."

"That wasn't my fault. I would have done so had you given me time. You, yourself, acknowledge the premonitory symptoms of the sympathetic thrill."

"Sympathetic nonsense! I acknowledged being burned and almost blinded—"

"Very well, sir, we'll try again."

"No, you don't. I'm not going to sacrifice my sight or life to such ridiculous foolery. You may take your money and I'll take mine, and then, if you'll honor us by your absence, we'll forgive you all your humbug."

"Sir, by insulting my science you insult me. Nor shall I allow your fear of losing your money to keep me from my rights. I will show you how great my power is. Either of these ladies I will mesmerize in five minutes. If I do not succeed, I will return the money."

"You may try as long as you please with that lady, if she's willing. As for the other, I wont have her subjected to such nonsense."

"O, I should never survive any one looking at me so. It's dreadful. It would kill me, I know it would."

"Very well, I'll try it with this young lady then."

"No, you don't, sir. I wont allow it."

"I'm not afraid, uncle. Not a bit."

"I don't care. I wont have such a man fooling with you."

"Sir, I forgive your ignorance and prejudice, as it is perhaps not unnatural from one who, even against his will, has felt my power. With a few passes you will see this young lady in a deep trance. She is an excellent subject, as I assured you. If I do not succeed, I return the money."

"Return it? why you haven't got it yet."

"No, but I regard it as virtually mine. As a man of honor, you couldn't refuse it. Young lady, if you will—"

"Kate, I am not going to have your sight injured at your age. My eyes ache now."

"There is no need of the light in this case. She can keep her position, just where she is."

"Do, uncle, only for a few minutes. I'm wide awake enough now, and I don't think it very probable I shall be asleep *very* soon."

"I'll give you five minutes then, and no more."

"'Tis sufficient. Young lady, look at me. Now keep silent."

Mr. Griswold took out his watch to count the minutes. The mesmerizer made a few passes in the air with his hands. They seemed to have a wonderful effect on Kate. Her eyes closed, her head fell back.

"Why, Kate, what are you about?" said Mr. Griswold.

"Hush, you must not speak. The current is flowing smoothly and swiftly."

"What is the girl about? A minute ago she was wide awake. Wake up, Kate."

It was wonderful, certainly. Kate, in about sixty seconds, had fallen sound asleep. Her head reclined on the back of her chair. She attempted to rouse herself when her uncle spoke, but sleep overpowered her. Her eyes were closed, and she breathed regularly but apparently with difficulty. Mr. Griswold was astounded. He did not know what to make of it. Miss Tilden was equally amazed; so much so that she said nothing. Mr. Griswold believed there was deception somewhere —but where it was it puzzled him to tell. Kate to all appearance was sound asleep.

"Sir, I think we have proceeded far enough. I'm going to wake her. How you put her asleep I don't know. but I suppose you have used some preparation of chloroform. I shall wake her, at any rate. Kate, Kate, wake up."

"Sir, your voice cannot wake her. This is not a common sleep. Though you shook her ever so hard you would not rouse her. Hush! she is ready to speak. Lady, where are you?"

As if impelled by the mesmerizer's will, she answered:

"I am in a room, and, by the furniture, I should know it was a man's room; there are cricket-bats, and fishing-rods, and a rifle, and boxing-gloves. Yes, it must be Harry Rogers's room, for his name is on the rifle. I can see it plainly."

"Zounds, girl, I don't understand this nonsense at all."

"There are several bills on the table, all unpaid. Some notes, too, asking Mr. Rogers to pay them at once, as there is danger of starvation, or being turned out of house and home if he does not. One is from his washerwoman, and another from his shoemaker. On the table lies an open note besides. It is in Harry's handwriting. I can read it. It is directed to his creditors, and tells them not to

despair. He is going to his uncle who is the soul of generosity. He will pay their bills, he will not have the heart to refuse. Meantime, he must go to the city to see his uncle and get a dress for the masquerade party Sady Batchelder intends to give. He has decided to take the part of a mesmerizer—"

"O, you rascal, you have been playing me a trick, have you? Serving your uncle in this way, but it isn't too late, yet." Mr. Griswold made a dive at the box containing the money, but Harry was before him. They turned over the table in their haste, but Harry got possession of the box.

"All's fair in love and war, uncle, and this was war." Harry had torn off his wig and false whiskers, and now stood laughing at his uncle.

"But, Harry, you didn't have that old coat in your valise, did you?"

"No, uncle, I got the landlord to lend it to me. The wig and whiskers were mine, however."

"How strange!" said Miss Tilden. "You gentlemen act so queerly."

"But, Harry, you must give me back my money, half, at any rate."

"To the victor belong the spoils, uncle. You ought to have given me fifty, and the other fifty is no more than the sympathetic thrill is worth."

"Sympathetic nonsense. If ever you play any more such pranks I wont give you a shilling."

"O Mr. Griswold, that's too hard. I'm sure I've been vastly amused. Now you wont be so cruel, will you, for my sake, if not for his," said Miss Tilden.

"Humph!" said Mr. Griswold, "I think it time for us all to be in bed." And he departed, not entirely displeased that he had been tricked out of his money.

ADELINE'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

Mrs. Wayne Williams had given one of her highly successful parties, to which, according to her usual custom, she had invited her dear five hundred friends, or as many of them, at least, as she could crowd into her rooms. Fashionable and brilliant, however, as were all the members of this large company, we must pass over the majority for the few with whom we have to do.

Half hidden in the voluminous drapery of a heavy curtain, Leigh Milburne stood listening to a conversation which was evidently in a high degree disagreeable to him. It was carried on by two persons who stood with their backs towards him, quite unaware of his vicinity.

"There'll be one of the engagements of the season, I fancy," said one, looking at a slender, dark-haired girl in another part of the room, over whom a tall, fair young man was bending.

"Hathaway and Miss Roscoe?" queried the other, following the glance of the first. "It looks like it just now, certainly, but I never thought of it in that way before."

"You might as well begin now, then, for, depend upon it, it will be a settled thing before long."

"But," persisted the other, still doubtfully, "I have surely heard a report of something like an engagement or at least a liking between Miss Roscoe and Leigh Milburne."

"Leigh Milburne!" repeated the first speaker, scornfully. "Yes, I dare say he is dangling about her, but he will have his labor for his pains. Do you imagine any one would look twice at him when she might have John Hathaway?"

"I shouldn't, I know," answered the other, with a laugh. "He is particularly unpleasant to me; but ladies are mysterious. You never know what to expect of them."

"Nobody likes him," said the first, sententiously. "He hasn't a shadow of a chance against Hathaway."

With that the speakers moved on and were lost in the crowd.

The subject of this rather unflattering dialogue remained in his place of retirement, looking out with a face whose habitual pallor had yielded to no flush, only growing, if possible, whiter yet. Anger, or indeed emotion of any kind, always had this effect on him, intensifying his peculiarities. The colorless cheek grew more ashen; the cold blue eye colder; the thin lip took a more rigid line, and the usual repose of manner froze into an unnatural quiet. So it was, that, for some

time, he stood still within the recess, watching Miss Roscoe and her companion. One could judge nothing from the impassive face, but in those few minutes he was weighing probabilities, and maturing a future course of action. This decided, he walked across the room and approached the subject of his thoughts.

It did not need a close observer to perceive how the color deepened in Adeline Roscoe's cheek as this man advanced towards her. Leigh Milburne was a close observer, and we may be sure that those blue eyes saw the blood mount consciously, and interpreted with unerring accuracy its minutest ebb and flow. But neither eyes, nor voice, nor manner betrayed such a knowledge, as he addressed her.

"Miss Roscoe, the next waltz is mine, I believe?"

She hesitated a moment, and John Hathaway answered for her.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Milburne, but I think the next waltz is *mine*. Surely, Addie, you remember promising it to me?" he added, turning to her.

Before she could reply, Leigh Milburne spoke again.

"If Miss Roscoe does remember, I think she will admit that I have a prior claim."

His voice had not risen above the customary society level, his manner was impassive as ever as he stood playing with her bouquet, which he had taken, his face bowed upon the fragrant blossoms in apparently exclusive enjoyment of their sweetness, but above them, two watchful blue eyes were fixed on her, whose covert scrutiny, felt rather than seen, confused while it swayed her.

"I—I don't know—" she faltered, "I suppose it's of no consequence, John? To avoid any—difficulty—you wouldn't mind taking the next, instead of this one?"

"Certainly not," answered John, moved by her eager, appealing eyes. "I yield my right to your wish— to *your* wish, you understand, Addie," he repeated, emphatically, with a glance at Leigh Milburne, of which that gentleman appeared sublimely unconscious, but which he nevertheless triumphantly felt.

"Thank you *so* much, John," responded Miss Roscoe, looking up in his face with eyes that said much more than her words. With that she took the arm silently offered her, and moved away, leaving John Hathaway to reflections that were not all pleasant. He had been too good-natured to resist Adeline's imploring look, as he was too well-bred to entertain any idea of making a scene, but not the less did he find it rather hard to have his pleasure and convenience set aside thus unceremoniously by Leigh Milburne. For, however he might console himself with the thought that he had only yielded for Addie's sake, he knew very well that the occasion had been a triumph for Milburn over one to whom he owed an ancient grudge. But this naturally mortifying conclusion sensible John put out of his mind, "for Addie's sake," only setting it down as one more proof of Leigh Milburne's general disagreeableness, and resolving to speak to Addie before it was too late.

When he claimed his partner for the next dance, Leigh Milburne, as he resigned her, murmured in a tone intentionally audible to John's ear:

"After this, you must not waltz again to-night with any one but me. Will you give me your promise?"

And, with flushed cheek and drooping lids, she gave it. Then John took her away, greatly fearing, as he felt the tremble of the hand upon his arm, that his warning would come too late.

Full of his subject, he entered on it at the very earliest opportunity.

"Addie," he began, "we have known each other so long and well, that you seem almost like a sister whom I am bound to watch over and take care of. Will you think of that, and let me speak just as if I really stood in Walter's place?"

"I am sure you have always been as kind as a brother to me, John," she answered, warmly, "and—and you may find any fault you choose—with me—" with a hesitation which did not escape his notice.

"I have not the slightest fault to find with you, Addie—how could I? but—" finding his task decidedly a hard one, "but—you know Mr. Milburne very well, don't you?" forced into abruptness at last.

"Yes," she answered quickly, looking up at him with eyes deepening with some unexpressed emotion.

"And—do you like him, Addie?"

"Why are you asking me these questions?" she broke forth impetuously; then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "You are prejudiced against poor Leigh, I know; everybody seems to be, but I do like him—very much—and I will not hear a word against him from any one."

"You need not fear any from me, since it

is too late," replied John, quietly and gravely, as he witnessed the suppressed excitement betrayed by her hot cheek and heaving bosom.

There was a pause which weighed on both, before Adeline at length broke it by saying, hurriedly:

"I am glad you spoke as you did, John, because I have been wanting to tell you that Leigh and I are engaged."

She said this with a nervous quickness and without any pause, as if these were words whose utterance she had longed to get over and done with. Again there was a silence, and again it was broken by her.

"Can't you congratulate me?" she asked, with a gayety that seemed hardly spontaneous.

"I hope with all my heart that you may be happy, Addie," John, so summoned, answered, earnestly but evasively. She felt with added keenness all that he did not say, and grew disquieted beneath his kindly-meant reserve.

"John, wont you tell me why you dislike Leigh so much?" she pleaded, piteously, at length, as if forced to speak against her will.

John Hathaway hesitated for a moment before making his decision.

"Let us say no more about it, Addie," he replied, kindly. "It is unwise, I think, to talk of what cannot possibly do any good. The only way is to make the best of the inevitable."

Had Hathaway repeated to himself the question which Adeline had asked of him, he would have found it somewhat difficult to return a satisfactory answer. Why did he so dislike Leigh Milburne? For reasons which were scarcely admissible as such, so vague and indefinite were they. His habits were much on a par with those of most young men, but there was a certain lack of humanity in him, which seemed to make the commonest action exceptional and individual. There was a deliberateness about his faults that had the effect of taking them out of the usual category of the failings of youth, and thrusting them forth as sins that had been planned and executed in cold blood.

It is hardly to be expected that such a character should be a favorite, and indeed Leigh Milburne was generally unpopular. But with John Hathaway there was a deeper feeling yet. From boyhood there had been an instinctive antagonism between the two. John's presence seemed to call out and intensify the worst points in the nature of Leigh Milburne, who was ready to do or say anything which he conceived to be repugnant to the other, and in whose eyes the merest trifle rose to importance if it presented any opportunity of gaining an advantage over his enemy. On John's side there was no love lost. Besides that latent antipathy which dislike is almost sure to cause, his ideas and principles were opposed to those of Milburne, which, so far as he could judge, he sincerely believed to be radically bad. But on John's open, kind and honest nature, the effect of such a belief was not to make him relish any triumph over the man whom he did not like, not simply to cause a wish to be out of his uncongenial society.

Altogether, John was heartily sorry for Addie, who was the sister of his most intimate friend, and whom he had known and loved all his life. This contemplated marriage was a bitter fact for him to accept, particularly with the added reflection with which he was continually torturing himself, that, had he exercised more care over her welfare, he might have prevented it. That possibility had now passed, and, as he himself had said, the only way was to make the best of the inevitable. But very strongly did he resolve to keep a constant watch on the future. To him alone had the secret of the engagement been at present confided, and he rejoiced that he at least would be able to be her guardian, should she ever require one.

As the weeks passed on, Leigh Milburne began to find even this unacknowledged bond wearisome to him. To a nature constituted like his, the mere fact that a promise rested on him was reason sufficient for breaking away from it into the untrammelled freedom, without law or limit, which suited him best. He was impatient of the slightest control. For Adeline Roscoe he really cared comparatively little. It was simply that he liked her better than any other girl whom he had seen. That which had magnified into importance this flirtation—for such indeed it had been on his side—was the fancy of John Hathaway's rivalry. From the moment when he discovered that John's intimacy was not that of love, but of friendship of long standing, he began to feel his intended marriage an error, and to wish to escape from it. And a strong wish generally finds its own accomplishment.

One evening John Hathaway, who was almost like a son of the house in the Roscoe mansion, in his search for his friend Walter, opened the door of the little parlor—half boudoir half music-room—in which Adeline was often found with her piano and harp.

This time her back was towards him, and, in his haste, just perceiving her presence by the sweep of her robe on the carpet, he had addressed her before he saw that her head was bowed on her hands, and her whole frame shaking convulsively.

"Why, Addie, what is the matter? are you ill?" he cried, anxiously, advancing to her side. There was no answer, and he repeated his inquiry. Then, as if with effort, she raised her face, and he saw that it was tear-stained, and that her eyes were full of tears. "Addie, dear," he said, tenderly, kneeling by her so as to bring his face on a level with hers, "what is this? I must know."

"Don't ask me, John," she answered, drawing her breath hard in the effort to speak steadily. "If you have any kindness for me, ask me no questions."

He was silent for a moment, thinking. Then he said, abruptly:

"Only one thing. Has it anything to do with Leigh Milburne?"

Her face crimsoned suddenly; she turned her head aside, but did not speak. John drew up a chair, and, sitting close beside her, began to speak, tenderly, but very gravely:

"God knows I have feared something like this for you, Addie! So long as speaking was useless, I have kept silence, but it would be a sin to do so now. Addie, will you tell me what he has done—or shall I go to him?"

"Neither," she cried, quickly; then, sore with her suffering, exclaimed, sharply, "why will you not leave me alone?"

"Because I know that no small thing could have moved you so—and because I know what Leigh Milburne is," he added, between his set teeth. "Addie, if I seem to intrude rudely on you, it is only my anxiety for my dear little sister—"

"Forgive me," she said, softening instantly. "I did not know what I was saying, for the suffering—O John, it is hard to bear!"

And again her face fell on her hands, while the suppressed sobs wrenched her slender throat with a terrible violence. As John Hathaway sat there, powerless, and witnessed her pain, I think he could almost have seen Leigh Milburne put through any form of torture without one throb of relenting.

"Addie," he said, presently, with something like a quiver in his own voice, "it almost kills me to see you suffer so and not be able to help you. Perhaps I could do something, if you would confide in me, but I will not urge you any more if you will promise to tell Walter. He, at least, has a brother's right to know."

"No, no," cried Adeline, in excitement, as soon as she could speak. "Walter must never know—never! He would do something terrible—he is so rash—and it would kill me."

"Tell *me*, then," persisted John, through all his trouble and perplexity seeing only one course clear before him, "and I give you my word of honor that no other human being, not even Walter, shall ever hear it from me. Dear Addie, I hate to vex you so, but you do not realize how important it is that one of us should know it."

Adeline lifted her head again, and leaned it back wearily against her chair.

"There is not much to tell," she said, with a sort of bitter scorn of her own emotion which told how deeply her heart must have been wounded, "only that my engagement of marriage is over forever!"

"But Walter must learn that some time?"

"Yes, but I shall only say that I broke it off—which is true enough, only—he—he left me no choice," she added, with a dumb sob under her breath which went to John's heart, for the moment taking from him the power of speech.

It was she who broke the following silence. Rising from her chair and standing erect, her eyes looking out with the feverish brilliancy of tears from the face that weeping had paled not flushed, she spoke in steady, even tones, the latent pride underlying the girlish softness of her nature, at last asserting itself in this crisis:

"I have told you what you wished to know, John, and now I have a request to make of you; that this may never again be mentioned between us. I do not wish to recall what has gone by forever; I would forget that it ever has been—forget his very name, if I could. By-and-by, when every one knows, I suppose there will be enough to keep it in my mind with their wonderings and gossip; but the ones who leave me in peace, I shall think my only true friends. I believe I should grow to hate a person who continually reminded me of this—and I don't want to hate you, dear, good John!"

In spite of pride and resolution, her voice trembled a little as she said this last, and she left the room at once, as if not daring to trust herself to speak another word. So unlike the sportive, half-childish girl whom he had known, was the dignity and lofty strength of her suddenly-matured womanhood, that John had bowed his head before her in silence,

without an attempt at remonstrance or consolation.

It was well that John had given his word in no wise to betray the confidence which Adeline Roscoe had granted him; for, when he next saw Leigh Milburne, the blood fairly boiled in his veins, and it needed all the restraint of his honor to prevent some outward demonstration, of not too gentle a sort, of his feelings. As it was, he contented himself perforce, with a single mute look, straight into his eyes, of such unutterable contempt as might be supposed capable of stinging into shame any nature not wholly lost to self-respect. Then, without a word of reply to his salutation, he turned away.

As for Leigh Milburne himself, he was not particularly easy in mind. With all his disregard of ordinary principle, he had a curious desire for the respect—or its semblance, at least—of those whose feelings he outraged. That John Hathaway should openly manifest his scornful condemnation of Milburne's conduct was something for which the latter was quite unprepared. Strange as it may seem, that silent contempt he could have borne better from one whom he liked, than from one whom he hated, and, while detesting John far more than when there was an appearance of civility between them, he was conscious, at the same time, of an added wish for his good opinion. On the whole, affairs had not turned out quite in accordance with his expectations, and he concluded that it might conduce to his comfort to put distance between himself and the other actors in the scene. So, bidding "his native land good-night," he joined himself to the company of the travel—bound on board one of the European steamers.

The better part of a year had passed since that time, and all the while no allusion had been made between John Hathaway and Adeline Roscoe to the subject which she had once so strictly forbidden. It was not for lack of opportunity, however, for John was in her company more than ever, always ready with some little scheme to interest or amuse her. Nor was it that the recollection had passed from the mind of either. Often and often had they spoken the thought that lay deepest of all, the words would have brought back the pain and the sorrow of that vanished day. But, if they did not forget, they seemed to do so; on that subject the lips of both were closed.

But one day, as they were riding out together, John broke a long silence by asking abruptly:

"Addie, do you know that Leigh Milburne is coming back in a few weeks?"

Her face flushed a little, but she answered, quietly, "Yes."

John gave the reins an impatient shake, and again there was a silence. Presently he asked, "Have you ever seen him since?"

He did not say since when, nor did she ask. There was no need. That scene was too clearly branded on the memory of each to leave a shade of doubt. She only answered "No," in the same undemonstrative way.

Such a manner gave John no clue to her feelings, and forced him to persist, even at the risk of wounding her.

"But you will see him when he returns?" he said. "Here in New York you must meet, of course. Have you ever thought, Addie, of *how* you will meet?"

The chord was touched at length. She turned her head aside, but tears that would not be restrained trembled on her lashes, and fell slowly. John could remember the time when every one of her tears seemed to burn into his heart with a sensation almost of physical agony; but now the sight did not soften him. He spoke more harshly than he had ever before spoken to her, or, indeed, to any woman.

"Addie," he said, "can you grieve still for such a—"

He checked himself, apparently just on the verge of some outburst such as he rarely indulged in, and awaited her reply. She answered quite calmly, though the tears yet stood in her eyes.

"Not for him, but for myself; for the love and trust I threw away, and the unquestioning happiness I never can have again. I made a great mistake, John, and I must suffer for it."

With the last words, her voice trembled so as to be almost inaudible. Presently John said, but this time very softly:

"I hope that the suffering, which came through no fault of yours, is over for you now. Why should not that first happiness come back? unless—you love him still?"

He looked at her searchingly, but she said nothing.

"What else could prevent?" he went on.

Still she did not speak nor look at him, but beneath his gaze a deepening flush began to displace the paleness of her tears. For some moments he did not remove his eyes from her

face, and when he turned away and spoke, it was in a voice not perfectly under his control.

"You told me once, Addie," he said, "never to allude to this subject, or you might learn to hate me. All this time, until now, I have scrupulously obeyed your wish; to-day, I have disregarded it, because—because I think I could bear anything better than indifference."

She did not speak; indeed, she seemed hardly capable of speech in the increasing agitation which showed itself in her quick and unequal breathing.

"There shall be no room for misunderstanding," said John, after waiting in vain for an answer. "I love you, Addie. Will you come to me, and let me give you back the happiness that you think is lost forever? Tell me that you will come, Addie!"

She answered, at length, in a low voice, still keeping her face averted.

"It is too unequal—I have no right to such an advantage. Keep your heart, John, for some more fortunate woman, who can make you the return you deserve, instead of wasting it on such an one as I am—slighted and forsaken—"

"Addie, hush! I will not hear such words, even from you," interrupted John, almost angrily; adding, the next moment, tenderly, "Darling, what does it matter to any one, if I am satisfied? Satisfied! what a word for such happiness as mine would be! I ask only one question, Do you still regret that—that man? do you care for him, Addie?"

As he finished his anxious appeal, he looked imploringly towards her. She did not keep him long in suspense. Turning her face full upon him, a soft, glad smile in her eyes and about her lips, she said, simply:

"I love only you, John. I think I have loved you ever since I can remember."

When Leigh Milburne returned to New York, of necessity he encountered Adeline Roscoe, whose social circle was the same as his own. To this meeting he had frequently looked forward with more of curiosity, not to use a stronger word, than he would willingly have admitted, even to himself. How she would look, what she would say and do, were questions which he had put to himself twenty times, and answered in at least as many different ways. Now, looking at her after an absence of nearly a year, he beheld a woman more graceful, attractive and beautiful, by far, than the girl whom he remembered by her name. As he watched her, the interest which, in the old time, had been wont to draw him to her side, revived, and he began to wonder if he had not been too hasty in undoing the bond that held her to him then.

Adeline Roscoe had always had a charm for this man such as no other woman possessed; as much as he could love any one, he had probably loved her. Looking at her now, the old feeling awoke, the old desire to fascinate her into unconsciousness of anything save himself came back, and, under these influences, he did a thing which a bolder man even than he might, in his sane mind, hesitate to do; he deliberately advanced and addressed her, offering his hand.

In spite of pride and self-command, a flood of crimson rushed over Adeline's face at this action, for which she was so totally unprepared. This blush strengthened Milburne's hopes; he did not appear to notice that she had ignored his extended hand, but began to talk with just the old tone and manner, trying to bring back the former terms of intimacy. For a moment Adeline hesitated, then, seeming to come to some understanding with herself, she took her place in the conversation naturally and easily. There was no constraint in her manner; she put no barrier of coldness or reserve between them, and yet Leigh Milburne could not rid himself of an uneasy perception that a more insurmountable barrier than either of these prevented his near approach. He wished that she would not smile and speak so naturally; that her eye would not meet his so frankly; that there was more hesitation, more consciousness about her. The iciest dignity, the bitterest anger, would have been far preferable to this unaffected self-possession, which resisted, almost as if ignorant of any attack, his most subtle efforts to conquer it.

Finally, desperate from repeated failure, he determined on some direct allusion to their former relations. If he risked all and lost, he could hardly be worse off, he thought, than in this state of uncertainty, where success could be only negative. His power over her might be dead, or it might be simply latent. If it could be revived, all would go well; but this could be done in no other way than by transporting her, as it were, back into the old time, and surrounding her with the warmth and tenderness of the old love, until she forgot that it had ever been taken away.

"Adeline," he said, lowering his voice, and, for the first time, venturing to use that name,

"during my absence there was but one want which I could not supply as readily there as here—nothing could give me back the old associations. Another country could satisfy my taste and my intellect, but not my heart. "Ah," he continued, as if thinking aloud, "I can comprehend the sickness of despair with which a lost spirit might remember the heaven it had forfeited!"

He sighed and raised his eyes to hers, but hers were cast down, and she did not speak. Encouraged by this, his next words were more direct.

"Adeline," he said, again, "I have heard it said that a madman's fury will turn especially against the one whom he loves most. In just such a fit of mental blindness, my insanity threw away all that I hold dearest, my happiness in this world and my hope in the next. Do you understand me?"

But she stood before him speechless, her gaze still bent downward.

"We were not always the strangers that we seem to-night," he said. "Once—once—"

With that he would have taken her hand, but she drew it back, and, for the first time for some minutes, looked unwaveringly in his face.

"Mr. Milburne," she said, "you use a language which I cannot comprehend. I am no adept in this mysterious half-speech."

"Since you allow me, then, I will speak plainly—"

"Or—not at all," she interposed. "What if we change the subject altogether?"

"Not till I have spoken," he said, quickly, seeing in her avoidance of the question only a fear of the test to which she would be subjected. "After that, do as you will with me—my fate will be settled. Adeline, have you quite forgotten the old love, the promise that you gave me once?"

"I have forgotten neither my promise nor my release from it," answered Adeline, steadily. Have *you* forgotten the last, Mr. Milburne, that you are so ready to recall it?"

Still he misinterpreted her cold calmness as wounded pride, and was neither abashed nor discouraged.

"I cannot forget my own madness," he said, despondently; "but, Adeline, can nothing make it possible for you to forgive? You loved me once—"

"Did I ever love you?" repeated Adeline, almost unconscious of his presence in the engrossment of her own thoughts. Was it really I, or another?"

"Yes," he reiterated, jealous of her self-absorption, "you loved me once, not so long ago. Why not think of the change from that time to this as a dream, and let all be the same as it was then? I know my life has held little that was real or pleasant since."

"No, Leigh," she replied, in spite of all that had gone, half-pitying him for the earnestness that had come too late for anything save disappointment, "all cannot be the same, because, even though nothing else may have changed, I have changed. I look back on myself of a year ago as on a different person, and I see what it was that she loved in you, and I know that I could never love it, even if I wished to. And now—"

"Now?" he repeated, as she hesitated.

"Now I should never wish to, for my heart and my wish go together," she said, in a low voice, a soft color overspreading her cheek as she met the eyes of John Hathaway, who had just entered the room, and was advancing towards her in happy unconsciousness of the presence of Leigh Milburne.

Adeline Roscoe had sought no revenge and desired none; but had her glance, her tone and words, been premeditated to that end, they could not have cut more deeply into the soul of the man beside her. Defeated in everything, love, pride and revenge, with white cheek and lip, he shrank away from the approach of the man, whom, out of all the world, he had detested, and whom he now hated with a tenfold hatred for gaining all that he himself had lost.

His punishment was just, no doubt; he deserved to suffer. But, granting so much, was ever any misery lightened by a recognition of its righteousness? I think his bitterest enemy might have afforded to pity him that night.

John Hathaway never knew the substance of that interview. Adeline loved Leigh Milburne no longer; as she had told him, her heart was given to John, and given faithfully, without the shadow of reserve. But she had loved this man once, and, in this memory, she kept his secret; besides, it was not her way to talk of such things. To her, that evening's scene had given neither triumph nor pleasure, but a pitying sadness for the hopeless passion that was real too late. So she kept his secret, and he passed out of her peaceful, happy life.

OLD HUGH'S LOOK-OFF:

—OR,—

MAURY STONE'S PRIDE.

BY AMETHYST WAYNE.

CHAPTER XII.

We had a pretty scene of it presently. Ambrose, the keeper of the house, and Joe Stephens, both came hurrying up from the yacht, and the skipper of the Nautilus with half his crew, and they found me lying on my back, with Mrs. Motley standing over me, and Andrew searching my pockets.

"What! what!" cried Joe Stephens.

"There's no sign of any box, marm," said Andrew.

"But he had it, I saw him have it," repeated the lady, eyeing me with ireful glances.

"Joe, will you lend me a hand to get up?" I said, pretty coolly.

Joe whirled Andrew away, and I rose to my feet.

"You little villain! what have you done with my box?" demanded Mrs. Motley.

"I haven't ever touched any box that belonged to you," returned I, stoutly.

"What is the trouble, madam?" inquired Mr. Ambrose, as soon as astonishment would let him speak.

"How dare you be so careless as to allow such creatures as he in the house?" asked she, snappishly.

"I didn't know there was anything against him. He was here with Dr. Polisher's school," stammered the man.

"I know, it is a shame and a disgrace in Dr. Polisher to allow him with our children. I, for one, will protest against it. He has taken from a closet up stairs a box that belonged to me. And he shall give it up," said Mrs. Motley.

"How should a box of yours come in this house?" demanded I.

She gave me a withering glance.

"I do not explain matters to vagabonds like you. Are you sure that you searched every pocket, Andrew?"

"Yes'm," returned Andrew, meekly.

By this time Joe Stephens had woke up. His swarthy face flushed, there was a sharp kindling in his eye which showed me that had it only been a man there would have been more summary proceedings.

"Look a here, marm," said he, planting himself before her. "I reckon you've forgotten the time when this boy and I were something a little better than vagabonds. I've heard tell before now that to pull a man out of the water was to make an enemy, but

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.]

I didn't suppose saving a woman's life made sure of such insult as this."

"Hush! hush!" whispered the skipper of the Nautilus. "Don't forget she's a lady; it's Mrs. Motley, man."

"Humph!" retorted the undaunted Joe, "I don't usually have to be told to know a lady. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' is my rule. Come, Maury, if you want to go to the shore, come along."

Mrs. Motley had turned to the skipper of the Nautilus, her face almost purple with rage.

"Will you stand there, Captain Hardy, and see me insulted? I tell you that boy must not go. He has stolen something of the utmost importance to me."

I sidled a little closer to Joe. The stanch old sailor was worth a dozen of them, and they seemed aware of it.

"I—really, madam, I don't know what you want," stammered the skipper.

"A box, a shell-box," repeated she, eagerly. "He had it in his hand. I came down on purpose for it. I have hunted for it ever so long, and I must have it."

"A box with my mother's name on it, Joe," said I, indignantly. "I only wish I hadn't thrown it away, when I was so hard pressed."

"Thrown it away!" ejaculated Mrs. Motley, looking all around with quick, eager glances. "Andrew, Dixon, all of you, go to looking for it, and bring it to me unopened." And she went hurriedly back, looking anxiously over the track I had come.

I nudged Joe, and we walked off slowly.

"I want to get down on the beach below the cliff; the water is shallow there, I think," whispered I.

"Did you throw it there?" asked he, in the same tone.

I nodded my reply.

Joe whistled, and scratched his head.

"It is my mother's, Joe. She was coming down herself only for her sick headache. You know I'm honest, I hope!" I said, beseechingly.

"Of course I do. Only I'm thinking. Do you slip around there, and I'll get under this rock and keep a talking as though you were here. Cut straight for the yacht as soon as you've found it, and I'll be there in a jiffy. I reckon they'd have hard work to catch your boat, if we put off."

I went down cautiously, and explored the whole shore where it seemed possible the box could have fallen, and waded into the water some ways, feeling with my feet for any hard object. All in vain. While I was still searching, a light sail-boat shot out from a little natural cave. It had a single occupant, and about all I could see of him was a pair of slender shoulders, and a glossy black beard under a wide-brimmed Panama hat.

"What are you hunting for?" asked he, lifting the hat brim just enough to show me a pair of brilliant black eyes.

"For a shell-box I threw over the cliff. O sir, if you have only found it," answered I.

"How came you by it? What business had you with it?" demanded he.

"It belongs to my mother. Her name is on the cover," answered I, promptly.

He was silent for several minutes, and I felt those magnetic eyes searching me over.

"You wont find it. Some one picked it up. I was under the cliff, and saw it," said he, gravely.

"O dear, O dear!" returned I, dismally; "that is almost as bad as if Mrs. Motley had got it."

"Where is Mrs. Motley?" questioned he.

"Up there at the house. I threw the box down because she was trying to get it from me. Could you tell me who picked it up, so I might get it again?"

"Perhaps I might, and then again I might not be able. I must go now, but I'll see you again. Where do you live, and what is your name?"

I told him, and while I was speaking he took the oars and pulled into the cove again, and disappeared as queerly as if the rock had opened and swallowed him up, boat and all.

I went slowly and disconsolately back to the yacht, where my good friend was waiting. Joe saw by my downcast look that I had not achieved my object, but did not make any remarks until he had pushed off, and set the sail. When we were fairly on our way, making short tacks to get the wind, I made a clean breast of it and told him the whole story.

I was pretty sure of Joe's sympathy, for I knew his faith in dreams went far beyond mine. And my expectations were not at fault. Out of his bewilderment there presently came a clear, luminous smile, and the old sailor reached over and took my hand and wrung it till I winced.

"What a fool I've been, Maury! It's all plain and clear to me now," exclaimed he.

"Clear as mud to me," returned I, dolefully.

"Yes, it's all explained," muttered Joe,

more to himself than to me. "To think I have been such a tar-blowed ninny as not to see it before! And all the time I've wondered whatever it was that drew me so to you. Your looks, too, the very same way of smiling. Well, well, now I see into Madam Motley's flurry. There's been foul play somewhere, and if that ere proud madam hasn't had her finger in the pie, then you may put me among the marines."

"Joe, what are you talking about?" asked I.

"About this ere business of yours, Maury. We must find that man again; if you think he can put you on the track of the box, I'll run up and down here every day for a month but I'll find him. Tell me over again how he looked."

"Why, I told you I couldn' see anything for that broad-brimmed hat. But he had on a gray coat, and his whiskers were long and thick enough for a hermit, and his eyes were black as jet. I wish you'd tell me what it is you've discovered. Anything about me—or—or—" I could not keep my voice from faltering, "or about my father, Joe?"

Joe blew his nose, and hemmed and hawed for a long time, and then he said:

"I'll tell you this much, Maury. I'm clear about who your father was, and a right honorable, honest-hearted gentleman he was, or I'm mightily mistaken. But now don't go to pumping me with questions, because your mother is the best hand to keep such sort of reckoning and map of the course, and I wont go agin her will. But jest as soon as it's right, lad, I'll show you all I know. But this thing isn't going to drop. Keep your weather eye open, and the minute you see that man again, pounce upon him. I'd go for following him up now, but I know there's a little inlet behind those rocks, and the Relief couldn't follow it up. And by this time no doubt he's on the other side. But we'll have him, we'll have him yet."

I never saw Joe so excited. He kept falling into a brown study, and then bursting forth with a sudden exclamation. But I got no more out of him. I had enough indeed to keep my own mind busy.

We were longer getting back, and it was quite dark when we landed. Joe helped me to moor the Relief safely, and walked along with me towards my home.

"O!" exclaimed I, suddenly, just as we were at the door, and began thrusting both hands into my pockets.

"What's the matter now?" asked Joe.

"The long paper with the red seal. In thinking about the box, I forgot it entirely. I put it in my pocket. That Andrew must have got it out. I hope no mischief will come of it, for it said on the outside it was the last will and testament of Hugh Yelveton."

"Thunder! You don't mean you had that, and they got it away from you? O Maury, Maury, that's the worst thing that has happened yet!"

"I hope not, Joe. You see I don't think I had any right to bring that away, anyhow. But wont you come in, Joe, and help me tell mother? I hope her headache has gone."

"Yes, I suppose I'd better go. And look here, lad, if I tip you the wink, you just slip out a while. I may have a little to say that I couldn't talk so well with you there."

So Joe went in with me. Mother was sitting in her rocking-chair, for once without work, and turned around with a welcome smile.

"Here we are, mother," said I; "how is the poor head? all right, I hope!"

"Very much improved. But I concluded to humor it to-night, and not sew. Ah, Mr. Stephens, good-evening. You've been helping Maury enjoy his new prize, I suspect?"

"Exactly, marm. I hope you are much better. I was sorry to hear of your being sick," said Joe, and I thought he put on ten times more obsequiousness than ever. But then he always behaved, in mother's presence, as if he was before Queen Victoria, which pleased me more because he had so little reverence for a fine lady like Mrs. Motley.

"We have had quite a serious time, marm, and Maury wanted me to come in and help him tell you about it," continued he, with half a dozen bows interspersed between the words. "And I made so bold because I wanted you should know the good-will and respect I have for you both, and to say that if you will honor a poor old sailor so much, I shall be glad to help you through this squall to the best of my ability."

My mother turned to me, looking perplexed and somewhat alarmed; and taking both her hands in mine while Joe stood beyond looking us both square in the face, I told her the whole story.

She was greatly agitated, turning very pale, and then with two crimson spots gathering on her cheek she started up, the tears rolling down her face.

"And you could not find it? O Maury, you have not lost that precious box?"

"We *will* find it, marm," put in Joe, between his set teeth.

"What was in it, mother? was it so very precious?" asked I, mournfully.

"My poor boy! it held my good name, and honor, and your rights. It held my marriage certificate," answered she.

Joe struck his great brawny fist against the table all unconscious of the act, and exclaimed hoarsely:

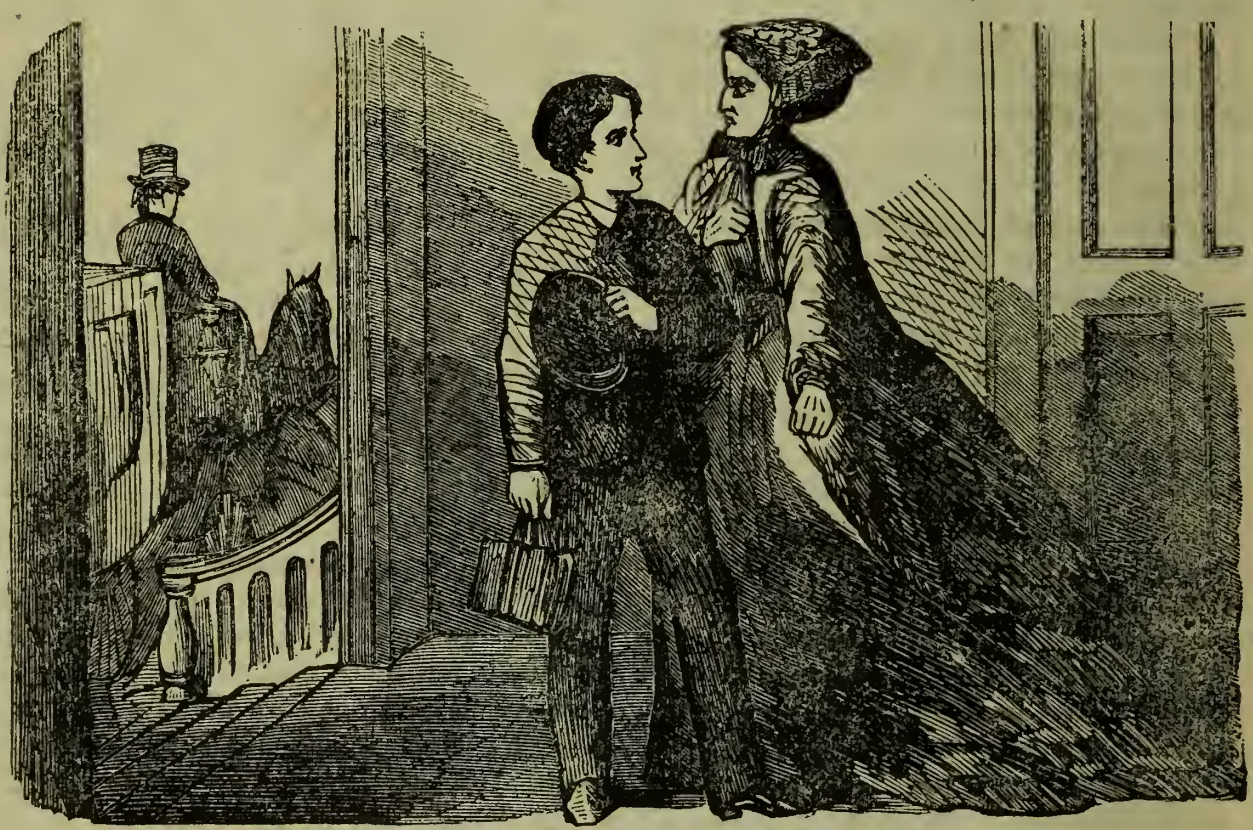
"By the Eternal, marm, we'll have it back. I wont see you wronged, nor *his* son wronged!"

My mother started, flushed again, and then was paler than before.

"You know?" faltered she.

to Mr. Starkweather in the morning, and she and he, and I, with my poor wits, will look after things. Shake off worrying, and be enough of a man not to be tormented with curiosity. Good-night, lad."

Joe couldn't have said anything better than that last, to keep me from asking questions. I said to myself that they shouldn't be bothered by my interference. I'd show them I knew how to trust them. So I went back into the room, kissed mother, pretended not to see that she was crying softly, and then went about my tasks, getting the wood ready for morning, and a few other little jobs. I asked her if I shouldn't bathe her head, and she signified her willingness. And then we said



MRS. MOTLEY TRYING TO INTIMIDATE MAURY.

Joe nodded, and gave me the signal, and I went out.

CHAPTER XIII.

I WAS tired enough standing outside listening to their low murmuring tones, and drumming impatiently with my fingers against the outside door. But it was a good hour before Joe came out. He laid his honest hand coaxingly on my shoulder:

"I wouldn't worry myself over it, Maury. There's them will work for you, and it's no good plaguing your young head with such things. And don't talk to your mother to-night. She's pretty well used up with what has been said. Let her get quiet. She'll send

good-night, and went to our separate rooms. In the morning, I tried to behave as if nothing had happened, and never alluded to anything exciting, for I saw how nervous she was. And I had my own trials to take up my thoughts, when I got to the academy.

The grand carriage of the Motleys was at the door when I passed in, and just as I crossed the hall, Mrs. Motley, rustling in silk, with a costly lace shawl over her shoulders, swept out.

A purple flush crept over her face as she saw and recognized me. She came up close to me and hissed, rather than spoke.

"What did you do with that box? I shall have you arrested, and taken to prison, if I do not find it. So you had better hunt it up,

and give it to me without showing it to any one, I shall know, if it is opened."

"The box was not yours," answered I, as I tried to move past her.

She was so angry that she so far forgot herself as to strike me a smart blow on my cheek.

"You will find out," said she. "Dr. Polisher is going to turn you away from the academy."

I did not wait to hear anything more, but went on to the schoolroom. It was some consolation to know she had not found the box. As for her threat of expulsion from the academy, I hardly gave it credit.

At recess Dr. Polisher called me to his desk. It was evident he was seriously embarrassed.

"Maurice," said he, "what new trouble is this? Do you know you are a second time accused of theft?"

"There is as much reason now as before," answered I.

"Let me hear your defence," said he.

I am afraid I made a bungling piece of work. I did not feel at liberty to tell Dr. Polisher all the circumstances. I was conscious that I gave a lame account.

He frowned still more ominously.

"I don't want to be hard with you, Maurice, you are an exceedingly promising scholar; but I have had a great deal of trouble, ever since you have been a pupil here."

"The Motleys are determined to crush me," answered I, indignantly. "I mean Mrs Motley and Reg. The father was gentlemanly and kind. I hope you will not consider that a fault of mine."

He drew a long sigh, and looked exceedingly annoyed.

"She threatens to take Reginald out of the school if you remain. If he goes, a dozen of my best pupils will follow suit."

"Then I suppose I must submit," said I, sorrowfully, my heart swelling with my consciousness of the injustice. He replied:

"I will take a little longer time to reflect."

And I went out into the play-yard. Frank Joy soon discovered my grave face.

"Why, Maury, so soon tired of the Relief?" said he, playfully.

"No indeed," returned I, warmly. "I fancy she will be a great comfort in this trouble."

"Trouble? is it anything I can help?" asked Frank.

I told him all Dr. Polisher had said, and he was indignant enough.

"I will speak to my uncle to-night, and he shall come and talk with Dr. Polisher. To tell you the truth, Maury, no one likes Mrs. Motley, but they tolerate her haughty ways, because Mr. Motley is such a pleasant man. I dare say, though, she is leader for many of the foolish would-be aristocrats, and Dr. Polisher may not be so wrong about the injury it would be to the academy. I know one thing, Maury, if you do leave I'll just fall in with an old plan of uncle's. I'll have a tutor at home to get me ready for college, and you shall come and recite with me."

"O Frank, there was never anybody else so good as you!"

"How's that! I'm afraid Amy would pout to hear you say it. She gave me all of a dozen questions to ask you. If you liked the Relief as well as ever, and if she didn't beat all the other boats, and if you would have her name changed to anything else."

"I couldn't like her any better than I do, and I wouldn't have any other name unless it was the 'Amy,' for all the world," answered I.

"And when will you give us our sail?"

"O Frank, you know I shall be only too proud and happy just as soon as your uncle thinks I am fit to be trusted. Joe Stephens has been with me showing me how to learn the capabilities of the Relief. We went ever so far down, to the Look-off, as I told you, and Joe says I am fit to go anywhere with her."

"I'll tell Uncle Bart of that. I'll manage to have him see that good-natured Joe, and set the old salt to talking about you, and there's nothing he likes better. He's wonderfully fond of you, Maury."

"He's a true friend of ours," said I, thoughtfully, recalling the last night's talk. "If I have to leave school, Joe will put me in the way of earning a good deal of money with the Relief."

"But you shan't leave school. I say it would be a shame and a disgrace for Dr. Polisher to turn you away just to curry favor with the Motleys! I'm going to state the case to my uncle, and I know he'll see to it."

"I'm afraid he'll think I make nothing but trouble for him," murmured I, rather sadly.

"Humph! that's a pretty speech, Maurice Stone. How Amy would scold if she heard it! By the way, she's working all the dimples out of those pretty fingers of hers. And what do you think she is doing? Why, knitting, or crocheting, or tatting, whichever you call it, tidies for the chairs and the sofa of the Relief's cabin! I thought Uncle Bart would explode,

when she got off one of her sober speeches about being in a hurry, for the Relief *must* have some tidies." And Frank laughed till the tears came into his eyes, and I couldn't help joining him, though all the time I was thinking what a dear, generous-hearted little creature she was, and picturing how sweetly she must look, with her blue eyes bent on her work, and her red lips puckered up in earnest application. Perhaps I sighed a little, too, wishing that I also could have had just such a dear little girl for a sister or cousin.

"Well, Maury, you must keep sailing her, so as to say you've had plenty of practice," said Frank, as he took leave of me, "and cheer up; don't be down-hearted about the school."

I went home gravely, and did not tell mother anything that Dr. Polisher had said. It would be soon enough to trouble her about it when it was positive. And as soon as my work was done, I hurried down to the yacht. I cast off, and was proceeding to go alone when Joe Stephens hailed me from the shore.

"Halloo—ahoy—Maury, hold on. I'll go with you."

Now I was always glad of Joe's company, although to-day I had been inclined to go alone; so I waited for him, as he came running along the shore. He jumped on board, puffing and wheezing.

"I'm free to-day, and I'll try the Relief again. It's rather squally-looking, and mebbe I can show you something worth your while to know. I saw there was a barometer there, and I reckon it'll do you no hurt to start with a little of my experience. When I went with the Fruiter, on that Mediterranean voyage, I took a good deal of pains to watch that curious little affair, and I was glad to see you had one here. If ever a man did the handsome thing by any one, this Mr. Barton Bell has done it by you, Maury, and I hope you'll never give him reason to be sorry for it."

"I hope I never shall, Joe," returned I, soberly. "I should like to know something about that. O, what wouldn't I give, if I could just look forward a dozen years and know about it."

"A dozen years? whew! why, Maury, that would make you a man."

"I know it, and that's what I want to know, if I shall be the sort of man Mr. Bell will respect, and Amy and Frank approve."

Joe shook his head.

"I reckon that's a wise arrangement of a good Providence, Maury, hiding what lies ahead. It would be discouraging enough, at the clearing of the ship, to know she'd got to meet a hurricane there, and a nor'easter here, and run on to a reef in one place, and lie becalmed in another. The best way is to look out that the ship is stanch, and the compass true, and the charts correct, no rotten planks, no poor rigging, with a brave, true-hearted skipper, and a good sailor at the helm, and leave all the rest to be taken care of as it comes. It's pretty easy to tell, my boy, if you keep to your honest ways, you'll be a man we shan't none of us be ashamed of, if so be we live to see it."

"Where shall we go, Joe?" said I, after a little silence produced by his bit of a sermon, as I went over to the tiller.

"I reckon you'd better run down around the point, and sight old Hugh's Look-off. There's no harm in hunting the ground over."

"Figuratively speaking," returned I, laughing, my spirits rising as the Relief felt the breeze, and the mainsail bellied out, and the foam began to fly from our wake. "Hunting the ground over, in this case, means skimming the water, don't it?"

"Something of that sort. My book larning don't help me much in the way of talk, Maury," replied Joe, good-naturedly.

"But you talk better than any of the other fishermen or sailors, Joe, I've often thought."

"Perhaps so. To tell the truth I had better companions in my young days than common sailors. There was one, especially, who taught me a good deal, a real gentleman, college educated, and gentleman bred. And I've made it a point not to have my talk quite so tarry as most Jacks like to have their lingo. Once in a while, when I get excited, I forget and out comes the bad grammar, and the sailor slang."

"Tell me some of your old stories, Joe," coaxed I; "this is the sort of day for it, and it will take up my mind a little, which has some things not over-pleasant to worry over."

"Well," said Joe, taking out his tobacco, for he was sailor enough for the inevitable "quid," and giving another glance over the sky which had patches of angry-looking clouds. "I guess I'll tell you about my getting drowned once."

"Why, Joe! getting drowned! You don't mean you are a veritable ghost, solacing yourself with Cavendish."

"None of your chaffing. I'd like to see the feller as has been nigher drowning than I was. You see this was how it was." And Joe put back his quid of tobacco, and settling himself comfortably, looked off meditatively down in the direction of the Look-off.

KITTY SUSAN

BY AUGUST BELL.

DEAR kitty Susan! poor kitty Susan! She had always been petted and well-fed, and always had a "reserved seat" by the fire on a soft cushion. She was plump and white, without a single spot on her pretty fur dress, and she had quite a good-natured, innocent expression in her face, which showed she had never been ill-treated. She had not yet tasted the bitterness of life. City cats, who lead a vagabond life on shed-roofs and in back-alleys, get a knowing, wicked look in their eyes which is dreadful to see; but kitty Susan, though she was quite grown up, still kept her pretty kitten look and playful ways. So her mistress loved her dearly, and used to tie almost every day a fresh blue ribbon around her favorite's white neck. Blue was very becoming.

But the master of the house did not have such a feeling of attachment; though when kitty Susan would jump up on his knee and purr, he would then own, that, as cats go, she was quite a fine cat. So things went on comfortably for a long time, till, at last, the master of the house was taken sick; not very sick, but so nervous and weak that kitty Susan's soprano cry set all his brain in a quiver; and when she jumped up on his bed and begun to purr, it seemed to him as if her weight would take his very breath away; so he would call out, and some one would come and snatch kitty Susan away. Susan's mistress did the best she could to keep her pet out of mischief; but a dreadful plot was thickening hour by hour, and a dark, dark cloud was lowering over unsuspecting kitty Susan's little head.

"I'm almost killed with that cat!" muttered the master of the house one day to himself. And he began to make plans in his head.

That evening one of his friends called in to see how he was getting along. This friend was a young man, a conductor on a train of cars that went to Boston. He was in charge of the earliest train every morning. While he sat by the bed talking, and the mistress was away off up-stairs, in ran pretty kitty Susan, with a cry and a purr all at once leaping up on the bed. The sick man fretfully pushed her away.

"I wish we could get rid of that cat," he said. "I shall never get well as long as that cat keeps up such a fuss!"

"I'll carry her off for you," replied his friend, at once, in an accommodating manner. "I'll put her where she'll never trouble you again."

"But my wife must not know. She would not like it," said the sick man, hesitating.

"She'll never know," said the other. "I'll manage it without a word." So poor kitty Susan's fate was sealed.

The next morning, almost before sunrise, as the conductor went whistling by on his way to the depot, he glanced towards the house, and there on the stone step, waiting for the door to open, sat little white kitty Susan, with a bright blue ribbon tied around her neck. In through the gate stepped this heartless conductor, gave a quick glance around to see that nobody was looking, and then took kitty Susan up in his arms and hurried away just as fast as he could go. Poor kitty Susan was a good deal bewildered, but she was so good-natured she never thought of harm, and was actually beginning to purr when they reached the cars.

The baggage was all on the train, the passengers were seated, and the bell was ringing, so the conductor sprang aboard, thrust poor little, pretty kitty Susan into the baggage-car on a heap of coarse bags, shut the door, and then went off to his duties.

Poor little kitty Susan! she trembled with affright, and the terrible thundering sound and the motion made her head swim. She ran up and down over the piles of trunks and boxes; but that made her more frightened every moment, so at last she crept into the corner on the bags again, and cowered there with her little heart beating like a hammer.

Now and then the door would open, and rough men would rush in and lift out great trunks and carry them away. At these times the car stood still; but kitty Susan was afraid to move; she only drew herself up in a still smaller little white heap in the corner, and stared out with eyes that shone like sparks of fire.

At last, after dreadful hours and hours, the whole train of cars ran into a great, long, dark building, and people were rushing about, and shouting, and bustling. Kitty Susan felt very faint, and closed her eyes in despair.

But in a moment the conductor came hast-

ily up to her, and put her under his arm and walked away with her—away out of the long, dark building, out into the open air, and there on every side were strange, high brick houses, and carts, and wagons, hurrying noisily by. It was almost worse than to be in the baggage-car, Susan thought, though here, to be sure, there was more chance to run if one were chased by a dog.

The conductor walked along for one or two squares, looking out for a good place to drop little kitty Susan. At last he reached a corner where there was a street more quiet than the rest, with only three carts in it and four or five people walking along. Here he set poor kitty Susan down on her paws, and watched her a moment as she stared tremblingly around, and then started off along the pavement up the street as fast as her four little feet could carry her. The conductor watched her a moment, and then walked back to his train; but he was not quite at ease, for, as he walked along, he thought to himself:

"Most too bad it was to set that tame little creature adrift. That blue ribbon tied round her neck, too. I hope somebody'll take her in and be good to her."

Kitty Susan trotted along, growing bolder at every step, and now she began to feel very hungry. She sniffed at the basement windows from which a smell of things cooking came out, and more than once thought she would like to go in if there had only been a broken pane somewhere. By-and-by she ran up a little alley where there were broken panes in plenty; but here things did not smell so invitingly, and she hesitated. But the alley was muddy, and her feet began to feel damp; so, as there was an open door close by, down she ran right into a kitchen.

At least, if it were not a kitchen, what could it have been? There were crusts of bread on the table, and an iron kettle of potatoes on the hearth, and some bones in a corner. There was a ragged old woman mending the fire, and a man whittling. Two boys were playing marbles on the dirty floor.

And there stood pretty little white kitty Susan, with the blue ribbon round her neck! But no one saw her, and, after a moment, she walked very softly over to the bones, and began to gnaw on one a little softer than the rest, she was so hungry. That answered for a little while, and then, growing more fearless, she jumped up on the table and ate all the little bits of soft bread that lay there among the crusts. But still no one saw her, for they were all busy looking in other ways, and certainly had no reason to suppose that a white cat was on the table eating up their bread!

But there she was, and when her hunger was satisfied she felt better in her mind, and seeing a particularly hard crust, she pushed it with her paw and knocked it about on the table for a plaything. That made a rattling noise, and everybody looked all at once, the man, the woman, and the two ragged boys.

"Scat! scat!" cried the old woman, catching up an old shoe.

"Whoop! hooray!" shouted the biggest boy; "let's catch her and stone her!"

At these dreadful cries, kitty Susan gave a horrified spring and darted out of the house. The boys chased her all through the dismal alley, and would have gone still further, if a policeman had not stood at the corner.

Poor kitty Susan, with a fluttering heart, ran along the broad street she had come to, looking on every side for a refuge. At last she was quite tired out, and, sitting down by an iron post, she began to cry, remembering her dear lost home, and kind mistress, and soft cushion by the fire.

Just then a great, black, shaggy Newfoundland dog came strolling lazily by, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. Kitty Susan quivered all over when she saw him, and she tried to climb up the post; but it was iron, and not like the old apple tree in her mistress's garden at home, so her little sharp claws could not pierce it, nor cling to it. Then she cowered timidly on the ground.

But the great dog did not bark at her, nor try to bite her; he only stood still and looked at her, and wagged his tail. Then he walked all around her in a thoughtful manner, and then stood still, looking at her again, wagging his tail.

"Are you our long lost Lily?" he asked.

"No," said she, palpitating. "I'm kitty Susan."

"What makes you stay out here? Some mean-spirited terrier will be after you. Why don't you go home? You're too pretty to stay here alone."

"I'm lost! I can't get home!" sighed kitty Susan, nervously. And then she told him all her plaintive story.

The dog wagged his tail still harder, and at last, said:

"Well, now, you come home with me. My mistress is a very kind lady, and she had a

white cat just like you, only she was named Lily and wore a pink ribbon, instead of a blue one. Lily was stolen, and my mistress felt so bad she cried. 'Tisn't many ladies will do that for a cat. Come, follow me, and she will let you live with us, and give you warm milk and beefsteak."

So the dog trotted off, and tired little kitty Susan followed after him. Down two squares they went, and round a corner, and then up some broad, marble steps. The dog barked and pawed at the door, while kitty Susan stood modestly aside. It was the lady herself who came to let her Jocko in, and, when she saw kitty Susan, she caught her up in her arms with a cry of delight. The dog barked joyously, and wagged his tail.

"You good fellow!" said his mistress; "did you bring this pretty cat to me? I will keep her always, and name her Lily."

So now kitty Susan lives on warm milk and beefsteak, and has a soft bed. She wears a pink ribbon now, and is called Lily. So her days of trouble are all over; but, in a far-off town, in a little cottage, her old mistress sighs sometimes, and says:

"I wish my little white kitty Susan would come home!"

BLUE VIOLETS.—A Fairy Tale.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

A little girl sat alone in a garden, weeping. One of the crystal tear-drops chanced to fall into the golden heart of a rose, when out of the flower sprang a lovely fairy, who gently inquired:

"What is the matter, child? why do you cry?"

"It is," sobbed the little girl, "because my sister Villa is not kind to me. I love her, but I am almost sure she does not love me at all. She gets provoked with me so easily, and snaps and snarls at me, sometimes even strikes me, and will not lend me any of her books or playthings, except she feels in the humor. Just now I proposed that we should take a run in the meadow, where daisies twinkle in the breeze like stars in the sky of evening, and gold-belted bees are swinging on the great, sweet clover-heads, but my sister refused, with a cross 'no, I shan't!' and wished me a thousand miles away."

The fairy listened, and asked:

"What does your sister love? Everybody loves something."

"The only things I think of," the child replied, "that Villa loves all times alike, are flowers."

"Very good!" said the fairy; "would you like to become a flower? Then your sister will love you, and I shall always be near you for company."

"Indeed, yes," answered the child, hastily drying her eyelashes; "that would be most delightful!"

"Choose, then, the flower you will be," said the fairy. "A rose, perhaps?"

"O, not that!" said the child. "Roses are too handsome for me. I should blush so to have people gazing at me. If I might as well, I would rather be a little blue violet; and, as my name is Violet, that seems the proper thing for me to be."

The fairy uttered some words in her own language, waving at the same time a tiny silver wand over the child's head; immediately the dimpled hands and pale golden hair disappeared, with everything belonging to little Violet, except the blue dress she had on, and that was changed into the most beautiful bed of fragrant violets that ever was seen. Scattered thickly over the flowers lay the tears which the child had been shedding; only they no longer had the sad look of tears, but sparkled in the sunbeams with ever-changing hues, as if some flecks of the rainbow had dropped from the sky, or a tiny bird of paradise had shed its plumage upon the violet's bed.

Slowly down the garden path came another child, somewhat older and larger than the first. This was Arvilla. She carried a watering-pot, whose contents refreshed the flowers that bordered the path. She was weeping at her work, and so sadly that the watering-pot needed not to be replenished, but was kept constantly full with the tears which fell from her eyes.

Coming to the violet bed, already sprinkled over with what she took for dewdrops, Arvilla paused suddenly and set down her watering-pot, while an exclamation of delight burst from her lips:

"Why, I thought my darlings were scarcely

budded," she continued, "and here I find them in perfect bloom."

Thereupon she knelt down and kissed the flowers, saying over and over how fond she was of them. Little Violet, hearing her sister's words and feeling her tender, loving touch, was more happy than words can express. She longed to speak to her and beg her to take a few of the flowers and wear them in her hair; but being unable, had to rest content with breathing out her most delicate perfume for her sister to enjoy.

Presently Villa raised her head, gazed fixedly at the violets a moment, and began to weep afresh.

"Their color is so like the dress dear little Violet wore when she went away," sobbed Villa.

Gently swayed the rose beside the child, and the fairy appeared.

"What is the matter, little one?" she inquired.

"I am so lonely without my sister," answered the grieving child.

"O indeed," said the fairy, and said no more; but flitting back into the heart of the rose, folded one by one the damask leaves over her head, for the sun was going down, and the lengthened shadows fading and blending along the garden walks.

The following evening Arvilla came again into the garden, and sat by the violet bed and wept, when she heard the soft voice of the fairy asking as before:

"What are you crying for, little girl?"

"For my dear little sister," Villa replied, between her sobs. "She has gone away, and we do not know what has become of her."

"O indeed," carelessly repeated the fairy, and disappeared, leaving the child to grieve on unpitied.

The third time Villa sat beside the violet bed weeping, and the fairy, standing up in the heart of the rose, put to her the same question.

"How can I help mourning for my lost sister, who was so gentle and good?" said Villa. "I grieve the more, when I remember that I was not always gentle and kind to her. O, I miss her sadly. I have no one to play with me now. I would give all the world to have Violet back again."

"Would you?" returned the fairy. "Think again. Are you sure you would give me the first thing I ask for, if I can persuade your sister to return to you as she was?"

"Anything—anything," promised the child, with all her heart; and to prove her sincerity, she extended her hand with a pretty beaded, silken purse, in which were a ten cent scrip and a couple of three cent silver coins. "Take it, and welcome," said she.

"Keep your property, dear," returned the fairy, smiling, "it will do good somewhere. We have no use for money. What I shall ask for, is something you will be far better off without—you and all your friends. Give me your irritable temper, which leads you often to such unloving words and actions as often wound those who love you most dearly."

"Gladly would I be rid of it," said Villa, tearfully; "it never did me any good but mischief."

"Very well," said the fairy. "Remember your promise when you have little Violet back, or the next time she will be changed to an angel; and those who are changed to angels, though you should weep rivers of tears, can never come back to the mortal land any more."

The fairy waved her wand over the violet bed, and lo! there was no more a flower to be seen; they had all gone to seed. But a dear little girl, in a blue dress, flung a pair of dimpled arms around her sister's waist, and nestled her head, with its pale golden ringlets, upon her loving sister's shoulder.

Villa and Violet, restored to each other, wept for joy. After a long embrace, and many kisses, they ran away towards the meadow, with its buttercups and lambkins, so happy—O, so very happy!

THE FLORIST.

THE TUBEROSE.—A bulbous-rooted plant, a native of the East Indies, remarkable for its highly odoriferous white flowers. The bulbs are imported from Italy, where they are grown for exportation as hyacinths are in Holland. They require to be brought forward in a frame or pit; and when coming into flower, they should be removed to a cool, airy apartment, where they will diffuse a powerful fragrance, which to some is grateful and to others oppressive. They should be potted in sandy loam; and if the bulbs are intended to flower the second year, the plants should be replaced in heat close to the glass, and kept there till the leaves begin to decay; after which the bulbs may be treated like those of the hyacinth. It is rarely, however, that this can be done with success, and it is therefore better to throw the plants away when they have done flowering, and purchase fresh bulbs every year. In pleasure-grounds of limited extent, a few plants of tuberose in flower, distributed over them at distances of fifty or one hundred yards plant from plant, will diffuse a most delightful fragrance in the summer and autumnal evenings; a circumstance well understood in the public gardens in the vicinity of Paris.

SOLOMON'S SEAL.—Hardy, perennial plants, which require no other care than planting in any common garden soil. They will thrive either in exposed situations, or under the shade of trees; but the flowers are generally largest when the plants are grown in the shade.

THE MAY APPLE, OR DUCKSFOOT.—An American herbaceous marsh plant, which should be grown in a light, rich soil kept moist, and which is increased by seeds, or dividing its creeping roots. The flower is white, and the fruit, which is eatable, is green and about the size of a plum.

ROSE ACACIA.—A very handsome shrub, with pinnate leaves, and long, drooping racemes of rose-colored flowers. It will grow in any soil, but it should be placed in a sheltered situation, on account of the brittleness of its branches, and their liability to be broken off by high winds.

THE BUCKTHORN.—Handsome, deciduous and evergreen shrubs; some of which almost attain the size and appearance of small trees, and others are procumbent shrubs only fitted for rockwork. They are all, however, distinguished by a stiff, upright manner of growth, and numerous strong thorns, from which they derive their name of Buckthorn. The flowers are generally small and not ornamental, but the berries are very much so; and the evergreen kinds are very valuable in shrubberies, from their hardiness and free habit of growth.

THE OSAGE ORANGE.—Handsome, evergreen trees, with small, shining, yellowish green leaves, and many thorns. The flowers are white and rather small, but the fruit, which is as large as an orange, and of a brilliant gold-yellow, is very ornamental. The male and female flowers are on different trees. It is supposed that the leaves of this plant will be equally good as those of the white mulberry for feeding silk-worms, as they abound in a milky juice which is very tenacious. The maclura succeeds better in rather a poor soil; as where the soil is too rich, the plant makes shoots more luxuriant than it can ripen; and the tops of the young wood are often killed by frost.

HOUSE LEEK.—Succulent plants, the most beautiful of which are natives of the Canary Islands, and require to be kept in the greenhouse. They should be grown in sandy loam, mixed with lime rubbish, and the pots should be well drained. They require very little water, except when about to flower; and they are propagated by cuttings, which must be laid to dry for some days before they are planted. When potted, they should neither have any water, nor be covered with a glass; but they may be plunged into a bed of tan or dead leaves. The hardy kinds are very suitable for rockwork, and are increased by suckers from the roots.

SOLLYA.—This beautiful little shrub, though only introduced in 1830, is already as common as the fuchsia, and it is a favorite everywhere. The leaves are evergreen, and the bright blue bell-shaped flowers, which are produced in tufts near the ends of the branches, are so elegant that no one can see them without admiring them. The plant is nearly hardy, as it will stand in the open air, if trained against a wall and slightly protected during winter. It is, however, generally grown in pots, in which the only objection to its culture is its having the tips of its shoots frequently covered with aphides, the only cure for which is constant syringing. It should be grown in peat and loam, or in heath-mould, and it is propagated by seeds or cuttings.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Everyday Pudding.—Put into a basin one pound of flour, one of chopped suet, half a pound of mixed fruit, a little spice, grated lemon-peel, three ounces of sugar, two eggs, half a pint of milk, or enough to make it a proper thickness; tie it in a cloth, boil four hours, turn it out, and serve with melted butter or sweet sauce; bread-crumbs instead of flour is good, or half of each.

Apple and Paste Pudding in Basin.—Make one pound of paste, roll it a quarter of an inch thick, lay some in a bowl, fill it with apples cut in quarters, add two cloves, two ounces of sugar, a little butter, put another piece of paste on the top, and join the edge nicely; tie it in a cloth and boil. It can be served up either in the basin, or turned out. Do not open the top to put more sugar in, as it spoils the flavor and makes it heavy. All fruit puddings may be done the same way.

Fritters.—Make any plain batter for pancakes, by dropping a small quantity into the pan; put pared apples, sliced and cored, into the batter, and fry some of it with each slice. Currants, or sliced lemon as thin as paper, make an agreeable change. Any sort of sweetmeat, or ripe fruit, may be made into fritters.

Rich Buns.—Mix one pound and a half of dried flour with half a pound of sugar; melt a pound and two ounces of butter in a little warm water; add six spoonfuls of rose-water, and knead the above into a light dough, with half a pint of yeast.

Plain Mince Pie.—Neat's tongue and feet make the best mince pies. The shank is good. Boil the meat till very tender, take it up, clean it from the bones and gristle, chop it fine, mix it with an equal weight of tart apples chopped fine. If the meat is lean, put in a little butter or suet. Moisten the whole with cider; new, if you have good; sweeten it to the taste with sugar and a little molasses—seasoning with salt, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Make the pies on flat plates, with holes in the upper crust, and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes.

Rice Chicken Pie.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up a broiled chicken and nearly fill the dish; pour in gravy or melted butter to fill the dish; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry-powder, which is better; then add boiled rice to fill all interstices and to cover the top thick. Bake it for one-half or three-quarters of an hour.

Doughnuts.—Three pounds of sifted flour, a pound of powdered sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, half a large teacupful of best brewer's yeast, a pint and a half of milk; cut the butter in the flour, add the sugar; beat the eggs very light and pour them in; add the yeast, and then stir in the milk by degrees, so as to make it a soft dough; cover and set to rise; when light, cut it in diamonds, and fry in lard.

Cream Fritters.—Mix a pint and a half of flour with a pint of milk; stir in six well-beaten eggs; add half a nutmeg; then two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a pint of cream; stir the whole just enough to intermix the cream, then fry in small cakes; the addition of a few tender apples chopped fine improves the fritters.

New England Pancakes.—Mix a pint of milk, five spoonfuls of fine flour, seven yolks and four whites of eggs, and a very little salt; fry them very thin in fresh butter, and between each strew sugar and cinnamon. Send up six or eight at once.

Rusks.—Beat seven eggs well, and mix with half a pint of new milk, in which have been melted four ounces of butter; add to it a quarter of a pint of yeast, and three ounces of sugar, and put them, by degrees, into as much flour as will make a *very* light paste, rather like a batter, and let it rise before the fire half an hour; then add some more flour.

Cream Biscuits.—Break six eggs, separate the yolks and whites, beat the former with six ounces of powder-sugar, and the same of flour; whisk the whites, and then mix them together; add to it whipped cream in proportion to the sugar and flour, stir it carefully; pour this into moulds or paper cases, and bake.

Brown Bread Pudding.—Half a pound of stale brown bread grated, ditto of currants, ditto of shred suet, sugar and nutmeg; mix with four eggs, and two spoonfuls of cream or milk; boil in a cloth or basin, that exactly holds it, three or four hours; sauce.

Plain Cup Cake.—Two and a half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, four cups of flour, one of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, two cream of tartar.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

VORACITY OF ANTS.—About ninety years ago the island of Grenada, in the West Indies, was invaded by a prodigious number of a particular kind of ant, which makes its nest under the roots of plants, and the sugar-canes were so weakened and injured in consequence, that the plantations became nearly unproductive. An account says, "They descended from the hills like torrents, and the plantations, as well as every path and road for miles, were filled with them. Rats, mice and reptiles of every kind became an easy prey to them; and even the birds, which they attacked when they lighted on the ground in search of food, were so harassed as to be at length unable to resist them. Streams of water opposed only a temporary obstacle to their progress; the foremost blindly rushing to certain death, and fresh armies instantly following, till a bank was formed of the carcasses of those which were drowned, sufficient to dam up the waters and allow the main body to pass over in safety below. Even fire was tried without effect. When it was lighted to arrest their route, they rushed into the blaze in such myriads as to extinguish it." A reward of $20,000 was offered in vain for an effectual means of destroying them; but in 1780 a hurricane, which tore up the canes and exposed their habitations to a deluge of rain, freed the island from this plague.

WEDDINGS IN BORNEO.—On the wedding-day, the bride and the bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous as the metal may attend the pair. A cigar and betel leaf, prepared with the areca nut, are next put into the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and in a long address to the Supreme Being, calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may attend the union. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared siri leaf and the cigar into the mouth of the bride, when she does the same to him, whom she thus acknowledges as her husband. The fowls are then killed, and the blood caught in two cups, and from this color the priest foretells the future happiness of the newly-married. The ceremony is closed with a feast, with dancing and noisy music.

THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

THE PIRANHA.—This fish, which contends for the dominion of the Brazilian portion of South America, is one of terrible voracity; there is hardly any animal that ventures into the water but that suffers from its attacks. The victim of the piranha is generally surrounded by large shoals or swarms of them; they may be justly compared to a nest of water-hornets. Horses and cattle do not venture to drink of the water below the surface, lest their snout should be bitten off—an accident which, however, sometimes befalls them. The cayman himself is forced to fly before this terrible enemy, and turns his unprotected belly towards the top of the water; the otter alone, whose hairy skin deadens the force of the bite, is proof against their attacks.

YO-SEMITE FALLS IN CALIFORNIA.—In the deep valley Yo-semite, are several falls far surpassing in height the Falls of Niagara. At the lower end of the valley is the cascade called the Bridal Vail, the water pouring over the rocky wall a distance of 900 feet. Two or three miles beyond are the Yo-semite, where the water falls in three plunges, a distance of 2800 feet, the first leap being nearly 1800 feet, the next 400, and the last 600 feet. In looking from the bottom of the gorge at the immense height from which the water descends, the stream, which is 87 feet in breadth at the top, seems to be only a foot and a half wide.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

SETTING HENS.—A correspondent wants to know how to make a hen set who isn't inclined in that reposeful way. We know something of the lay of a hen, and think it a good thing, particularly when boiled for breakfast; but in a case like this, where there is obstinacy and perhaps perversity, we are not able to advise, or scarcely suggest. A hen, we have sometimes thought, has a good deal of human nature in common with mankind, and often follows both the good and bad examples of the latter. She—the hen—is also very like the tender sex of the human kind, and, of course, if she (the member of the tender sex, not the hen,) sets herself about not to do a thing, she just wont do it, every time, with an emphasis. We take it, a hen that is not in a setting mood will not be forced into any such attitude. She is very likely brooding over anything but such a set of arrangements as that. If we were our correspondent, we should not expect a very lively crop of spring chickens if the hens did not agree to the plan, and we should adopt no compulsory measures. If your hen, or hens, wont set, then let them stand, or walk, or lay—an egg, not down—or do most anything else they like, which they are likely to do any way.

GETTING EVEN.—A distinguished ex-governor of Ohio, famous for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while he was addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the miseries caused by too freely indulging in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual seated in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him, the governor was told the usual tale of woe; among other sad incidents, that during his career of vice he had buried three wives. The governor having buried a few wives of his own, sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as was in his power. Said he, "The Lord has, indeed, deeply afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied, "Y-yes, he has;" and, pausing a moment and wiping his nose, he continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as he took one, I took another!"

KEEPING A CRESS.—Not long ago a cook who was out of a situation, asked a lady to assist her in getting one. Before long a place was found, and a consultation held on the subject.

"Pray, mum," asked Mrs. Cook, "does the family have cresses?"

"Water-cresses for breakfast? I'm sure I don't know," answered her kind patron; "but what does it signify?"

"Excuse me, mum," interposed the applicant, "I don't think I make myself understood. I mean cresses on their carriage, note-paper, liv'ry and ceterer."

"O, armorial bearings, you mean?" said the lady. "I really cannot tell you."

"Because'm, I reely couldn't undertake a situation where there wasn't a cress kept. You see, ev'ry genteel fam'ly 'as a cress; and—"

"And you positively make that a condition?" asked the lady, quietly.

"Sutt'nly, mum," says Mrs. Cook; "footman kep'; washing put out; beer, tea and fam'ly cress."

"Then I really think, Mrs. Cullender," said the lady, smiling, "that you had better look out for yourself. John, show this fine lady to the door."

A SPUNKY WIFE.—A middle-aged farmer and his wife were enjoying a winter evening cosily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible, which the man had open before him.

"Wife," said the farmer, "I've been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, etc., as is here represented."

"*Indeed!*" replied the wife, somewhat miffed, "you had better think of something else then. A pretty Solomon *you* would make, truly; you can't take proper care of one wife. What a figure *you* would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!"

The farmer took his hat and went to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.

GRANT AND HIS HATCHET.—When Ulysses S. Grant was a little boy, his father bought him a hatchet. Ulysses was so delighted that he went about hatcheting everything he could find. One fatal day, after things had been going on thus and so for more than a week, Ulysses cut down one of his father's favorite pear trees. When the old gentleman saw the ruin of his favorite pear tree, he went to U. S. and said:

"U. S., who cut down my favorite pear tree?"

"I cannot tell a lie, father, I cannot tell a lie," said Ulysses. "Ben Johnson cut it down with his hatchet."

"My dear son," said the old gentleman, spanking him, "I would rather have you tell a thousand lies than lose so fine a tree!"

Visible Signs of Military Rank.—The work published at the South, entitled "The Land we Love," has this anecdote: "While A. P. Hill's division was tearing up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in the fall of 1862, Lane's brigade of that division was ordered further north than the other brigades, where a live 'reb.' was a curiosity. At this time the quartermaster had not procured new clothing to take the place of the worn, tattered and ragged relics of the campaign into 'My Maryland,' and we were rather ragamuffins, that's a fact. Tearing up railroads is not a very pleasant business, and we had enjoyed ourselves for about twenty-four hours, when Captain K—— went to a house to get something cooked, and got into quite an interesting conversation with the good lady of the house:

"Old Lady—'You is an officer, isn't you?'

"Captain K—'Yes, madam, I am a captain in the Seventh North Carolina infantry.'

"Old Lady—'Thar, now. Betsy Ann, I told you he was an officer. I kin tell an officer whenever I lays my two eyes on 'em. The officers, they have the seats of their breeches patched, and the common soldiers doesn't."

An ugly Family.—Mr. Tubeville was related to Sir Thomas Picton, but did not possess the talent or discretion of the gallant general. Upon one occasion, at a dinner at Dunraven Castle, after the ladies had retired, Mr. Tubeville observed to a gentleman present that the woman who had sat at his right was the ugliest he had ever seen; upon which the gentleman said:

"I am sorry to hear that you think my wife so ill-looking."

"O, no sir, I have made a mistake. I meant the lady who sat on my left."

"Well, sir, she is my sister."

"It can't be helped, sir, then; for if what you have said is true, I must confess I never saw such an ugly family during the course of my life!"

An indignant Coachman.—An English correspondent writes: A friend of mine was riding on the outside of a North Devon coach, from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, when the driver said to him:

"I've had a coin guv' me to-day two hundred years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?"

"O yes! I have one myself two thousand years old."

"Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" And spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination, the driver came up to my friend with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said:

"I told you as we druv' along I had a coin two hundred years old?"

"Yes."

"And you said to me as you had one two thousand years old?"

"Yes, so I have."

"Now it's a lie!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why, it's only 1867 now."

Matrimonial Market.—This market has been unusually dull of late. Advances have not been made, consequently there has been no declining. A few bachelors changed their lodgings, upon learning that a young and charming widow had taken up her abode next door, with the determination to take advantage of leap year privileges. A sentimental but nervous young man had two ladies taken before the squire for throwing kisses at him. The squire ordered him to return them, and bound the young ladies over to keep the peace. He must have forgotten that

> This is leap year, and the girls
> May set their caps and braid their curls,
> To catch a beau;
> This is the custom of the age,
> Made up by some well-learned sage,
> Long time ago.

A good Reason.—A conductor on a road running from Hartford, agreed in the kindness of his heart to pass a poor, penniless fellow on his train. An officer of the road, sitting in the same car with the man, observed that the conductor took no fare of him, and called him to account for it.

"Why do you pass that man?" said Mr. Treasurer.

"O, he's a conductor on the —— railroad!"

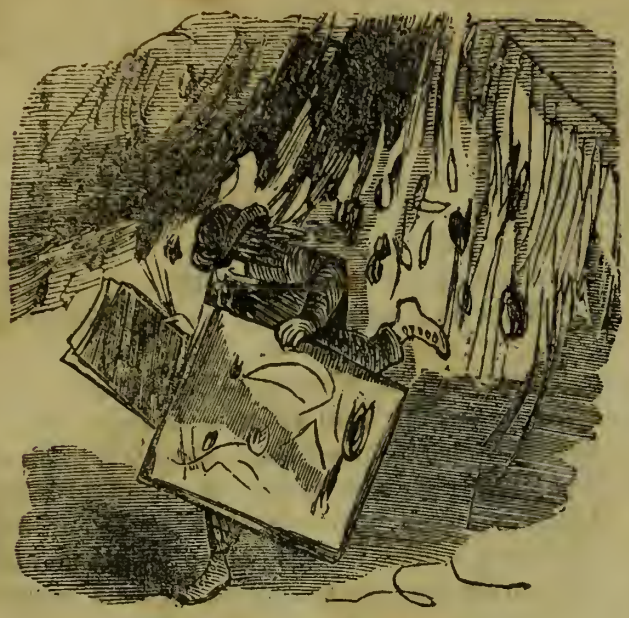
"He a conductor! Why, what makes him dress so shabbily?"

"O, he's trying to live on his salary!" was the quick reply.

Mr. Treasurer saw the point and dropped the subject.

No Novelty.—A youngster, who was taken into a toy bazaar the other day by his doting mamma, had a number of articles exhibited by the attentive clerk, in the hope of enlisting his attention and effecting a sale, but without effect. At last one of those *papier-mache* representations of a mouse was produced, and, after being wound up by a key, was set down upon the floor, where it ran about in the most mouse-like manner imaginable. The youngster's attention was enlisted at once; but the result was not as his mother or the salesman expected; for he shouted out, "O mamma, I don't want that! We've got lots of them at home, and don't have to wind 'em up, either."

OUR STUDIO.



The Volcano—after Bierstadt.

The Bees—after Hammer.

The Bull—after Rosa Bonheur.

Maud Muller—after Meyer.

The Bulldog—after Landseer.

Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman—after Hughes.

ECHO LEVER.

4½-inch Dial.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS.

RUN WELL, WEAR WELL,
AND
KEEP GOOD TIME.

NUTMEG LEVER, ALARM.

3-inch Dial.

JOKER LEVER.

3-inch Dial.
1-day, Time, Alarm.
1-day, Strike.
Gold Gilt Front and Handle.
Nickel Frame and Glass Sides.

We were the first to introduce these SMALL LEVER CLOCKS, in nickel cases, which have met with so much favor at home and abroad. They have been extensively imitated. If you will look for one having on the dial "SETH THOMAS," or our trademark (a square within a circle, enclosing initials S. T. (ST)), you will get a good timepiece and a durable case.

If you *must have* a cheaper one than ours, all right. About a thousand people per day, on an average, have bought one of ours for several years, and enough are still doing it to keep us busy. We prefer to increase our business on a higher grade of goods. This season we particularly call your attention to several patterns of Mantel and Hanging Clocks, striking slowly upon **CATHEDRAL BELLS** of a fine tone. Two new patterns of 8-day Weight Clocks, with brass weights, visible pendulums, and wooden rods (well-made cases and superior movements), are here shown. The cases of these, and other Cathedral Bell patterns, are finished in various ways, as per Catalogue.

Please order through your Jeweller; and if he has not received our Catalogue of **1882-83,** issued September last, ask him to send for it.

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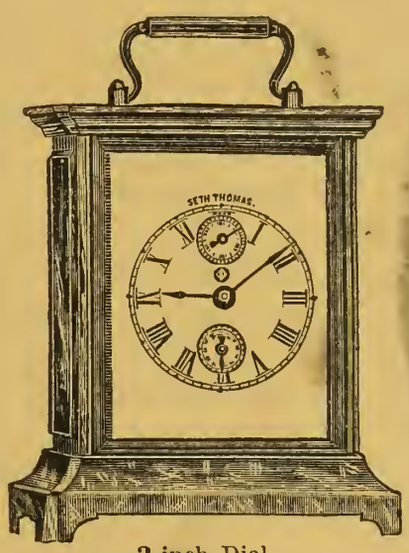

3-inch Dial.
1-day, Time, Alarm.
1-day, Strike.
Gold Gilt Handle.
Nickel Frame and Glass Sides.

LINCOLN.

Height, **27** inches.
8-day Weight. Strikes the hours. Brass Weights.

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Height, **29** inches.
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VOLUME 66. NUMBER 392. | NEW YORK, JAN., 1883.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

WITH the December Number was begun the Sixty-sixth Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The February Number will contain an engraving of George H. Boughton's Royal Academy Picture, "The Frozen Fountain" (frontispiece); "The Wild Welsh Coast," by WIRT SIKES, illustrated by HARRY FENN; "The Local Associations of Whittier's Poems," by GEORGE M. WHITE, illustrated from the Author's Drawings; "German Political Leaders," by HERBERT TUTTLE, illustrated by REINHART; "Artist Strolls in Holland" (second Paper), by GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A., illustrated by BOUGHTON and ABBEY; the fourth Part of Miss WOOLSON'S new novel, "For the Major," illustrated by FREDERICKS; "Maryland and the Far South in the Colonial Period," by JOHN FISKE; "Eugenie's Fête-Day," by a Working Girl; "Birds and Bards," by PHIL ROBINSON; the continuation of WILLIAM BLACK'S novel, "Shandon Bells," illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL; short Stories, Poems, etc.

Published Monthly, profusely Illustrated.

VOLUME XXVII. | For 1883.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated record of and commentary upon the events of the times. It treats of every topic, Political, Historical, Literary, and Scientific, which is of current interest, and gives the finest illustrations that can be obtained from every available source, original or foreign. Serial and Short Stories, Poems, and Editorial Departments furnish every week an amount of reading-matter unsurpassed by other journals in excellence and variety. A new serial story, entitled "A Sea Queen," by CLARK RUSSELL, will begin with the new year.

Published Weekly, profusely Illustrated.

VOLUME XVI. | For 1883.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

HARPER'S BAZAR has no equal as a Combination Family Journal. It comprises every subject of interest to the home circle. While it is universally acknowledged as the leading fashion paper of America, its literary and artistic merits are of the highest order. A brilliantly illustrated Serial Story, "Kit—a Memory," by the popular author, JAMES PAYN, is now in course of publication in its columns; and other attractions, including a new story, "Bid Me Discourse," by MARY CECIL HAY, and an illustrated novel by WILLIAM BLACK, to begin with the new year, are in preparation.

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VOLUME IV. | For 1883.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is an illustrated weekly journal for boys and girls. It contains Serial Stories, Short Sketches, Poems, Anecdotes, Descriptions of Games and Athletic Exercises, and other matters interesting to the young. A specially attractive feature at present is a charming serial story for girls by Mrs. JOHN LILLIE, entitled "Nan."

Published Weekly, profusely Illustrated.